

THE  
ATLANTIC  
MONTHLY

JULY



1929

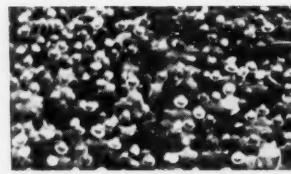
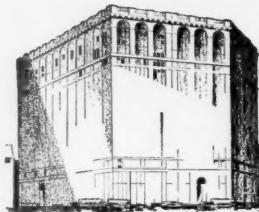
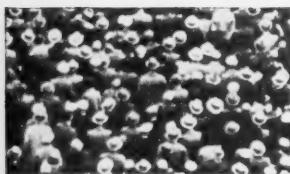
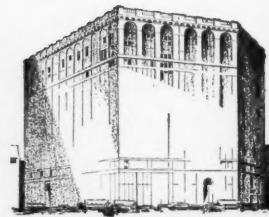
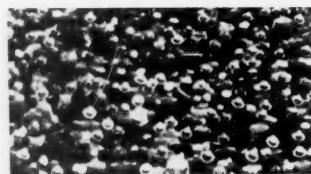
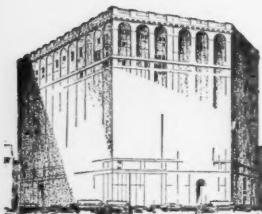
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conceived philosophy which often warps the statements of historical writers. The author of the book, her daughter-in-law, has succeeded in transferring to its pages a fine picture of the New England character as it reacted two hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to a new environment. The book is more than that. It is an epic of American life in the early and later days' - - -

*No one can read the book without the continuing sense of its inherent truthfulness, without added reverence for the old American stock.*

in the *August Atlantic*

# The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

## A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann.

New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. 8vo.  
348 pp. \$2.50.

FIFTEEN years ago when Mr. Lippmann, a brilliant youngster, wrote his *Preface to Politics*, an old lady, one of the library committee of Trinity Church in Boston, insisted that the volume be bought for the church shelves.

'But you don't approve of its contents,' objected a friend.

'Of course I don't' retorted the old thoroughbred. 'But that is the kind of book young men ought to be encouraged to write.'

Mr. Lippmann has gone on writing such books, and this latest is a spring housecleaning of our chaotic modern dwelling. He throws away rubbish, cherishes the priceless heirlooms, renovates, rebuilds, and even draws plans for more stately mansions.

His thesis is that there have always been two religions: one of hope and fear intelligible to the many; the other, of high spiritual insight, achieved by the exceptional. The peculiarity of our modern situation is, he thinks, that the religion of rewards and punishments has been deflated to such an unparalleled extent that the higher religion of spiritual insight, once a possession of the few, has now become a necessity for the many. He admits modestly that he is under no illusions as to the value of the conceptions arrived at in this volume, but that he does regard them as a probable clue to the understanding of modernity: 'I believe that the insight of high religion will, if pursued resolutely, untangle the moral confusion of the age and make plain what we are really driving at.' He then, in three brilliant and penetrating chapters, applies his thesis to three major fields of contemporary experience — business, government, and sexual relationships — with enlightening results.

Orthodox moralists, he concedes, can point to the urban crowds and ask whether anyone supposes them capable of ordering their lives by reason. His reply is that, if the populace must continue to be led by hopes and fears, the question is not how the populace is to be ruled, but what its teachers are to think. 'That is the preface to everything else. If a civilization is to be coherent and confident, it must be *known* in that civilization what its ideals are. . . . That knowledge, though no one has it perfectly and relatively few have it at all, is the principle of order and certainty.'

People who already have any profound inner life either of aspiration or of creating are likely to find much of this book indeed a 'preface'; but the

author knows that perfectly and says so in his title. No matter how vivid one's inner life may be, this volume is invaluable as a clarifier of his outer environment. And what a refreshment of one's whole being are its tone and temper and excellence! This quiet and sincere voice begins speaking, and the blatant are silenced. Mr. Lippmann has set himself patiently first to understand, then to write, without officiousness or ostentation, a book which should be useful to his generation, which should steady mature people of good will who find themselves painfully confused in our world of change, and which should instruct without a taint of preachiness that part of the younger generation who in their secret hearts, despite a show of cynical bravado, are anxiously seeking some sort of responsible counsel. Here is a thinker who has experienced everything they have experienced of disenchantment and quest, but who also sees a way to peace of mind and victorious living.

LUCIEN PRICE

## All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. 12mo. viii+289 pp. \$2.50.

As one looks back on the few war novels that are memorable in our dozen years of peace it will be recognized that they divide roughly into two classes: narratives such as *Le Feu*, by Barbusse, which focus attention on 'one small group of people in one small group of circumstances,' and, secondly, novels like Mottram's *Spanish Farm* trilogy, or *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, by Arnold Zweig, which seek to weave together the many different threads of the war experience into some such enormous design as that of *War and Peace*. *All Quiet on the Western Front* belongs in the first category: written, like *Le Feu*, in powerful language, it gives expression to the violent feelings, the stifling dread, which the war evoked in a squad of German infantry.

The book comes very pat. We have had from our own side — in memoirs, journals, and fiction — so much plain speaking and special pleading as to surfeit one's interest. There remains the mystery of what went on behind the German lines. The Kaiser and his staff have contributed their not always honest explanations; the U-boats, the Zeppelins, and von Richthofen's 'circus' have been popularized for their daring; there remains the more important, as it is the more searching, story of what the German private in the front rank thought and suffered. Viewed from a Red Cross meeting in Oshkosh,

*A few suggestions for those who will read worth-while books this summer*

## The Aftermath (1918-1928)

by Winston S. Churchill

► Author of "The World Crisis," etc.

"The most careful analysis of the world's difficulties which any writer has produced since the Versailles gathering."—J. W. T. MASON in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. \$5.00

## Italy

by Luigi Villari

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## The Re-discovery of America

by Waldo Frank

Author of "Rahab," etc.

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## The Western Way

The Accomplishment and Future of Modern Democracy

by Frederic Jesup Stimson

A masterly analysis of the quality of democratic governments and a timely discussion of the problems faced by modern democracies throughout the world. \$3.50

## Field-Marshal Earl Haig

by Brigadier-General John Charteris

► "Of utmost importance as a document in the history of the World War.... No other personage associated with the great conflict has been more clearly depicted."—Philadelphia Public Ledger. Illustrated. \$6.00

## Three Reformers

by Jacques Maritain

A penetrating inquiry into the lives of Luther, Descartes, and Rousseau by a brilliant French philosopher. Illustrated. \$2.50

## From the Greeks to Darwin

by Henry Fairfield Osborn

A new, up-to-date, revised and re-edited edition of a famous account of the development of the Evolution idea through twenty-four centuries. \$2.50

## Unravelling the Book of Books, by Ernest R. Trattner

The fascinating story of how the puzzles of the Bible were solved. "As fascinating as a detective yarn."—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Illustrated

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## Round Up, THE STORIES OF Ring W. Lardner

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Author of "Ambition," etc.

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By Leon Schallit

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## Sand, By Will James

Author of "Smoky," etc.

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

the Boche appeared to be a coarse brute capable of unbelievable atrocities; viewed from a trench periscope on a tranquil sector, he seemed very like ourselves. That he was no better and no worse — though much more severely put upon — is the impression gained from this strong and vivid book.

The impressions are the more striking for the fact that they communicate the most intangible feelings that the war produced, feelings which departed the veterans in 1919 and lie buried with the dead. For such accuracy we have the translator as well as the author to thank. Here is that devotion — unquestionably the noblest by-product of the Waste — which grew up between men of all ranks, and only a shadow of which is represented in the term 'buddies.' Here is the instinctive fear that threw a man flat at the whine of a shell meant for him, that turned his legs to water when lost on a night patrol, yet enabled him to survive under a drum barrage. Here is the hunger that created what the French call 'System D,' that predatory filching of food and drink which went on night and day even in the most God-forsaken sector. Above all, here is the inhuman suffering, the brutality of iron and gas which made of the war another world, to which — unless in such phrases as these, though they relate specifically to a German squad, will be recognized for the truth by all combatants.

It is universal truth, yet with a slight local difference. We miss the joking, the 'kidding,' which was to be found in every Allied army, which tempered one's contempt for discipline, which made *repos* the sweeter and 'the lines' more endurable. The men in this book are Frisians; perhaps a national characteristic explains their melancholy, their tendency to weep, when a doughboy would be full of coarse humor. Or perhaps it was simply the gradual starvation of the last two years that depressed them.

EDWARD WEEKS

**The Aftermath: The World Crisis, 1918-1928,** by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. 8vo. xv+502 pp. \$5.00.

Few men of action have written with the consummate skill of Winston Spencer Churchill. In style the closing volume of his history of the war is worthy of its great theme. Perhaps no leading participant in the decisions therein recorded could, in recounting this moving story, hold fairly the scales of justice. Mr. Churchill has set down much in extenuation, and not a little in malice. Enraged at his slurs on President Wilson, some Americans have denounced him for combining authorship with high office. That problem in political ethics might well be left to his conscience and to his colleagues.

At Mr. Churchill's hands, President Wilson fares as badly as do the Bolsheviks. The President could compromise with France, Great Britain, and Germany, but not with his opponents at home. 'A tithe of the fine principles and generous sentiments he lavished upon Europe, applied during 1918 to his Republican opponents in the United States, would have made him in truth the leader of a nation.' However much one may deplore the President's disastrous failure to compromise with the Senate majority, one can scarcely regard Mr. Churchill's appraisal of Wilson's services at Paris as anything more than a travesty. Without raising the question of how much worse the peace terms would have been but for the American effort at moderation, he would have us believe that 'the influence of mighty, detached, and well-meaning America upon the European settlement . . . was largely squandered in sterile conflicts and half-instructed and half-pursued interferences.'

Wilson's reluctance to send troops to Russia explains much of Mr. Churchill's animosity. 'Divided counsels and cross-purposes among the Allies, American mistrust of Japan, and the personal opposition of President Wilson, reduced Allied intervention in Russia during the war to exactly the point where it did the utmost harm and gained the least advantage.' The President's hesitation to embark on the Russian fiasco will seem strange only to those, if such there be, who agree with Mr. Churchill that 'twenty or thirty thousand resolute, comprehending, well-armed Europeans' would have sufficed for a clash to Moscow in 1919.

Mr. Churchill's narrative of the negotiations preceding the Irish settlement and his description of the Greek collapse in Asia Minor are of surpassing interest. On Bolshevik Russia he pours the vials of his wrath. Yet it is his attitude toward peace which deserves perhaps the chief attention.

His peace views have a Rooseveltian ring. 'In any quarrel among men, if one side proclaims its complete impotence of will and hand, there are no bounds to the evils that may ensue. . . . The story of the human race is War.' Yet despite the tendency to think in terms of the balance of power, and of the strong man armed, there is frank realization that the prevention of another great war must be 'the main preoccupation of mankind.' The Treaties of Washington and Locarno 'give assurance to civilization. . . . They form the cores around which the wider conceptions of the League of Nations and the idealism of the Kellogg Pact can rear the more spacious and more unified structures of the future.' The book is dedicated 'To all who hope.'

JAMES P. BAXTER, 3RD

**No Love,** by David Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. 12mo. 276 pp. \$2.50.

ANYONE who has watched sympathetically Mr. Garnett's work since he wrote *Lady Into Fox*



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and I can remember when  
similar adventures of my own  
were not quite tragedies  
to me, just as those of  
Wilbur's are to him."

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

must find peculiar pleasure and satisfaction in his latest novel, *No Love*; for it combines the subtle style and sensitive perception of his earlier books with a breadth and intricacy which they all lacked, and which one had almost suspected might be beyond their author's reach. But here he has traced the history of two families over a span of thirty years, giving us a group of people clearly defined in their characters and relationships, and a very compelling sense of everyday life, which some of his early, essentially solitary figures lacked.

This is the story of two boys, Benedict Lydiate and Simon Keltie, who grow up in the country, neighbors and close friends, but widely different as the influence of their respective parents is more clearly developed. Simon is constantly uneasy, harassed by the stern conventions of his family which force him into the Navy, at a time when Benedict is still happily unconcerned with any scheme of life. Simon is tortured by his inability to understand either himself or other people; he distrusts himself, and Cynthia, the girl he marries; while Benedict accepts calmly and naturally whatever happiness presents itself. Then the war comes, engendering crude passions and emotional turmoil which eventually destroy Benedict's father, deep-rooted as he was in the kindly, secure philosophy of the 'imminence of a golden age'; and while those of the younger generation survive the catastrophe, it is at the expense of all that had made their parents' lives worth living. Their roots are shriveled up before they can become at home in any soil. Benedict falls deeply in love with Cynthia, but in the hysteria of a wartime leave he cannot recognize the emotion, and is afraid to assign to his happiness any permanence or stable form. So Cynthia goes back to Simon, who handles the situation with a conventional gesture which tortures all three.

When the war is ended, and they try to start their lives afresh, the sap has dried in the trees. The militaristic traditions of Simon's upbringing are futile now, though he still clings to them; the sweetness of Benedict's nature is suddenly sterile. Simon grows increasingly selfish and withdrawn, vainly seeking understanding in the arid desert of psychoanalysis; while Benedict feels that the emotion which might have given shape and depth to his life was abandoned by him unrecognized. Driven by circumstances, they sell to strangers the land on which they were brought up, regretting its passing, yet aware that they themselves lack the zest and courage to work it into life as their fathers had done.

The book is most skillfully written, with a clarity of phrase, economy of incident, and delicacy of characterization exceedingly rare; the countless sketches of country life are bright with life. *No Love* is as perfect as *Lady Into Fox*, and more profoundly moving.

EILEEN HUGHES

### Some Recent Books of Poetry

No words, a few years ago, were used with more disparaging force, in connection with poetry, than such words as 'cosmic' or 'metaphysical.' Mr. Ezra Pound's decalogue of 'don'ts' was chiefly aimed at extirpating the post-Victorian rash of high seriousness; and everyone remembers how successful were most of the English Georgians, the American realists, and the imagists in both countries, in avoiding monumentality. Everyone realizes, too, how salutary and how inevitable was this reaction against the grand manner at its emptiest; but 'tapioca imitating pearls'—as an English critic once said—is not in itself more precious than 'gravy imitating lava'; and now that poetry has recaptured its cunning in the use of the slighter and humbler instruments, one can hardly lament its very marked return (in the last decade) to its necessary concern with the soul. In four or five volumes of verse that have appeared this season, the presence of the metaphysical is too commanding to escape notice.

It is present—almost in the technical literary sense that Johnson gave the word in his life of Cowley—in *Elinor Wylie's* posthumous poems, *Angels and Earthly Creatures*; and this is the chief surprise in a very surprising volume.

Now that we have the whole body of her work to judge by, we should find it easy to do justice to Mrs. Wylie's essential quality. But certainly it has not been unnatural, hitherto, to think of her as mainly a worker in surfaces, an expert lapidary, a writer aiming at decoration rather than density. Her manner has always been a highly personal one, and there have been reasons for accusing her of mannerism. Did the colors in her cut stones have any heat in them, or were they merely prismatic? *Angels and Earthly Creatures* is the answer. No poet capable of such concentration, such intellectual ardor, such sublimated vivacity, is to be disposed of as a dealer in *bijouterie*. The old superficial lustre is still here: the words are still juxtaposed with the nicety and stiffness with which one piece of colored glass is set against another. But the lustre is plainly a result of firing, and the words are more translucent than any glass.

The best of these poems have a long life before them, and will be familiar to all literate people: for the moment, a reviewer need perhaps only observe how energetically the nineteen love sonnets combine a strongly personal substance with a clear ideality of statement; how strangeness is subtly translated into something beyond strangeness in 'Chimera Sleeping'; how 'classical' is the poise and outline of the three fine philosophical poems, 'Absent Thee from Felicity Awhile,' 'Hymn to Earth,' 'This Corruptible'; and how clear and piercing is the note struck in several of the songs and elegies. Every reader will be conscious of the influence in these poems of the Jacobean and Caroline metaphysicians

World-Wide Acclaim for the Greatest of All War Novels!

# ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE



ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT  
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The author of "Im Westen Nichls Neues" was born 31 years ago, of a family that emigrated from France during the French Revolution and settled in the Rhineland. At 18 he went from school into the army and to the Western Front. His mother died, all his friends were killed; at the war's end he found himself alone. His subsequent history typified the deep unrest that men of his generation experienced. He became, in succession, a teacher, an organist in an asylum, a motor-car and motor specialist dealer, draughtsman, dramatic critic, editor. Last year he wrote down, without deliberation, his own and his friends' war experiences. He has described three things: the war, the fate of a generation, and true comradeship. And these were the same in all countries. His book was a sensation in Germany and translations have been arranged into French, Italian, Dutch, Danish-Norwegian, Hungarian, Spanish, Czech, and Polish—all within four months!

AMERICAN reviewers agree with earlier German and English critical opinion in pronouncing "All Quiet on the Western Front" the great War novel of international appeal for which the world has been waiting.

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Henry S. Canby, in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News*, says: "This superb narrative, poetic and touching in its simplicity, yet charged with intense feeling, and startling in its realism, comes from the German, but is no national document, but the story of everyman at war."

Herschel Brickell, in *The North American Review*, says: "It is by all odds the biggest and most important story of the war that has been written by anyone and dwarfs even such extraordinarily fine novels as 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa'."

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Albert Engstrom of the Swedish Academy, in *Sondags Nisse*, says: "It is a great document. A powerful work of art. All other books about the war become small and insignificant in comparison."

Translated by A. W. Wheen. \$2.50

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

and mystics: they could not have been written by a poet who was not steeped in Donne and Crashaw and Marvell. But it will not escape the hastiest eye that something more than a literary influence is at work: the diction may be that of the seventeenth century; the couplets may move with the unmistakable slow gait of the school before Dryden; but the final effect is of freshness, immediacy, and truth. The hands are the hands of Donne, but the voice is the voice of Elinor Wylie.

No one can pretend that *Cavender's House* forces us to revise our impression of **Edwin Arlington Robinson**'s genius in the same way. It is, indeed, a highly characteristic poem, and could only have been written by the author of *Avon's Harvest*, *Roman Bartholow*, and *The Man Who Died Twice*. But it is a better poem than any of these three. Like them, it may be described as glorified melodrama; like them, it deals with jealousy and violent crime and inquisitorial remorse; like theirs, its special effect depends partly on the presence of Mr. Robinson's somewhat ghastly humor. But whether because the intrusive narrator of the other three poems is dropped out, or because Cavender himself is more interesting than the other protagonists, this latest poem rises above the others in the singleness of its drift, in its sustained tension, and in its emblematic largeness. Parenthetically it may be said that Mr. Robinson's blank verse has never been more resourceful, more athletic, or more fastidiously adapted to the introspective drama of his subject.

If *Cavender's House* were merely a glorified melodrama, it would have the interest that attaches to all studies of men or women in straits; and many readers will probably stop with the story of Cavender and Laramie. But Mr. Robinson has always been more than a poetical biographer: he has been interested not only in character, even character in 'crisis,' but in the essential problems of experience itself. The present poem has a metaphysical as well as a psychological matrix. No poet ever had a deeper feeling for *doubtfulness* than Mr. Robinson; no poet ever shrugged his shoulders more dubiously in the presence of the cardinal questions; and it is extraordinarily impressive to see him, in this poem, making doubt, suspicion, distrust, the mainsprings of the tragic action. If Cavender had been able to rise above skepticism, his life would not have ended so ingloriously; and that is what he now realizes as his own conscience, embodied in the spirit of his murdered wife, declares it to him: —

There is a faith that is a part of fate  
For some of us — a thing that may be taught  
No more than may the color of our eyes.

Laramie knows what are the difficulties in the way of belief, but, unlike the old Cavender, she is willing to look beyond them: —

Was ever an insect flying between two flowers  
Told less than we are told of what we are?  
Cavender, there may still be hidden for you  
A meaning in your house why you are here.

Such affirmations are not very robust or very breezy, but in the murky tragic atmosphere of a Robinsonian narrative they have a particular weight and relevance.

Something of the same sort might conceivably be said of the hopeful note on which **Edgar Lee Masters** ends *The Fate of the Jury*, for there has been plenty of spleen, plenty of indignation, plenty of protest *contra mundum*, before we reach page 172. But, unlike Mr. Robinson, Mr. Masters is incapable of making poetry of these materials; and, as a result, both the indignation and the hopefulness remain purely personal emotions with him at the end. His poem aims at a certain largeness of effect: if it is not cosmic, it is at any rate rather vastly sociological in its drift; and the characters speculate at some length on ultimate questions. Unhappily, the language into which it is all thrown is pretentious and commonplace; in these respects, it is only too clearly the concomitant of the thought.

Readers who remember Mr. Masters's *Domesday Book* of a decade ago will perhaps be interested in this sequel. The earlier poem, which was compared with *The Ring and the Book*, was a study, from innumerable angles, of the 'case' of the murdered Elinor Murray, who thus symbolized the relativity of human judgment, and was also made to symbolize, one forgets in detail just how, the America of her generation. The coroner who was the leading figure in *Domesday Book* is also the leading figure here: *The Fate of the Jury* is partly a narrative of Merival's love affair with the elusive Arielle and his life with her, and partly a series of self-revelations by five or six of the jurymen in the case. Nothing could be duller than the blank verse in which it is all set forth; and, reluctant as one must be to discredit the creator of *Spoon River*, one must acknowledge that nothing could be much more tedious than Merival, Arielle, Marion, Maiworm, Ritter, and Newfeldt here manage to be. This is a pity, for the scheme of the book is a promising one, and Mr. Masters's desire to dramatize some of the personal tragedies typical of American life is a credit to him; but the literary hell is notoriously paved with promising schemes and creditable desires.

Compared with any of these other volumes, *The Heart's Journey*, a collection by **Siegfried Sassoon**, is modest in intention and rather slight in performance. The angry vehemence of Mr. Sassoon's very famous war poems, and the impatience of his satirical verse, are probably the strings he smites with the greatest spontaneity; and two or three poems in this volume — 'To One in Prison,' 'To One Who Was with Me in the War,' and 'On Passing the New Menin Gate' — are reminders, though not very notable ones, of

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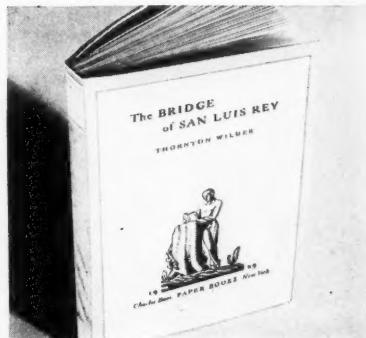
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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

that earlier mood. What is new here is a strain of religious feeling—one can almost call it ecstasy—against the background of which the anger and the impatience have a different stress. A poem entitled 'At the Grave of Henry Vaughan' gives us the clue to the special 'inspiration' of these poems. Like Elinor Wylie, Mr. Sassoon is conscious of affiliations with the seventeenth century; but it is Vaughan, in point of fact, and not Donne, of whom we are reminded by the best half-dozen poems in his book. 'All-Soul's Day' and 'A Last Judgment' have much of the excited solemnity one associates with the author of *Silex Scintillans*. If Mr. Sassoon goes on in this vein, he may prove to be a religious poet of a type not common in our day.

A still more deliberate archaism is achieved by **John Finley, Jr.**, in his first volume, *Thalia, or a Country Day*. 'A masque' is the title Mr. Finley gives his poem, but there is some pleasure in the description; and as we read *Thalia* we are likely to think not so much of Ben Jonson as of Theocritus, or of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or—to leap another gap!—of those dramatic poems in which Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie manages so singular a combination of the humorous and the metaphysical. Humor of a kind at once rustic and learned, at once 'modern' and Arcadian, is certainly an effect of Mr. Finley's masque; and if the metaphysics

is not very clear, or perhaps very important, it is present as a sort of seasoning throughout. In any event, *Thalia* will make its appeal—to an audience probably more limited than one could wish—not by virtue of any intellectual element, but by virtue of a pastoral tonality that for all its reminiscences is curiously fresh, and a delicate artificiality of verse and diction that represent something more than literary sensitiveness. Mr. Finley's future verse may well have less the air of conscious craftsmanship than this: if it grows naturally from this beginning, it will prove, what *Thalia* leads one to suspect, that a genuinely individual talent has appeared.

NEWTON ARVIN

**Angels and Earthly Creatures**, by **Elinor Wylie**. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. \$2.50.

**Cavender's House**, by **Edwin Arlington Robinson**. New York: Macmillan Co. 1929. \$2.00.

**The Fate of the Jury: An Epilogue to Domesday Book**, by **Edgar Lee Masters**. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. \$2.50.

**The Heart's Journey**, by **Siegfried Sassoon**. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. \$2.00. **Thalia, or a Country Day: A Masque**, by **John Finley, Jr.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. \$2.00.

*The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.*

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# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1929

## AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

### I

SEDOM in her history has America seemed to enjoy such serene security as now. Prosperous beyond her dreams, conscious of a power to shape world destinies such as perhaps no nation has enjoyed before, she seems to sail the very crest of the waves. Yet seldom in her history have the undercurrents of danger been running as strongly as at present. The sharp reversal of American foreign policy which followed her rejection of the Versailles Treaty is hurrying America to a crisis of serious import. The problem looming immediately ahead demands vision based upon a clear understanding of what America has stood for in the past.

American foreign policy has had its ups and its downs. It has not always been consistent. Yet running through it, like a substratum of underlying rock, there have been certain large unifying principles, which keep constantly outcropping and reappearing as if to prove the solid substance of which the whole is made.

It was Washington who first set the course of American foreign policy and outlined the direction it should take. The Revolution had left unsettled certain highly inflammable issues. The northeastern boundary between

Canada and Massachusetts (or what to-day is Maine) remained in dispute; English creditors were being prevented by legal impediments adopted by various states from collecting the debts owed them by American citizens; American merchants were insisting without avail upon compensation for the damage done them by irregular or illegal captures made by British forces upon the high seas. Matters went from bad to worse; and American patriots, whose blood ran hot at the very mention of the name of England, with growing insistence demanded that Washington should take a decided stand, and if sabre rattling failed to gain the day should draw the sabre in defense of American rights. But the President, under bitter and virulent attack, calmly set his course otherwise. Instead of making blustering demands, he sent to London Mr. John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, charged with the high duty of finding an amicable way out of the growing difficulties. In the treaty of 1794 which he negotiated, the problems of the northeastern boundary, of the American debts uncollectible through state impediments, of the war claims for illegal captures, were met by the creation of arbitral commissions — one to meet at Halifax with power to make

a final decision fixing the boundary, one to meet at Philadelphia authorized to reach a final and conclusive determination as to the American debts, and a third to meet in London with power to reach a conclusive settlement of the war claims. Thus at the very outset, under Washington's wise leadership, America made arbitration a cardinal element of her foreign policy; and although the work of the arbitration commissions set up under the Jay Treaty may have fallen short of the high hopes of the negotiators, the Treaty nevertheless helped to reintroduce into modern statecraft the practical use of international arbitration.

Under Washington's strong guidance America, youthful as she was, set for herself a course which spelled leadership in international affairs. Europe was torn in the grim struggle between England and France. Hot-heads sought to force the President into war on the side of France; he was accused of being secretly pro-English, and his enemies did not stop even at denouncing him as traitorous and demanding his impeachment. Brave and firm as always, he turned a deaf ear to popular clamor and more popular abuse; he refused to be forced into the war, and chose instead to follow the difficult path of neutrality. He demanded the recall of the French Minister, M. Genêt, who was causing French privateers to be fitted out in American ports to prey upon British commerce; and he secured the passage in 1794 of the first comprehensive law defining the obligations of neutral citizens and prohibiting acts in defiance of United States neutrality. Upon that law and the subsequent American Act of 1818 amplifying its terms is directly based the modern international law of neutrality. Indeed, as a well-known British authority has remarked, 'the proceedings of the United States from

1793 to 1818 mark an era in the development of the rights and obligations of neutral Powers.' In the development of this important field of international law it was America that led the way.

Washington's Farewell Address is generally quoted for its warning against entangling alliances. In an even more important, though less familiar, part of the Message, Washington laid down the fundamentals for American foreign policy: 'Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.'

After Washington's day, in spite of lapses now and again, the effort to supplant war by judicial settlement still remained a cardinal principle of American foreign policy. The United States during the nineteenth century was a formal party to no less than sixty arbitrations. When, immediately after the Civil War, feeling was tense between the United States and England and a heated dispute arose over the *Alabama* claims, the submission of the controversy, involving over fifteen million dollars, to arbitration and its successful settlement in Geneva in 1872 attracted world-wide attention and lent fresh impetus to the growing movement. In 1893 America was arbitrating the Bering Sea dispute; in 1903 the Alaskan Boundary dispute; in 1909 the important and complicated North Atlantic Fisheries dispute.

At the First Hague Conference in 1899, convened primarily to secure limitation of armaments and to regulate the conduct of war, it was the United

States delegation that went, as the other delegations did not, armed with a full and carefully adjusted plan for the creation of an international tribunal, and instructed to 'use their influence in the Conference in the most effective manner possible to procure the adoption of its substance or of resolutions directed to the same purpose.' Owing to the forceful efforts of the American and British representatives, in spite of grave obstacles the Conference succeeded in creating the so-called Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration — a tribunal which has settled some nineteen international disputes. The shortcomings of the Hague Court of Arbitration are obvious. It is not permanent, and it is not a court. Under the Hague Convention each of the signatory states names four judges; and from the resulting panel of some hundred and fifty names is to be chosen a special tribunal of five judges for each particular dispute. There is nothing in the Convention to compel agreement or to prevent recourse to war. Success depends upon the parties finding themselves in the very heat of the controversy able to agree upon the judges to be chosen and upon the terms under which the dispute is to be referred for settlement. As different men are usually chosen for each dispute, it is obvious that there can be neither continuity in the decisions handed down nor the gradual creation among the judges themselves of legal tradition and habits of thought. As experience has shown, the arrangement has resulted in conciliation and compromise rather than in the strict application of law. Nevertheless, in spite of its evident shortcomings, the imperfect arbitral tribunal thus created and the experience gained under it paved the way for the creation in 1920 of a world court in the true sense of the word. For the cause of arbitration the creation

of the 1899 Hague Court was a step of incalculable value; and in this movement it was the United States that was at the forefront leading and stimulating world opinion in the direction of the course first set by Washington.

## II

In 1900 once more the United States was playing a leading rôle in shaping the moral opinion of the world. China, undefended, lay at the mercy of the military Powers of the West, and for a time it looked as though she would share the fate of spoliation which had overtaken Africa. The Boxer uprising furnished an excellent excuse. But just as the European states seemed about to spring, the voice of America rang out insisting that the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be respected and that the Open Door policy should be observed. Whatever underlying motives may have originally prompted the action, the effect was electric. European Powers were shamed into acquiescence, and China was saved. American troops were the first to withdraw when their mission had been accomplished; and America's return to China of her share of the excessive indemnities exacted wrote a new chapter in international diplomacy.

In 1908-1909, under the leadership of President Roosevelt, a series of treaties was concluded with Great Britain, France, and the principal Powers of the world, agreeing that all differences of a legal nature arising between the signatories should 'be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor' of the contracting states. Although no countries go to war over questions which do not affect their vital interests, their independence, or their

honor, and although the United States Senate insisted upon extracting the teeth of the treaties by requiring in the case of each separate dispute a special agreement to be ratified by the Senate after the dispute had arisen, nevertheless this series of treaties represented a distinct advance toward the conception of general arbitration and formed stepping-stones to later more practical achievements.

In 1913-1914 a new series of treaties was entered into between the United States and twenty-one other nations. These provide that 'all questions of whatever character and nature' shall be submitted for investigation and report to a permanent international commission created under the treaty, and the signatories, although reserving full right freely to go to war after the report of the commission, agree not to begin hostilities until that time. It is quite clear that no nation could afford to fight in the face of an adverse report. There are no exceptions of honor or vital interest; there is no necessity of an agreement to be made and ratifications to be fought through after passions have once become aroused. It was the high-water mark of pre-war arbitration agreements between Great Powers.

Thus for more than a century international justice has been one of the guiding stars of American foreign policy; the United States has proved herself perhaps the leading exponent of the policy of seeking to supplant by law the war method of settling international disputes. There have been times a-plenty when the United States has departed from this high ideal; nations directed by successions of executives with differing policies and diverging aims never can attain the sustained consistency of individuals. Yet, in spite of the Mexican War and 'dollar diplomacy' and a hundred other uncomfortable memories, there has run

throughout American history from its very beginning a deep undercurrent and moving force in the direction of peace through justice and international fair dealing. It is this note which has never failed to touch the hearts and kindle the imaginations of the American people; it is this ideal which seems to reach a depth in the American consciousness which merely imperialistic ambitions, as scheming politicians have more than once discovered, do not touch. The foreign policy of President Wilson was no more than the concrete expression of this deeply rooted aspiration — a renewed expression of the traditional American policy which began with Washington. 'I want to take this occasion to say,' President Wilson declared in his Mobile speech of 1913, 'that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity.'

The outbreak of the World War revealed startlingly the lack of adequate machinery for keeping the peace. Hague courts and general arbitration treaties have their uses when there exists the will to peace; they are utterly futile in the face of a will to war. It became clear that the keeping of the peace is as vitally dependent upon psychological as upon economic and material forces; and that if disrupting and trouble-breeding factors are not brought out into the open, discussed and dealt with at the beginning before they have had a chance to inflame whole nations, arbitral machinery can do but little to prevent war. When, in the early days of July 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated in an obscure corner of Europe, Americans felt little concern; it did not occur to us that we could be affected in any way.

Yet that obscure incident, the culmination of years of suppressed feeling, pent racial rivalries, and international intrigue, blazed into the World War; and as the months went by it became more and more inevitable that America would be drawn into the raging conflict. President Wilson conceived that, when the assassination had taken place in 1914, America had already waited too long; that, if Western civilization was to be made secure, organized effort must begin long before international rivalries culminated in assassinations. If the peace of America was to be assured, some form of organized effort must be undertaken to deal with international sores before they became abscessed. It was not by chance that an American president took the lead in formulating and forcing into being the League of Nations, for it was the traditional aims of America herself which the League was formed to realize.

### III

The League of Nations from the outset has never been in any sense a superstate. It has no power to compel nations which keep the law to act against their will. It involves no infringement of sovereignty. The basic idea of the League is simply a gathering of responsible representatives of the peoples of the world at periodic meetings in order to bring to the attention of all nations the problems of any which potentially may menace the peace of the world, and by group discussion to make possible the formulation of common policies and the taking of united action to meet such problems. Writing letters back and forth at arm's length is not a practical way of settling difficulties which are many-sided and of real complexity. If the solution of such problems is to be found, it must be not through

formal, diplomatic communications, but through the give and take of open discussion — through the magic of personality playing upon personality. Only thus will each come to appreciate the points of view and difficulties of the others; and when such appreciation comes the spirit of understanding and reasonableness gradually creeps in and makes possible solutions otherwise unattainable.

Similarly, the League exists to facilitate the taking of united action in those fields of endeavor where progress is impossible without it. For instance, no nation can suppress opium even within its own borders by its own unaided efforts, because of the comparative ease with which opium can be smuggled across national frontiers. Its suppression is practically realizable only through the united action of opium-producing as well as opium-consuming states. Again, serious and substantial limitation or reduction of armaments cannot be practically effected by the action of any single state. A nation which alone strips itself of its armament only renders itself a prey for the lawless. Limitation or reduction of armament cannot be achieved except by common and united action.

Also, the League exists to turn the searchlight of publicity upon those dark places of the earth where microbes of trouble may be breeding. What begins in a petty border struggle may end in a world war. In 1925, Greece and Bulgaria stood face to face upon their frontier with swords drawn and guns in position, expecting the order to attack at any moment. Word was telegraphed to the League. In three days the Council of the League was meeting, hearing representatives of Greece and Bulgaria explaining their points of view and giving their versions of the trouble. That night the League dispatched telegrams to Greece and

Bulgaria requesting 'the representatives of the two states to inform it within twenty-four hours that the Bulgarian and Greek Governments have given unconditional orders to their troops to withdraw behind their respective national frontiers.' At the time the Greek army had in fact penetrated five miles into Bulgarian territory and was under orders to attack Petrich the following morning at 8.30. There were sufficient forces on both sides to make serious consequences probable. Upon receipt of the League telegram each government issued orders to suspend operations; the order of the Greek Government reached the scene of action exactly two and a half hours before the time of attack. As a result both armies were withdrawn, and war was averted. There followed a careful investigation by a commission appointed by the League; and with the final payment by Greece of an indemnity fixed as a result of the investigation, the whole affair became a closed incident.

A fourth function of the League is international arbitration. The League Covenant provides that all disputes likely to lead to rupture must be referred to arbitration, judicial settlement, or inquiry by the League Council. If the dispute is submitted to arbitration or judicial settlement, the member states agree to 'carry out in full good faith any award or decision that may be rendered,' and not to 'resort to war against a Member of the League which complies therewith.' If the dispute is submitted to inquiry by the League Council, the Covenant, following the example of the American Treaties of Conciliation of 1913, provides that neither disputant shall resort to war until three months after a report has been rendered, but that thereafter, unless the report is unanimous, the parties shall be free to take such action as they please.

After the war Europe, bled white, realized that another world war would mean the end of Western civilization. In spite of her mistrust of an untried League of Nations and fear of its possibilities, Europe therefore turned to the League as the only practicable hope, and decided to try the way of coöperation. Yet even that was not enough. In the settlement of international disputes compromise must be supplanted by law; and law presupposes a genuine court. Accordingly, Europe set herself the task of achieving what had been strongly urged at the Second Hague Conference by the American delegates but had never proved practically attainable—a world court in the true sense of the word. In 1920—with the help of American brains—Europe achieved the American dream. The new World Court is not a panel of a hundred and fifty men scattered throughout the world with no cohesive force or unifying duties, but a single tribunal of judges, elected for their outstanding juristic ability, representative of different systems of law, appointed for long tenures, and sitting as a continuous body. As a result the judges are developing a fine tradition which lifts them above narrow national prejudices and international intrigue, and has won for them the respect and confidence of the world.

One must not, however, misunderstand its power. The World Court, apart from special agreement, is not a court with jurisdiction either to compel nations against their will to bring disputes before it or to compel the execution of its judgments. It is simply a piece of machinery, kept oiled and always in readiness, so that at any moment when a dispute breaks out its services may be utilized if the disputants so desire.

But Europe wanted to go beyond even this. In 1925, Europe electrified

the world by the Locarno treaties, which went further along the road of compulsory judicial settlement of international disputes than any of the Great Powers had gone before. The final Protocol, signed on December 1, 1925, provides that 'Germany and Belgium, and Germany and France, undertake to settle by peaceful means, and in the manner laid down herein, all questions of every kind which may arise between them and which it may not be possible to settle by the normal methods of diplomacy.' 'Any question with regard to which the parties are in conflict as to their respective rights shall be submitted to judicial decision, and the parties undertake to comply with such decision.' In other words, since the war Europe, to prevent the wreck of Western civilization, has been forced by the sheer necessities of the situation, in spite of fears and counter-fears, to follow the direction pointed out by traditional American policy. And at the very moment when Europe turned her face in this direction the American Government abandoned the policy.

#### IV

For over nine years America has steadfastly refused to join the League of Nations; she has refused to accept membership in the World Court even though membership involves no obligation to submit disputes to it; in her 1928 series of arbitration treaties it is the old Permanent Court of Arbitration as established under the Convention of 1907 and not the new World Court to which, if the Senate yield its consent, disputes may be referred. For the past nine years, until the signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact, America has lifted not a finger to forward the movement of international arbitration.

As this post-war decade draws to a close, America is approaching, partly

as a result of her changed policy, and partly as a result of the general world situation, a parting of the ways, involving a coming crisis in her affairs as grave as any she has yet faced.

In the first place, there is the problem of the war debts. The position of America as a result of the war has changed from that of a debtor nation into that of the general creditor nation of the world. Creditors insisting upon payment find themselves in an embarrassing position if they wish to retain the good will and friendship of their debtors. In the case of the international debts owed America the difficulties of the situation are vastly increased by their size. Many able economists maintain that they are of such magnitude that they never can actually be paid in full, and that any serious attempt to do so could be made only through dumping such quantities of foreign commodities in America as to ruin American domestic industry. The maintenance of high American tariff barriers adds to the problem. Even though there is room for an honest difference of opinion as to whether the debts can ever be satisfied in full, if the growing difficulties and burdens convince a substantial part of the populations of the debtor states that the economists are right, America's unyielding insistence upon full payment, and her continued refusal to modify her position, may cause the relations between herself and the debtor states to become seriously strained. The danger is that the United States may be stripped of her friends. Furthermore, America's insistence upon payment forces the debtor states to look at the problem from a common point of view and to make common cause; the inherent nature of the situation inevitably separates the interests of America from those of the European nations. If nothing is done

to *counteract* this tendency, a wider and wider divergence is bound to arise between the policies of the United States, formulated to protect and further her interests, and those of Europe. If no constructive steps are taken, this problem will grow more acute and dangerous with every passing year.

A second factor of the problem is aligning world forces in much the same direction. In the years immediately following the conclusion of the war the interests of the Allies were widely diverging. British interests depended upon the stabilization and strengthening of a Central Europe with sufficient credit to buy British manufactures; the Quai d'Orsay was exerting every effort to achieve the exact opposite. There were gloomy days following the war when agreement seemed impossible and the European horizon looked very dark. But in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties, Europe, with the memory of war still burning deep, found a way to compose her differences; and the method of international coöperation, not without struggle and occasional defeat, has gradually been supplanting the older method of diplomatic manoeuvring solely for selfish interests. In this process the League gatherings have played a substantial part. To-day the representatives of some fifty nations are learning at Geneva through hard experience the difficult lesson of co-operation — how to give and take, and even, at times, to sacrifice present national interests for the sake of larger ultimate gain. But America is not sharing the experience.

If America continues to absent herself from the gatherings of fifty nations, great and small, where the world's common problems are discussed and world policies are formulated, it seems inevitable that the policies thus adopted will come to be largely European in their conception; and sooner

or later America will awake to find that her own interests have gone unprotected. That means danger of the gravest kind — the United States on one side and a unified Europe on the other, following diverging and conflicting policies.

A third factor in the problem is the relationship of the United States to Latin America. Not long ago the United States sent marines into Nicaragua. The side of the shield which United States citizens were given to see was the restoration of law and order to a distracted country and the promotion of democracy by the guarantee of a fair and free election. The side of the same shield which Latin American countries saw was the bombing of unoffending Nicaraguan villages by American airplanes, intervention with force in the affairs of a smaller state, the United States opening the way for her promoters and investors by marines and big guns. While the United States congratulates herself over the success of her efforts in restoring order and ensuring fair elections, Latin America is nursing her resentment. She will not forget for many a day the bombing by American troops of Nicaraguan villages.

The time was when South American states were of negligible importance and the United States could wield the big stick and impose her will upon them almost with impunity. But that day is passing. The Argentine contains a million more people than Canada; the population of Brazil is four times that of Canada and almost equal to that of France. In 1927 the Argentine exported goods to the value of a billion gold dollars. With the increasing power of South America, the problem of our future Latin American policy becomes every year more pressing. Shall America continue to follow the big-stick policy which gains its way at

the expense of international confidence and friendship, or shall she seek the solution of Latin American problems through coöperative joint action with her sister American republics? The former course is a quicker way to gain an immediate object, and probably more efficient; but the latter does not leave America friendless.

## V

The solution of these problems of foreign policy may be sought through either one of two sharply divergent courses, and upon the course which America finally chooses during the next decade or two will depend very largely her future destiny. One course lies in the direction of the newer method which Europe has been trying to learn since the tragic breakdown of the old in 1914. It is the method of seeking common understandings and of taking united action for the solution of international difficulties before they become acute. It is the method which Washington adopted when he was laying the foundations of American foreign policy — that of the pacific settlement of every international dispute. It is the way of the League of Nations, of the World Court, of Locarno. It means the supplanting of the former intense international rivalries and fears and jealousies by international coöperation, and the creation of adequate machinery to make coöperative effort effective.

The alternative course is armed isolation. The logic of the situation, in the minds of many, compels such a policy. America, as the richest country in the world and a creditor nation, needs protection. The neglect of defenses only invites armed attack and therefore war. Consequently it is now incumbent upon the United States, whether she likes it or not, to keep free

of every European complication and to build up her national defenses. For the past nine years this has been the course consistently followed. In spite of the fact that in the world of reality America is inextricably bound, economically, commercially, and financially, with the nations of Europe and cannot therefore actually isolate her interests, nevertheless every effort has been made to isolate them. We are spending considerably more than twice as much to-day for national defense as before the war. In 1912 the United States spent \$244,177,000. In 1926-1927 she spent \$580,118,000. President Coolidge, in his address to Congress on December 5, 1928, said: 'The cost of national defense is stupendous. It has increased \$118,000,000 in the past four years. The estimated expenditure for 1930 is \$668,000,000.'

Since that was written the United States has passed the Naval Construction Bill, embarking upon still further expenditures. The bill provides for the building within three years of fifteen ten-thousand-ton cruisers and one aircraft carrier, and appropriates for this purpose two hundred and seventy-four million dollars. The race for bigger navies has begun again.

The big-navy group cry out confidently that this is the pathway to America's destiny, and the only way to security. But a haunting doubt persists. Does genuine and practical security lie in this direction?

In the early days of the twentieth century, Germany, pushing vigorously her industrial development, foreseeing coming competition and international rivalry, decided to seek protection for her rapidly developing commerce through the building up of a powerful armament. On the sea she entered upon so vigorous a naval programme that England was drawn into competitive activity, and the inevitable race in

naval construction was begun. On land she developed the most magnificent military machine the world had ever known. She felt herself invincible. Her fighting strength was immeasurably superior to that of any other nation. One remembers the easy confidence with which, in the terrible days of July 1914, the hordes of German gray-green troops poured across the plains of Belgium in a seemingly endless flood. Standing athwart the German line of advance stood Belgium's army, tiny in comparison, heroically trying to stem the advancing tide. How hopeless and pathetic it seemed! Yet when the Treaty of Versailles came to be written in 1919 it was Belgium who sat on the winning side, and Germany, with all her magnificent armament, — nay, *because* of her magnificent armament, — lay crushed and broken.

If the World War has proved anything, it has proved the breakdown of the old methods — the positive danger of seeking security through gunpowder and poison gas. The nation which chooses to place its main reliance in its own powerful armament is courting disaster. Huge armaments breed fear, and fear breeds hate, and hate breeds war. There is no escape from that. The experience of the World War has shown with terrible clarity that the outcome of every modern war of world importance depends, not on the armament of any single nation, but upon the alignments and groupings of nations which take place before and during hostilities; and these war-deciding alignments depend in the last analysis upon international friendships, upon the degree of international coöperation which has interlocked the interests of various nations, upon the existence or nonexistence of a confidence that a given state is working for purposes and ideals shared by the majority of mankind. Guns and battleships no longer measure security; other

factors have become more potent. A nation which chooses to refrain from international coöperation or to strip itself of its friends is under modern conditions depriving itself of its surest defenses. To-day, no matter what its armament, no single nation can conquer the world; armed isolation, if long continued, is the most dangerous course which a wealthy nation can pursue.

## VI

By ratifying the Kellogg Peace Pact the United States has set her face once more in the direction of her traditional policy. But we must not be deceived. Under the Kellogg Pact the signatories renounce war as an instrument of national policy. But every nation in signing the pact very definitely understood, and embodied the understanding in specific written language, that the treaty should not apply to any war of defense, and that every nation should be its own judge as to whether it is fighting in self-defense. Can a war of any magnitude be recalled in which both sides were not claiming to be fighting in self-defense? In 1914, France, Russia, and Germany all stoutly made the claim. If one looks the truth in the face, the Kellogg Peace Pact is, as a purely legal document, impotent. Yet it is very far from true that the treaty is therefore without value. By pouring moral content into it we can make it one of the great steps toward peace. The treaty means exactly what we make it mean. It will not prevent war. But it can be made to serve as a magnificent rallying cry to promote and stimulate the will to peace; and in the last analysis the will to peace can prevent war more effectively than legal documents.

The future destiny of the United States is to-day hanging in the balance. The foreign problems pressing in on us

are likely to become more rather than less acute. It will not be possible to straddle the problem many years longer — in the same Congress to adopt a Kellogg Peace Pact and a bill inaugurating a new navy-building programme. The time is fast coming when America must make her choice, and crowding events will make that choice irrevocable.

Will America, with all her youth and buoyancy, choose armed isolation, the old method which brought inevitably the world conflict of 1914? Or will she choose international coöperation and the effort to substitute law for war? If America is true to her traditions, to the course set by Washington and followed

for over a hundred years, there can be no question what her choice will be.

We call ourselves a Christian nation. If Christianity means anything real, if the name is not a mere sham and pretense, there can be no question what America's choice will be. That choice unquestionably will depend upon what the great rank and file of Americans — over a hundred million strong — living in quiet homes throughout the length and breadth of our land demand. It is a time when no true patriot, no genuine lover of America, no honest Christian, can afford to be silent. All the world hangs upon America's answer.

March 4, 1929

## SWAGDAGGER CROSSES A FIELD

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

### I

THERE is something in the nature of most men, arising on certain uneasy occasions, which has a basis so universal that everywhere it commands the sympathetic understanding of reasonable folk — an attitude of which the commonest vocal expression is 'Why do you want to interfere with me? I don't want to interfere with you! But if you're looking for trouble you'll — well find it!' (The usual intensifying word, here omitted for the sake of those ideas of civilized culture which Mr. Ovey self-righteously upholds, is entirely apt in the case of Swagdagger.) And as with men, so with animals who live the life, wild and free and pitiless, that men have quitted.

This attitude in the wild is liable to instant reverse; the trouble seeker of one moment may be the troubled of the next. The rights and wrongs — many of them as old as life itself — of Swagdagger happily crossing a field on a certain morning in early June cannot be discussed in this story, which is able only to hold an account of all the trouble which began when Mr. Ovey, of London, looked over a bank.

His large round head, rising out of a starched collar, moved across the gap in the western bank of the field below Windwhistle Cross, and vanished; but it came back immediately — pomaded hair, waxed moustache, pince-nez rimless glasses, new shiny teeth. Mr. Ovey, a short stout little man halfway through life, stood on his toes and

peered over, preparing an indignant glance. Someone must be in the farther field! There the evidence was — a long strip of paper, blowing across the grass! Mr. Ovey pushed himself higher with his toes, and looked round to see who had dropped the paper. It had not been there a moment before, when he had been in the field. But, seeing no one, he got down from his uncomfortable position, and brushed the earth from his finger tips.

Mr. Ovey, standing in the sunken lane, looked at the gap again, and thought how unprotected his property was. The sooner that notice board was up, the better! The paint ought to be dry enough; it could go up to-day. He must see that the gap in the bank — made by bullocks, so the farmer had said — was filled with thorn branches pegged down. Anyone could get over there! A padlock for the five-barred gate, and a strand or two of barbed wire twisted round the top bar. And, his head full of thoughts of boards and thorns and wire and paper, Mr. Ovey got into his car and drove down the hill to the village in the valley below.

Recently Mr. Ovey, a business man on holiday from London ('Ovey's Liver Salts — Get That Athlete's Zest for a Farthing a Day'), had bought three fields in a district adjoining Exmoor in North Devon, in the belief that a few years would see more than double his money back in building sites, as he told his wife. Not that he would want to live there himself! Mr. Ovey thought the country a dull place to live in, where there was nothing to see except views like picture postcards, and where nothing ever happened.

Three red lanes, metaled with iron-stone, — one of them already bearing much motor traffic in summer, — met at the southwestern corner of the field, near the gate. Just above this gate was a small spinney of beech trees called

Windwhistle Cross. The motor road divided the spinney, and led on over the down to Ilfracombe. It was toward these trees that Mr. Ovey had looked when he passed the gap in the bank. Mr. Ovey had always lived in London, and he considered himself both shrewd and observant; but, had the eyes of Mr. Ovey been of wider use to him, he would have noticed that the long white strip, rippling as paper in wind, was moving in a direction contrary to that in which the wind was blowing.

Less than half a minute after the departure of Mr. Ovey, the white rippling object had reached the middle of the field. It was moving on a track it had run along many times before, a track belonging to itself. Indeed, it owned the entire field, with every other field it ran in. Its sense of ownership was similar to that of Mr. Ovey, but more elemental; its angry defiance of any intrusion was coupled with a raging desire to break with teeth the neck of its enemy. Nearly everything was its enemy, and nearly everything ran from it; for it was Swagdagger the stoat. Swagdagger lived a life harder and more eventful than any other stoat in the West Country, for he had been born without color, except for his eyes, which were pink, and the tip of his tail, which was black. Swagdagger's hairy coat, covering a long and sinuous body, was white as the snow which so seldom fell in the fields. Nearly everything saw Swagdagger as he ran prowling, low and swift and sniffing the air, over green pasture and brown ploughland, and through the thorns and brambles growing on the banks dividing the fields.

Swagdagger was hurrying, but he was not hunting. Many times a day he ran with eagerness across his fields into Windwhistle Cross, to play with the five stoats who lived under a wood

stack at the foot of a beech tree. Such rough-and-tumble games they played together — Swagdagger, his mate, and their cubs.

He had reached the middle of the field when a dark brown bird, with a wing span of more than four feet, wheeled in the sky a quarter of a mile away, and slanted down over the wind-sheared tree tops of the spinney. Swagdagger saw it coming, and ran faster. It was a buzzard hawk, whose wailing cry often came down from the sky. It fed on rabbits, moles, and snakes, which it dropped on from above and clutched in its yellow feet, piercing with black talons, and tearing with its hooked beak. The hawk was stronger and much heavier than the stoat, who saw its eyes and beak and hanging legs, under the line of its outspread wings, grow larger and larger as it glided upon him. Swagdagger stopped, his fore-paws on the ground, his head and neck raised and pointing at the buzzard. He crouched until it lifted great wings to drop on him, and then he stood on his hind legs. The buzzard, who had meant to grip him across the back, saw a small white flattened circle, set with whiskers, that broke across with sharp clicking teeth.

The stoat stood like a lean mushroom stalk; the hawk seemed to bounce off its angry pointed nose. It flapped its broad wings, to keep itself safely above the furious pale eyes. It flapped heavily over the stoat toward the spinney, but rippling white movement lured it back again. It turned and swept down on the stoat, spreading yellow toes for the attack. The white ripple stopped, becoming fixed and upright under the snatch of talons. Again the buzzard quailed before the snapping teeth, and, beating into the air, sent a wailing cry down the wind. *Whee-ee-i-oo!*

Another bird, black from bristled

beak to toe, that was perching on the highest bough of an elderberry tree, stunted and lichen-crusted, at the southwestern point of the spinney, heard the cry, and started out of its reverie — for it was contemplating the old nest from which it had driven the last of its grown winglings that morning. Immediately it stretched its head higher. Every black feather tightened when it saw the buzzard. Its craw swelled, its tail dipped, its beak opened, and *Scarl! Scarl! Scarl!* it called, harshly and rapidly.

Another carrion crow heard the call, and left the broken carcass it had been eating — rabbit in snare set by laborer — and flew toward the elderberry. The crows built their nest in one or other of the trees of Windwhistle Cross every year; they owned the spinney, and the fields around it, and whenever they saw a winged or a four-legged intruder they drove it away from their property.

*Krok! Krok! — Hawk! Hawk!* said the first crow, flying up to meet her mate. Together they flew, silently, just above the green slope of the wind-sheared tree tops. They appeared suddenly over the spinney, seeing the field below. *Krok! Krok!* said the crow again, and flew faster toward the buzzard, meaning to peck out its feathers — a thing which the crows tried to do whenever they flew near a buzzard, not liking its face.

Before its beak had closed again, the male crow saw the stoat. The crow's name was Scarl. Scarl had seen Swagdagger many times before. *Krarr! Krarr!* cried Scarl and his mate together, turning across the wind, and slanting over the red lane and the bramble-grown bank.

Swagdagger was not far from Windwhistle Cross when the crows dived at him. He recognized the voice of Scarl, and ground his teeth. With open

beak Scarl dived, but a yard from the ground the crow flattened his wings and with a jeering *Krarr!* passed over him. Scarl alighted two yards behind Swagdagger, while his mate flapped above and in front of him. The stoat stood up to meet the peck of the crow, and Scarl, hopping quickly over the grass from behind, nipped the black tip of his tail.

In this way they teased Swagdagger for more than a minute, while he grew more and more angry. Every time he attempted to run forward he was poked and jabbed from behind by one or another of the crows, and at last he was not very far from the bank whence he had started.

Meanwhile the buzzard was soaring higher, watching the shifting white streak. It soared two fields away, stared at by a bird perched on a thorn growing out of the bank near a gate. This bird was the size of a crow, but more huddled-looking; and it had a whitish-gray face of bare skin. The buzzard saw it looking up, and wailed for its mate again. The gray-faced bird launched itself off the thorn, and with leisurely beat of wings climbed into the air to look around. It was a sentinel rook, and the buzzard was scared of rooks, for often they mobbed him.

It flew under the hawk, and cried *Caa! Caa-r!* Hearing the summons, the rooks looked up from the earth where they were digging potatoes. Buzzard never harmed, and potatoes were good. They went on digging again, knowing that old sentinel could easily drive buzzard away.

Now Scarl the carrion crow saw the rook flying under the buzzard, and began to think. First one eye was cocked at them, then the other — for a crow cannot reason until he has taken a double squint. His beak lifted higher, his craw swelled, he dipped, and *Krok-krok-krok-krok!* he cried. The stoat bounded upon him, but the crow, still

looking at the sky, hopped over his head, alighted behind him, and gave four more croaks. *Ca-ar!* answered the sentinel rook, leaving the buzzard, and flying over the field to find out why crow had called him. He saw, turned, and flew back quickly, in silence.

Usually rooks flew wide of crows, whom they distrusted, for crows had been known to chase the little red mousehawks, or kestrels, over their rookery in spring, and, in the general uproar that greeted the hawk, to sneak into the trees and suck rooks' eggs. But against Swagdagger every bird's beak and wing was raised. *Krok-krok-krok-krok!* cried the rook, wheeling over the edge of the potato field, and calling them in a voice like a crow's. This time every rook flew up. The potato diggers (Mr. Ovey's potatoes) glided and swooped down to the grass of the three-acre field as soon as they saw the white ripple. They filled the air with cawing and the sound of wings. They alighted on the grass, making around the stoat a rough excited circle, which broke wherever Swagdagger ran in his grinding rage.

Each rook urged his neighbor to hop forward and dab him one on the head. Each rook was determined not to be the one to dab first. Their wide and simple eyes, filled with scared thoughts, looked from stoat to crow, from crow to each other. Scarl and his mate hopped about in the ring, feeling safe with so many beaks near them, and enjoying the game of peck and jump. And all the while they were playing the crows were watching their chance to peck out Swagdagger's eyes.

Sometimes nervous rooks would fly up with squawks of alarm, but the croaks of the bolder crows were reassuring, and they alighted in the circle again. Jackdaws passing over the spinney dropped among them, like flakes of burnt paper out of the blue

sky, and croaked with deep voices, for they too belonged to the powerful family of the crows, and shared ownership of all the fields and woods. They poked their gray polls and hard azure eyes between the disheveled shoulders of the rooks, and cursed Swagdagger, who in hot rage was giving off a most penetrating stench, which in itself was almost enough to keep them at a distance. Then came four magpies, sloping over the field, their wings flickering black and white as they made slow way against the wind. They scolded loudly when they saw Swagdagger. After them came a pair of missel thrushes, who flew down boldly, the smallest birds present, and screamed in the face of Swagdagger as he stood, with swishing tail, with bared teeth, with blazing eyes, in a green space enclosed by the black and shifting mass. Suddenly every bird looked up into the air, and remained motionless, as though frozen.

Three miles westward, on his pitch two thousand feet above the sea, Chakchek the Backbreaker, the peregrine falcon, had seen the commotion of wings in the field, and a white speck in the centre. He owned the air of the world; even the eagle shifted under his stoop. Across the sky on level pinions he had glided, cutting round into the wind above Windwhistle Cross. He saw upheld beaks and eyes watching him anxiously. Crows and a stoat! He turned, and swept away.

## II

The sentinel rook, sire of many birds of the rookery, in the village below, an old bird whose life was set in duty to others, watched the Backbreaker an eye-blink longer than the other rooks watched. He forgot Swagdagger as he stared at the pointed wings, which often he had heard hissing in the dreaded stoop. Then a whiteness flashed, and

the old rook was on his back, his feathers were flying, his legs were kicking. He tried to screech a warning, but as his beak opened he shuddered; and Swagdagger, red on teeth and whiskers, ran at the next rook. The grass was flattened by the draught of beating wings.

*Cra!* cried Scarl, who had flown a yard, but returned again. *Cra!* as he hopped to the stricken rook, and pecked out its eyes.

As soon as the rooks and daws had flown up, Swagdagger started to run toward the spinney, carrying his head high. He had gone one third of the way along his track when the rooks, flying at him with open beaks, but swerving a safe distance off, checked him again. Other birds came to the field — tomtits and wagtails, sparrows, finches, and stonechats. They perched on the brambles of the banks, each one adding his tick or squall or stitter to the general outcry. Some of them had lost mates or fledglings when last they had seen the white horror.

*Kron-n-n-n-n-n-n-k!*

The sound, prolonged and deep, was audible through the screeching and cawing. It came from the spinney, the sound as of the trunk of a strong and living beech tree beginning to split in frost. Swagdagger suddenly stopped, sniffing the air. Only one thing had such an acrid smell, and whenever he encountered it Swagdagger got out of daylight into the nearest rabbit hole.

The owner of the deep and penetrating voice had flown inland when he had seen Chakchek the Backbreaker slip off his pitch; for sometimes he robbed the falcon of what he had struck down. He alighted on a branch at the top of a tree, which bowed to his weight. Scarl the crow saw him, — he was perching on Scarl's own lookout branch, which commanded nearly all the ground around the spinney, — but

Scarl said nothing. For the newcomer was Kronk, King of the Crows, the powerful and aged owner of seven miles of coast — from Pencil Rock to the Morte Stone, where the realm of his great-grandson, the Gaping Raven, began — and of thousands of acres of forest, heath, field, spinney, and down. *Kron-n-n-k!*

The raven, looking blacker than any crow, he was so big, jumped off the lookout branch, and climbed almost vertically into the air. When about twenty feet above the tree tops he rolled on one wing, dropped a yard, and rolled level again. Then, his playful movement over, he pointed his great black beak at the stoat, and glided down to kill him.

But Swadagger did not wait while Kronk was growing bigger in his downward glide. He turned, and galloped back along the track he had started to follow more than ten minutes before. *Whee-oo!* cried the buzzard from the sky, soaring on still, cleaver-shaped wings, as he watched Swadagger fleeing before more than fifty clamorous birds, almost to be overtaken by the fast raven.

Swadagger rippled up the bank, and got among the top cover. The withering sword grasses, and tough strings of bindweed tying brambles and briars, and dry thorn branches laid lengthways across old bullock-broken gaps, moved and rustled as he drew his lean body under them. Crows and rooks followed him, flapping to where patches of white showed in the long net of grasses, and trying to perch on stalks of tansy, dock, and hogweed. Three times he was pecked as he traveled along the southern bank, but he reached the corner safely, and turned up the western bank toward Windwhistle Cross.

He pushed his sharp way among the brambles and grasses to the break made by the feet of bullocks scrambling

over into the sunken lane below — where Mr. Ovey had peered. The gap of earth and stone was bare for two yards. On a stone bedded in the dry earth stood the great raven.

Now stoats — and their smaller relations, the weasels — possess strength and determination which last in fullness unto the moment of death; and the mind of Swadagger was set upon getting to Windwhistle Cross. His small flat head, sharp as a white fang, pushed out of the grasses, moved up and down, swung sideways, while the nostrils worked nervously at all the hostile scents. The quick movements wove a hole in the grasses, which set around the thin neck like a collar. The gaze of the eyes wandered, then it rested on Kronk, standing a yard away.

Raven and stoat remained still, brown and pink eyes fixed in the same stare. All the lithe furious power of Swadagger blazed in his eyes, for he dared not run forward. His tail swished the grasses behind him; fumes of anger drove the rooks into the upper air. And then, suddenly, at a new short *Kra!* from Scarl the crow, the clamor ceased, and the air over Swadagger's head emptied of wings. Raven, crows, rooks, daws, pies, thrushes, finches, tits, all flew away silently, big birds over the field, little birds along the hedge, leaving Swadagger alone.

The stoat stepped through his grassy collar, smelled only furze bloom and foxglove in the air, saw the birds flying away, and forgot them. Without hesitation he ran down the bank and across the grass to his track; for he had never entered Windwhistle Cross any other way.

He was near the northern bank when the noise of wings made him stop and throw up his head. The buzzard, who had been sitting on the bank by the far corner, watching in curiosity the behavior of the birds, had been alarmed

when they had suddenly flown away; but not having heard what they had seen in the sunken lane beyond, and being fearful of taking the air when raven and crow were about, it had continued to sit there. The white moving lure of Swagdagger was too strong for its caution; it forgot the general alarm, and flew over to the stoat.

On broad brown wings it sank upon Swagdagger, flapping to check its glide and stiffening its legs for the clutch. Swagdagger stood up to meet it with his teeth, but, as the buzzard was about to strike, it looked away, startled by an object appearing in the opening of the five-barred gate by the road. It was a black and white object, and a man moved behind it.

**WINDWHISTLE CROSS ESTATE  
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED**

The buzzard's wings beat violently in alarm; and instantly they beat wildly, for Swagdagger's teeth had pierced one of its legs above the knee. It rose up above the level of the bank, and tumbled sideways, the weight of the stoat straggling and twisting under it.

The buzzard unclenched its feet to be free, but they were clutched on nothing. It dived and tumbled, but could not shake off the jerking weight on its leg. It dropped toward the field again, meaning to stand on the stoat and rip it up with its hooked beak, as it had ripped up many rats and rabbits, but the shout of the man made it rise again.

Many feathers floated away in the wind over the spinney, as the hawk swooped and tumbled and recovered. The rooks, back at their potato digging (Mr. Ovey's potatoes), looked up at the struggle. Some flew around the buzzard as it zigzagged overhead, and added their cawing to the wailing whistle of the hawk. Swagdagger held to the leg with his teeth and the long claws of his forepaws, and whenever the buzzard's

beak came forward to cut open his head he loosened his bite and snapped at the throat. Sometimes his tail was over his head, as he swung to the turns and somersaults of his enemy.

The flight took them away from the field, which was now distant by four lines of banks. After five minutes the wings of the buzzard flapped more heavily, and its tumblings were slower. Two claws of its right uninjured foot had pierced the loose skin of Swagdagger's neck, and were clenched tightly. It flew as before, in and out of the cawing rooks, until its bitten leg began to give it pain, when it twirled and wailed toward the ground.

A final frenzied tumble in the air flung Swagdagger's head near its own, and the buzzard's beak opened to break his skull; but Swagdagger was quicker, and his teeth, like two rows of bone thorns, snapped in the feathers of the buzzard's throat. The feathers sailed away, and he snapped again, but his teeth did not click. Hanging there, he steadily changed color, his head and neck and back and dripping tail, from white to dark red.

The banks grew larger, the field below wider, as he sank down to the earth. Near the earth the hawk began to strike with its feet and buffet with its wings, and to snap its beak; but Swagdagger held on, his eyes closed as he drew warm strength from his enemy.

The dying hawk thumped on the ground, Swagdagger riding on its back. The stoat rippled away, leaving a trail of small feathers sticking to the grasses. The idea of getting to his mate was still firmly fixed in his mind. He galloped gleefully, licking his jaws as he thought of the game he would play with his cubs.

He reached the three-acre field, and ran along his track. Halfway across he stopped, his nose working at the air that came in swirls from the bank. There was the smell of fresh-turned

earth, blown with a strange and puzzling taint. He left his track, making a loop to avoid the unseen danger; for everything strange was dangerous to Swagdagger. Ten yards off the north bank he seemed to freeze, for his nostrils had dipped into a stream of strong, familiar scent — Man.

Mr. Ovey stood by his newly painted notice board, which leaned on the five-barred gate. He was mopping his big face with a handkerchief, his hat pushed back from his pale forehead. A spade was stuck in a heap of earth at his feet. Mr. Ovey saw Swagdagger, and his eyes behind his glasses bulged. He started after him, shouting 'Hi!' when Swagdagger ran up the bank. When he got to the place where Swagdagger had climbed, Mr. Ovey said 'D—!' behind his teeth, for he saw nothing there.

Picking up a stick, Mr. Ovey hurried back through the gate, and round the outside corner of the lane. He was just in time to see a tail, tipped with black, disappear over the low bank at the edge of the spinney. He scrambled through the brambles, holding out an arm to ward off low branches from knocking off his eyeglasses. Grasping the stick firmly, and with head held tense, Mr. Ovey walked warily through the beech trees, peering left and right.

He came to a woodpile, and had a glimpse of a smaller animal, with white patches on its light brown body, before it disappeared. Mr. Ovey, warm with excitement, crept forward, and waited for it to run out again. It came out by his feet, but ran in again before the blow fell. Mr. Ovey saw another peep out, and then another. The whole place was full of the little animals!

He began to pull at a branch on the top of the pile. He felt strong as he levered it up, and with a vigorous turning movement threw it down. Lovely white skins: they must be valuable

ermimes! Mr. Ovey imagined himself returning to London with a dozen or more pelts, to be made into a lining for his motor coat. He saw himself in the midst of wondering villagers, but swiftly thought, as he levered another heavy bough off the top of the pile, 'No, keep it quiet! There might be money in it!' Mr. Ovey was enjoying himself immensely. An expression was on his face familiar to many townsfolk who glanced at the advertisements of 'Ovey's Liver Salts — Get That Athlete's Zest for a Farthing a Day.' (For, although Mr. Ovey took the farthings rather than the salts, a certain vanity had made him pose for the senescent and fatuous individual depicted as leaping tables, sprinting after motor buses, and running on air, whose bounding vitality was asserted and reasserted to be due to Ovey's Liver Salts.)

Mr. Ovey had thrown down four boughs when Swagdagger ran out of the pile. Swagdagger was in the greatest rage. He had been pestered and thwarted nearly all the morning, his play was interrupted (four cubs rolling him over and biting him with their milk teeth), and now his mate and cubs were threatened. He stood still, uttering whiny, champing noises — for a translation of which see the first paragraph of this story. When Mr. Ovey moved forward with uplifted stick, Swagdagger also moved forward. His harsh chakering cry rattled in the spinney. He continued to approach Mr. Ovey, — fourteen inches of warning and aggression, — who said, 'Grrr! Get out of it, you beast!' as he struck with his stick, and missed.

*Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak!*

Now Mr. Ovey's knowledge of and regard for the countryside were almost totally confined to its money-making possibilities, and he had not the least idea that birds and animals were very

near in instincts and feelings to men and women, being of the original flesh and spirit; and he did not know that Swagdagger's forefathers had run in Windwhistle Cross since the first beech tree, whose roots were long since crumbled in the ground, had sprung from a single seed planted by a rook, and founded the spinney. Mr. Ovey therefore was most surprised when, immediately after he had tried to hit another stoat with his stick, Swagdagger ran forward and started to climb up his trousers. Mr. Ovey shouted when the sharp claws pricked his knee, and struck at the animal with his hand; but so quick was Swagdagger, and so sure his eye, that he bit through the tip of a finger before the blow knocked him off.

Mr. Ovey turned to leave the spinney. He shouted for help when he saw other little animals running out of the woodpile. He blundered through the low branches to the bank, brambles clawing his clothes, and filling him with fear. He stopped in the lane, and to his horror saw that he was being followed.

*Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak!*

Wheeling high over Windwhistle Cross, above the rooks and the crows, Kronk the raven watched Mr. Ovey running to the gate, pulling it open, and nearly falling over the strange black and white object that had been puzzling the wary Kronk. Mr. Ovey closed the gate, and, breathing heavily behind his notice board, felt safe on his own property.

'Dangerous brutes,' he puffed. 'Poison . . . traps . . . what local authorities doing . . . permit it . . . *phoo!*'

He was pulling his handkerchief out of his cuff, where one had been tucked for many years, when the piebald family of Swagdagger ran round the corner.

*Hak! Chakker! Hak!*

Mr. Ovey ran as far as the middle of

the field, then turned, and stared at the pack. He felt a dreadful desire to remain standing still. He gave an automatic glance round for a policeman.

High in the air the raven, who also had felt the fascination of being approached by a pack of hunting stoats, watched the man standing still until the white threads were almost to him. Only then did he turn and run to the lower bank. He scrambled up, and stood among the brambles, until the white threads reached the bank. He jumped down, with head turned to see if they were following.

*Hak! Hak! Chakker-hak!*

Wheeling on firm wings, the raven watched the man plodding across the next field, and the plunging canter of bullocks down wind when they got the musky scent of stoat. He watched him across another field, and so to the road.

Mr. Ovey ran on, slower and slower, groaning that if he only got out of this he would sell the beastly place, and give up smoking. He was chased almost to the farmhouse at the bottom of the hill, where a cattle dog, which had been lying in the roadway, got up and loped forward to see what the trouble was; and made off at full speed when it smelled and saw.

Swagdagger forgot Mr. Ovey, and went under a gate into a field at the top of which was one of his playgrounds, a quarry, in which ironstone had been blasted for the widening of the motor road, and which the brambles were always trying to reclaim. Here they played awhile, and hunted rabbits, and washed themselves after their meal, imitating Swagdagger, who was busy with his tongue on ribs and back and tail. When they had played again, the white leader led the way back to Windwhistle Cross, running along the track, and crossing the field for the first time with that season's jolly cubs.

## TO THE ICE MOUNTAINS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

### I

It was one of the most vivid and memorable journeys I have ever made into the land of dreams. As a matter of fact, I am not sure that it was wholly a dream journey, for now and then, in mid-course of it, I remembered, dimly, that I was lying on a sofa, and also the reason why I was lying there. Perhaps I was neither awake nor asleep, but in a kind of trance during which time fever served to unlock the storehouse of subconscious memory which contains so vast an accumulation of forgotten or half-forgotten possessions. Shortly before entering upon my adventures I had been going through some old copy books in which for a number of years I have kept record of various things: of conversations with friends, of stray thoughts and fancies, of reflections upon books, together with quoted passages from books which had particularly appealed to me; and these notebook jottings were woven into my dream precisely as I had set them down.

Upon waking I seemed to have the clearest recollection of everything that had happened, and lest the memory should quickly fade I took paper and pencil and outlined my experiences from beginning to end. Meagre as it was, the outline covered many pages, and it will be clear from this that my narrative must be considerably shortened. Furthermore, I shall have to depart somewhat from the order — or, better, disorder — of events, stressing

some, slighting or omitting others; but, as Mr. Santayana has said, ‘to embroider upon experience is not to bear false witness against one’s neighbor but to bear true witness to oneself.’ This is particularly the case when one is writing of dream experience rather than of the events of waking life. But before proceeding further it may be well to explain what gave rise to the dream.

Several weeks ago I traveled by trading schooner to the Austral Islands, which lie some three hundred miles south of Tahiti, the island where I make my home. This lonely group of mountain peaks are as beautifully named as they are beautiful to see. Rimitara is the most primitive, Rururu the boldest in outline, Tubuai the largest, and Raivavae the most enchanting as a picture, seen from the deck of a small vessel coasting the barrier reef. While the schooner was assembling her cargo of copra and pia, coffee, vanilla beans, and pandanus mats, I wandered about on shore, climbing the hills for distant views of land and sea, or lying in the shade on sandy beaches, watching the cloud shadows passing over the surface of the lagoon and the surf piling up on the reef.

On the island of Tubuai, inland toward the bases of the hills, there are wide stretches of swampy land, and in my excursions across them I was badly bitten by mosquitoes. One of the stings, having been scratched, became infected. In the tropics quite serious infections often have such small beginnings; one should immediately sterilize

the tiniest abrasion; but long immunity had made me careless, and as a result, shortly after my return to Tahiti — we were three days in making the homeward voyage — I found myself laid up with a badly swollen leg.

‘A beautiful infection’ the doctor called it, as he gazed, with the air of a connoisseur examining an old master, at my angry-looking knee.

‘That’s what comes of carelessness,’ he said. ‘Well, we must try to draw all this poison to one spot. When that is done I’ll lance it and you’ll feel better. Meanwhile, stay where you are and don’t move your leg any more than you can help.’

‘For how long?’ I asked.

‘For three weeks at least.’

‘What!’ I said. ‘Three weeks on this sofa, in this one little room?’

‘You may consider yourself lucky if you can use your leg at the end of a month. Now, then: for to-day and tomorrow, hot dressings — wet, of course — every hour or so. After that I’ll see what is best to be done.’ Whereupon he left me, the hot dressings were applied as he had ordered, and between times I lay staring out of the window, lamenting the fact that through sheer neglect I had let this ill wind be fanned upon me by a mosquito’s wings.

But as I turned my eyes from the window to gaze round the walls of the little room, twelve feet by fourteen, that I call my library, my misgivings subsided somewhat. Ranged on open shelves around the walls were my books, and over and around the bookshelves were pictures of various sorts: crayon sketches, water colors, prints, framed photographs of old friends, of places where I had lived in former days — all or most of them so many windows looking out on the road I had traveled from the threshold of boyhood to the present moment. I saw, with the eyes of the spirit, that the one little room,

small as it was, enclosed a parklike expanse of leisure, three weeks wide at the least, a pleasure ground as ample in time as Kublai Khan’s was in space. Once my leg had been lanced I could lie on my sofa and wander in this garden as I chose, reading old books, or merely thinking about them, looking at my pictures, sorting over memories, or letting my mind lie fallow to the gossamer-like daydreams and fancies which blow so delightfully from nowhere. Doubtless my temperature was rising, for I became excited and light-headed in contemplating the pleasant prospect before me.

On the wall facing me was a photograph of Walt Whitman as he appeared in his vigorous maturity. I looked at that for a time, thinking of the pleasure he had given me in youth, when I could open *Leaves of Grass* at random, and before I had read ten lines he would strike fire from my spirit and set it in a blaze of enthusiasm and delight.

‘I wish I might have known him,’ I mused. ‘What was it Emerson said of him? “One must thank Walt Whitman for service to American literature in the Appalachian enlargement of his outline and treatment.” Appalachian? Andean, rather. Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson — what giants they were, compared to the most eminent of their contemporaries in America. Lord, I wish I had a glass of water with ice in it!’

## II

In my desire for a drink of cold water I quite forgot Walt Whitman. I called out, but no one came. ‘I must get it for myself,’ I thought. So I rose, despite my sore leg, and was surprised to find that I was no longer in my room but in what appeared to be a splendid park whose lawn was shaded by a great variety of trees of both tropical and temperate climates; and sitting at a

## TO THE ICE MOUNTAINS

table close by was Walt Whitman himself. The sunlight of late afternoon cast long shadows on the grass, and far in the distance was a range of mountains whose peaks rose to incalculable heights. Walt Whitman nodded affably. 'Those are the Andes, the Ice Mountains,' he said, pointing toward the horizon. 'Yes, I know,' I replied. 'I'm going there. I want a drink of cold water. I've got a sore leg. Dr. Emerson told me that it would have to get worse before it gets better.'

'That won't prevent your saying a few words, I hope?'

This seemed to me a perfectly natural question. I was not in the least surprised or perturbed.

'Oh no, not at all,' I replied. 'Shall I begin at once?'

'You may as well,' Mr. Whitman answered. 'As you see, they're all waiting.'

I then observed a large gathering, several hundred men and women, sitting on the grass around us. They were cooling themselves with little Japanese fans, and looking toward me expectantly.

'Would you like a fan?' Mr. Whitman asked. 'I expect you're rather warm, are n't you?'

I said that I preferred a drink of ice water.

'Oh, there's no ice here; you'll have to go to the mountains for that. But take this fan; that will cool you off beautifully while you're speaking.'

I did n't know what I was going to say, and yet I felt quite at ease, and after fanning myself for a moment I began, without any preliminary remarks:—

'I am one of those men who think "yesterday" a beautiful word; who love change only in its aspect of slow and imperceptible decay. To me the present and the future are but raw material for the making of the past, and I

measure experience largely in terms of its value as the stuff for memories.

'Such a complexion of mind and temperament is, I suppose, an unfortunate possession in these swiftly moving times; nevertheless, it must be accepted along with the shape of one's nose, the color of one's eyes. It is an inherited characteristic as unalterable as stature or the composition of the blood. Lacking it, an octogenarian will march eagerly in the front rank of the wildest revolutionaries. Having it to excess, a child of five falls into a brown study in his high chair, musing sadly over "the good old days" of babyhood. If this fact were more widely recognized, past-minded and future-minded men would, I believe, make greater allowances for each other and live together more amicably.'

At this point I was interrupted by a murmur of approval from my audience. Several voices said, 'Hear! Hear!' and men and women looked at each other, nodding their heads very slowly and solemnly, as though they would say, 'That is precisely my opinion, too.' I was elated at the favorable impression I seemed to have made, and was about to continue, when panic seized me. I could think of nothing more to say. I was in the most exquisite agony, and my whole body seemed to be afire with the shame and mortification I felt. Then, to my immense relief, I saw that my audience had vanished. Walt Whitman, too, had disappeared, together with the shaded lawn and the distant mountains. I was now standing on a hilltop, looking down upon a city that lay on either bank of a river far below. Scattered over the floor of the valley were other towns and villages, embowered in trees, with little fields around them making a patchwork of vivid coloring, green and gold and blue and crimson. The beauty of the landscape filled me with inexpressible joy.

Not a sound came up to me from the valley. Indeed, so still it was that I became aware of a slight scratching noise, and was puzzled to account for it. Then I saw a man seated in the shadow of a rock with a pad of paper on his knee. He was writing, with his face held so close to the pad that his nose seemed to be touching it. The scratching noise I had heard was made by his pencil moving over the paper.

Presently he spied me and hastily thrust pad and pencil into his pocket. I recognized him at once. It was Lafcadio Hearn.

'You were asking,' he began, 'what the secret is of the art of writing.'

I did n't remember having spoken, but waited deferentially.

'It is n't what you think,' he went on. 'It is n't what any American thinks, or any Englishman, or Frenchman, or German, or Scandinavian. The Chinese alone are masters of the secret, and they discovered it centuries ago.'

As he said this he looked at me accusingly, and I felt somehow to blame for the fact that Americans had not forestalled the Chinese in this discovery. Again I blushed hotly; my face seemed scorched with shame, and I wondered what I had done with the little fan I had had only a moment ago. As he observed my discomfiture, the expression on Mr. Hearn's face softened and he regarded me with a faint smile.

'Here's your fan,' he said. 'I had it all the time. But we were speaking of the Chinese; among them even the children know how to write. Shall I tell you something of my experiences here?'

'Please do!' I replied eagerly. 'Nothing could interest me more!'

'The city you see below us,' he went on, 'is called Ta-ning, or An-yo, I'm not quite sure which; but it does n't matter. I am a teacher there in one of the government schools. The students are all boys in their teens, the sons

of shopkeepers, well-to-do farmers, and the like, and they go to school for the same reason other boys do — because they must.

'I lecture sometimes in Chinese, sometimes in English, and in my composition classes my aim has always been to call forth and develop their native genius. Sometimes I give them subjects for compositions. I have them write about a snowstorm, or a cherry tree, or the beauty of cloud formations on a summer afternoon; the subject doesn't matter, for they can write beautifully about everything or anything. They have half an hour to prepare their compositions, and when they have finished we read them aloud and discuss them.

'This morning I decided to give them a subject somewhat more difficult than usual. I explained that I wanted them to write an essay, or a story, or a poem, — they could put it in whatever form they chose, — and the idea was to be this: Misery. It was to be a story about a man at the last extremity of want — so utterly poor and wretched that whatever Fate might do she could not drive him farther down. They grasped the idea at once and set to work.

'At the end of half an hour all had finished except one boy of fifteen, the son of a basket maker. The papers were collected and brought to my desk, and still this boy sat with his chin on his hands, deep in thought. I did n't disturb him, knowing that the best thoughts are often the latest to come. While glancing through the papers before me I saw this boy seize his brush, cross out what he had already written, and substitute something else. He then brought his composition to my desk. This is what I read there: "Heavily falls the rain on the hat I stole from a scarecrow."

Mr. Hearn glanced at me inquiringly. 'What do you think?' he asked. 'Is

it a masterpiece or not? And the brevity!' he went on, without waiting for a reply. 'The beautiful economy of words! There, if you ask me, is one, at least, of the secrets of the art of writing; and in China even the children know it.'

I was deeply impressed and enormously grateful to Mr. Hearn for having related this incident. I wanted to tell him that my enthusiasm for the little poem was equal to his. I also wanted to tell him of the pleasure his own writings had given me; how, when I went for an afternoon ramble in the hills at Tahiti, I often carried one of his volumes of Japanese sketches to read by the way; and how my copy of his *Two Years in the French West Indies* had become so worn with much handling that I had had it rebound in shark skin while sojourning in Iceland. But when I started to speak, to my great chagrin I could not remember what I was about to say. My throat was parched and dry, and I could think of nothing but my thirst.

'Could you tell me, please,' I asked, 'where the Ice Mountains are? I want a glass of cold water.'

He sprang to his feet.

'Let's go to my house,' he replied. 'I have something very interesting to show you.'

'Don't walk too fast. I have a very sore leg. I was bitten by a mosquito in the Austral Islands, and the place got infected.'

'That's what comes of carelessness,' he replied; whereupon he set out at so rapid a pace that his coat tails flapped behind him. His figure dwindled and dwindled, and soon he was a mere speck far below me.

### III

I now saw that we had been sitting on the top of a mountain rather than a hill. The path descended in innumerable loops and turns, and although I

followed as fast as I could I seemed to be making no progress. The road was deep in sand, which reflected back the intense heat of the sun. My infected leg was throbbing violently, and I knew that I ought to be in bed rather than making this hard journey. Then I realized vaguely that I was again lying on the sofa in the little book-lined room. Mynah birds were chattering in the mango tree at the back of the house, and through the open window I saw the broad leaf of a banana plant swaying gently in the breeze. I heard a clear, childish, compassionate voice saying: 'Aué! Mauiui te avané au papa!' ('Too bad! Papa has a sore leg!'); and another voice replied: 'Come, Conrad. You must n't disturb Papa. He's sleeping.' 'That's curious!' I thought. 'How does it happen that my little son speaks Tahitian? Here am I, an American born and bred, and yet my child talks this strange lingo! But of course! That's because he was born at Tahiti; he's picked it up from the native children and his maternal grandmother. And when he grows up — what then? Of what use will Tahitian be to him when he leaves the islands? There are only thirty thousand people in the whole world who speak this Maori dialect, and all of them live in the South Seas. I must give him another English lesson at once.'

I called him, I called his mother, but there was no answer. Then I smiled, a bit sheepishly, remembering that I was not at home, but in China, on the way to Lafcadio Hearn's house. I could see him a long way below me, and shouted once more at the top of my voice. To my great relief he turned and came running back, so fast that it made me dizzy to watch him threading the winding road up the mountain side. He reached me in no time, and despite his exertions was not at all fatigued.

'Are you sure this is China?' I asked.

'I thought you lived in Japan! One of your books that I like best is called *Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation.*'

'Names are quite immaterial,' he replied. 'But let's go in and have some tea. You'd like some, would n't you?'

'Could I have iced tea?' I asked eagerly. 'I'm very hot.'

'We shall see,' he said, smiling mysteriously.

We entered a carved stone gateway leading to a garden so enchantingly beautiful that I stopped to feast my eyes on the scene before us, but Mr. Hearn seized my arm and hurried me along. A graveled path followed the windings of a miniature valley, and mossgrown steps led down at intervals to a stream of clear water. I wanted to stop for a cooling drink, but my companion would not permit this. We crossed a lawn so smooth and soft that it was a delight to walk on it. Shadows of trees made a lacy pattern on the grass, where the air was cool and fresh, but in the sunny spaces the heat was stifling. Most of the flowers and plants were strange to me, but I recognized some hibiscus and flamboyant trees and bougainvillæa vines of the same varieties to be found on the islands of the South Seas.

We came within view of a lake whose placid surface reflected perfectly the blue sky and a few fleecy clouds. Near the water's edge, in an arbor of cherry trees in full blossom, was a tiny pavilion with a roof of green tiles supported by slender stone pillars fantastically carved and inlaid with precious stones. On the lawn close by, three venerable Chinamen were seated at a table, drinking tea. They were dressed in long embroidered coats, one blue, one green, and one crimson, and they wore tasseled skullcaps of the same colors. They had black goatees and drooping moustaches that reached almost to their waists.

'Mr. Hearn!' I exclaimed. 'I know this place! I have a picture of the very spot! I got it from a Chinaman who keeps a restaurant at Papeete!'

'This is Kublai Khan's pleasure garden,' he replied.

A Chinese girl, beautifully dressed, with cherry blossoms in her hair, brought two stools wonderfully carved and decorated, placed them at the table, and motioned us to be seated. The three old men rose, bowed, and we all sat down together. Mr. Hearn immediately entered into an animated conversation with them, in Chinese; I regretted exceedingly that I could not follow them. Presently the Chinaman in the green coat turned to me and said, in English:—

'You are aware that during the nineteenth century the essay and the sketch have been much less cultivated in England than in France; and the reason is that writers of essays and sketches could not possibly compete with the writers of novels. The novel practically crushed the essay. It was as if an immense mass of rocks had been thrown down upon a grassy field; in order that the grass and flowers could bloom again it was necessary that the pressure should be removed. And it is likely to be removed very soon. The more speedily the novel decays, the more the essay and the sketch will again come into blossom and favor. Slight as such literature may seem to the superficial eye, it is really far more durable and much more valuable than fiction, in the majority of cases.'

'As for the sketch, I think it has a great future; even now it is able to struggle a little against the novel. By the word "sketch" I mean any brief study in prose which is either an actual picture of life as seen with the eyes or a picture of life as felt with the mind. You know that the word strictly means a picture lightly and quickly drawn.'

A sketch may be a little story, provided that it keeps within the world of fact and sincere feeling. It may take the form of a dialogue between two persons; it may be only a record of something seen, but so well seen that, when recorded, it is like a water color. In short, the sketch may take a hundred forms, and it offers the widest possible range for the expression of every literary faculty.'

'That is exactly what I think!' I replied eagerly. 'But I see small reason to hope that the sketch will soon blossom into favor. The novel has crushed it utterly, particularly in America. In England, it is true, there are two or three exceptionally gifted writers of sketches, but they themselves seem to have no very high opinion of the art and practise it in the most desultory fashion. Do you know Mr. Tomlinson's work? How perfect some of it is! Pictures, fragments of experience, gems of sincere feeling in settings of words chosen with the most exquisite taste. Do you remember his sketch called "The Derelict"? And the one about the sand dunes? I read them over and over with never-failing delight. Max Beerbohm is the only writer in English I know to be compared with him. His is a different but by no means an inferior method. You must have read his "Number 2, the Pines," in which he tells of his visit to Swinburne at Putney. There, in a mere handful of pages, he gives a picture of Swinburne and his friend Watts-Dunton that can never fade from the memory. One gazes, smiling, with tears in the eyes, at those two old friends sitting in their dingy suburban mansion with their memories of the past, the dusty years creeping upon them and over them unnoticed, a dying western light illuminating their faces. And "William and Mary"—do you remember that? And "The Golden Drugget," which is

nothing more than a description of a strip of yellow lamplight from the doorway of a mountain inn, lying across the roadway on a dark night. In my opinion sketches of this sort are worth more than a hundred novels that might be named.'

#### IV

Of a sudden I noticed, without surprise, that Lafcadio Hearn had disappeared. The three old Chinamen listened gravely, sipping their tea and nodding their heads now and then. I felt wonderfully carefree and happy. It seemed to me that we were outside of time; it would always be afternoon, and we would sit under the cherry tree discussing matters that had nothing to do with a workaday world. I had found at last, I felt, what I had been searching for my life long—the three wise men of my dreams, wise, tolerant, compassionate. They would instruct me not only in the art of writing but in the art of living, so that I need never have any more doubts or despairs. I wanted to give some expression to my happiness and gratitude, but as I was about to do so the little waitress appeared with an enormous pot of fresh tea, which she placed on the table. The heat from the pot was unbearable to me, although my companions seemed not to notice it. On the table before me were a thick block of writing paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink that I had not observed before.

'These must be for me,' I thought. 'I suppose I must write something, but I don't see how I can with this teapot so close at hand.' The intense heat seemed to be scorching my very brain. I moved my stool back from the table, and in doing so discovered that the cause of my distress was not a pot of tea but a ray of sunlight streaming directly upon me through a window high in the wall of a large room. It

appeared to be the reading room of a public library, and was furnished with long tables where many people sat, busily writing, with books piled round them. A man whose face was puzzlingly familiar sat opposite me; I tried vainly to place him. He had a knitted muffler wrapped several times around his throat, with the ends hanging down on his chest. He had long bony hands, pale and freckled; his face, too, was bony, and his melancholy blue eyes sunk deep in cavernous hollows.

‘You’re a writer, are you not?’ he asked, regarding me with an air of mournful disapproval.

‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘But I can’t work in such a hot room. How do you endure it?’

‘It’s not at all warm here. As you see, the rest of us are working. You must waste no more time. No work, no wage.’ And with that he resumed his own task.

I felt terribly depressed. I realized that I had no money and no way of earning any except by my pen. I must somehow blacken the pages of my block of writing paper. So I took up my pen and began wearily to write.

Someone touched my arm. It was the man who had spoken to me. He had come round to my side of the table and was now standing at my shoulder.

‘Let me see what you have done,’ he said.

I was conscious of a feeling of profound despair. ‘I’ve only just started,’ I replied. ‘I’m merely practising now, setting down words haphazardly. This is n’t at all what I mean to write.’

He held out his hand. ‘Let — me — see — what — you — have — done,’ he repeated severely, and before I could prevent him he took my manuscript, adjusted a pair of spectacles to his nose, and, to my horror, began to read aloud: —

‘A self-appointed wanderer for others is under so many conflicting obligations to his travelers by proxy that the task of filling all of them passably, or any of them adequately, seems next to impossible. He combines in his office the threefold function of dietitian, cook, and serving man, and he must be careful how he goes about his duties if he is to retain his self-appointment with the consent of anyone but himself.

‘Some of his patrons will dine agreeably upon indifferent food, but the service must be beyond praise. There are his dainty eaters who will rise, nourished and content, from the least substantial of repasts if he has not offended them in any particular of seasoning. Others, of greater weight of bone and muscle, demand a deal of solid food, although they have no objection to hors d’oeuvres and something light and tasty by way of dessert. And there are the really heavy feeders who care nothing about service, sauces, or savories. “Away with the knick-knacks!” they say. “Bring on the dinner!” For them he must load the board till it groans, heap high the plates with ungarnished fact, mound up the platters with solid information. It matters not whether it be well cooked or nicely served, so long as there is no stint of helpings. They will crowd round tables of raw statistics, their eyes glistening with anticipation; and later, when he emerges apologetically from the kitchen to clear away the broken meats, he finds to his surprise that there are none — not so much as a crumb to brush from the cloth. Plates and platters have been scoured clean, and the diners are sitting back in their chairs with looks of placid satisfaction on their faces. How is the writer of a travel book to cater for such a variety of tastes, to appease such a variety of appetites, to avoid upsetting such a variety of digestive processes?’

His mournful voice echoed and re-echoed against the walls and lofty ceilings of the reading room as he read my manuscript, but no one paid the least attention to him. Only, when he reached the words, 'Away with the knickknacks! Bring on the dinner!' he shouted them in a deep, peremptory voice, whereupon several people glanced up, frowning slightly. They at once resumed their work, however, as if nothing had happened.

I observed that, despite the oppressive heat, all of them were muffled in heavy winter clothing, and that their breath came out in clouds of steam. 'I must be in Iceland,' I thought. 'Yes, this is certainly Iceland — the reading room of the public library in Reykjavík.' Then I turned to the man sitting on my right hand.

'It's useless trying to deceive me,' I said to him. 'I know quite well where I am.'

'I have been reading Miss Amy Lowell's poems,' he replied. 'Her "Lilacs" is a fine thing, but with this and a few other exceptions all of her verse smells of indoors even when she is writing on outdoor subjects. Her manner is studied, her style artificial, and not one of her poems would leave one in doubt as to whether a man or a woman had written it. Her free-verse forms have little or no excuse for being. Consider for a moment her "Venus Transiens"; this is how she has written it:—

'Tell me,  
Was Venus more beautiful  
Than you are,  
When she topped  
The crinkled waves,  
Drifting shoreward  
On her plaited shell?'

Was Botticelli's vision  
Fairer than mine;  
And were the painted rosebuds  
He tossed his lady  
Of better worth  
Than the words I blow about you  
To cover your too great loveliness  
As with a gauze  
Of misted silver?'

He paused at the end of each line to accentuate its chopiness.

'You see how mannered the form is? When she might have written, in graceful prose: "Tell me, was Venus more beautiful than you are, when she topped the crinkled waves, drifting shoreward on her plaited shell?"'

'You are doubtless aware that she has a high opinion of her own place among contemporary poets. In that part of her *Critical Fable* in which she speaks of herself, she says:—

'The future's her goose and I dare say she'll wing it,  
Though the triumph will need her own power to sing it.

Although I'm no prophet, I'll hazard a guess  
She'll be rated by time as more rather than less.

'I think she's much too sanguine. I'll hazard another guess that twenty-five years hence her poetry will be as dead and forgotten as that of James Russell Lowell, her once illustrious kinsman, is to-day.'

He went on to enumerate his reasons for so thinking, and while talking laid his hot heavy hand on my infected knee. The pain was excruciating, and I groaned aloud.

'Don't touch my knee!' I said.  
'Can't you see how swollen it is?'

'It's time for your hot dressings,' he replied, firmly — and a clear, childish, compassionate voice again exclaimed, in Tahitian: 'Poor Papa! He has a sore leg!'

## THE FUTURE OF PARIS

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

### I

PARIS is a Lady with a Past. With that Past, dazzling and shady, tragic and light-hearted, we are all enamored. We are less impressed with the fact that she has also a Future. Indeed, as a Senator eloquently said of Aviation, 'most of her future is ahead of her.'

That future is to-day for the French a cause of serious concern. Innumerable commissions are at work about it. Reports, articles, pamphlets, and volumes are pouring forth as inexorably as Niagara, and the present writer has contributed his 120,000 French words to the flood. But why should we in America worry about the future of Paris? Because Paris belongs to us, as a beloved memory or as a dream. The world's great show places are the world's common heritage; the local inhabitants are only their custodians, and have no right to deface them under the plea, 'Can't we do what we like with our own?' We all felt poorer when the Campanile of St. Mark's collapsed, and when Rheims was martyred; and we followed the painful recovery of St. Paul's dome, threatened with a fatal disease, with the same respectful sympathy as that with which we read the doctors' bulletins about King George.

In spite of the slogan, 'See America first!' there are many European thoroughfares that hold more attraction for us than Main Street, State Street, or even Beacon Street. And, among our dream cities, Paris has a place apart.

We feel more at home on the boulevards and the Champs-Élysées than on Piccadilly or Unter den Linden. This is such a truism that the one difficulty is to put it moderately enough; as the present writer was born on the banks of the Seine, it is embarrassing for him to praise too glowingly the city of Anatole France, *Le Rat Mort*, and *Jean Patou*. The classic expression of that prestige is the formal promise: 'Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.' This prospect seems too nebulous in this age of doubt, and Americans not quite so good prefer to take no chances. Even *Lorelei*, the *Blonde Preferred*, was thrilled when she reached the historical spot where Coty dispenses his fragrance to a grateful world. Paris is ours, not for the sordid reason that the American flood leaves every year a fertilizing sediment of dollars, but in the only way that can make a person or a thing our own — because we love her.

Now the mellow charm of Paris is threatened. What concerns us immediately is 'the Future of the Past of Paris.' We cannot afford to see the unique masterpiece of centuries ruined in a single generation. It is our right, and our duty, to express our misgivings.

We have a more definite responsibility in the future of Paris. In this, as in all other European tragedies, we have been cast for the character of the villain: it is Americanism, you will hear everywhere, that is spoiling Paris. Now, this accusation is neither to be

dismissed with a shrug, like the 'Uncle Shylock' amenities, nor to be taken too tragically.

Americanism is guilty, you understand — not the individual Americans. The tourists are not blameless; they do patronize a few resorts which are not models of French taste. Still, it would be unjust to single out the cousins from Emporia as though they alone were corrupting the innocence of Montmartre and scandalizing the bucolic Latin Quarter. Villon had led the Ernest Hemingway life before Columbus sailed for ports unknown. There are other tempters, from Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, without counting the noisy throng of the French *nouveaux riches*. The majority of American tourists are cheerful, well-behaved students, teachers, and professional men. They are not addicted to vice, are extremely conscientious in the performance of their sight-seeing duty, and have but a limited supply of dollars to squander. Their influence, if it were felt at all, would be on the conservative side. As Samuel McChord Crothers remarked, progressive Uncle Sam, on his trips abroad, blossoms into a fine old Tory. He would like to foster quaintness, not modernization. The Anglo-American invasion is saving the picturesque Breton costumes, which otherwise would already have been superseded by alleged Parisian fashions. Soon many parts of Europe and North Africa will be turned into a comic-opera stage for the entertainment of transatlantic visitors. After all, it is pleasant to live in comic-opera scenery — that is what the Beverly Hills millionaires are attempting to do; and if the setting reacted upon the sullen mood of Europe, the gain might be very great. So, if the beauty of Paris is threatened, American visitors must be absolved from any serious responsibility.

Americanism is accused. Oh! Not the Americanism of Washington and Lincoln; not that of Edison and Lindbergh; not even that of Wilson, Dawes, and Hoover. Of such Americanism — fundamental democracy, the pioneering spirit, efficiency, large-mindedness in production and trade, optimism, good-fellowship — Europe, and particularly Paris, could take invigorating drafts without fear of a *Katzenjammer*. But there is another kind of Americanism which, because it is purely material, excessive, a caricature, is infinitely more obvious. The Americanization of Europe means the skyscraper, the traffic jam, the tightly packed subway, the glaring signs, chewing gum, the jazz band, the cocktail, and Miss Josephine Baker. Those things did not belong to old Paris; they belonged to New York. We may exclaim with the Kaiser: 'We never wanted *that!*' Still, we brought *that* into being. When we realize plainly what harm a slight injection of such 'Americanism' is doing to a lovely city, we may be led to wonder whether what is so manifestly bad for Europe can be perfectly wholesome for ourselves. If we do not want the Paris of to-morrow to resemble the New York of to-day, — and we most emphatically do not, — is it not a warning that New York is not traveling exactly on the right road?

## II

The Parisians had been slumbering happily on the rather wilted laurels of the Second Empire. They took it quietly for granted that Paris was the most beautiful city here below, and so would remain, world without end. Sixteen centuries had slowly perfected an urban picture that could hardly be matched in its rich and subtle harmony. This picture offered no wild and picturesque grandeur; but the gentle hills,

the friendly river, the trees, the houses, the public buildings, were all on the same scale, admirably adapted to the human stature. The gray stone, the bluish slate, the pewter gleams on the Seine, the subtle mist that softens without blurring, the delicately mottled tints of the changing sky, gave to the scene a subdued Racinian grace, while there was in the air a crispness that evoked the smile of a Voltaire. History had served Paris well. The site of old fortifications had twice already been turned into splendid boulevards. Under Louis XIV and Louis XV, noble plans had been carried out, the Champs-Élysées, the Cours-la-Reine, the Invalides, the Champ-de-Mars, with their magnificent vistas between the living colonnades of stately trees. The 'stupid nineteenth century,' as it is now the fashion to call it, did not completely mar that slowly maturing splendor. And the Industrial Revolution, when it finally struck France, found on the throne a mystery, Napoleon III, purblind and tottering whenever he tried to be Machiavellian, but strangely practical when he yielded to his generous visions. Napoleon III (Haussmann was but his instrument) made Paris up-to-date without shattering its traditions. There were many sacrifices involved in the transformation, and not all of them were necessary: 'Haussmannism' is not an infallible formula. Monotony frequently resulted. Among the innumerable buildings of the period, few would rank as truly beautiful. The Opéra is the masterpiece of the age: but, although its gaudiness has been toned down by the patina of half a century, it remains, like the Bonapartes themselves, too Italianate for the soberness of French taste. Still, when all is said, Napoleon III did solve for his generation the eternal problem of a living, historical city: to give full scope to the new, without sac-

rificing the old. Our grandparents were dazzled, and well they might be; for at that time Berlin was still provincial, Rome slumbering, New York incredibly crude, and London a chaos.

In the fifty-eight years of its life, the Third Republic has timidly continued the work of Haussmann. It has achieved far less than the great Prefect had in one fourth of the time. The boulevard that bears his name was completed but yesterday, and many of his projects have not yet been carried out. Absolutely nothing has been done that looked beyond Haussmann. Paris has had notable architects in the last half-century, and has added to its collection a number of heterogeneous buildings, like the Sacred Heart, the Trocadéro, and the Eiffel Tower. The Metropolitan Railway, planned by Brame and Flachat as early as 1855, was not undertaken until 1897, and on such a small scale that it was congested from the start. It may be said without injustice that in city planning the last two generations have been merely the Epigoni of the Imperial régime.

Already before the war a few notes of alarm had been sounded. Public opinion remained curiously passive. It offered that blend of constant grumbling and invincible conservatism which is so peculiarly French. Those who ought to have defended the beauty of Paris, the scholars, the artists, were satisfied with a fatalistic attitude. They seemed to take it for granted ('decadence' had recently been in vogue) that ugliness would inexorably engulf the city; and they found bitter delight in bewailing, like Cassandra of old, the doom they could not avert. They did not realize that men with a purpose, antiquarians as well as engineers, are natural allies against the ruinous influence of *laissez faire*.

Then came the four years of the

world's nightmare, and a whole decade of slow fever. In a readjusted, stabilized France, Paris is awake at last. But the consequences of fifty years of complacent apathy are palpable. The city is antiquated and congested; the present building code permits architectural atrocities which destroy the miraculous balance achieved in the past. A vast suburban zone has grown haphazard, unsanitary, and appallingly mean, bearing everywhere, like the mark of the beast, the imprint of the dishonest promoter. And as the greed of the money lenders inevitably fosters hatred, the Zone of Ugliness has become the Red Belt, a threatening camp of Communists encircling the capital. One billion francs have already been voted as an emergency measure, for the relief of *les mal lotis*, the victims of unprincipled realtors. The great housing scheme of Loucheur is under way. The last traces of the old fortifications are vanishing. Yes, Paris is thoroughly awake. But how late! If drastic measures are not adopted and carried out within the next few years, Paris will remain a vast centre of trade and hectic amusement; but the refined joy of living that it once offered to all comers will be gone forever.

### III

The first difficulty that Paris has to face in that great task is the indifference, nay, the hostility, of the national government. French municipalities do not enjoy the same measure of autonomy as similar bodies in the United States, and Paris, the sole exception to a rigidly standardized scheme of local administration, is far less free than the rest. The city executive is not a mayor, but the Prefect of the Seine, a functionary appointed by the Minister of the Interior; and the police are controlled by another agent of the Central

Government, the Prefect of Police. It is almost inevitable that the capital of a great nation should be submitted to a régime different from that of the other cities, and Washington, for instance, is not altogether 'free.' The history of Paris justifies exceptional measures. The influence of the capital in national affairs has been overwhelming and not uniformly good. For nearly a century Paris was in the habit of starting a revolution every ten, fifteen, or eighteen years, and expected the country to follow with grateful obedience. In February 1848, France acquiesced with more resignation than enthusiasm; in June 1848, she rebelled against that capricious leadership and gave the Paris radicals a tragic lesson. In 1871, under the eyes of the victorious Prussians, Paris rose once more against the national government. The street fighting, the burning of public buildings, that marked the agony of the Commune, and above all the sombre ferocity of repression, left memories that have profoundly seared the French soul.

It may be said that, from June 1848 to the present day, France has been governed *from Paris, but against Paris*. Napoleon III, if he curbed his capital politically, if he strove to overawe any possible insurrection by a vast display of military power, if he planned his wide and straight boulevards for strategic reasons, sought at any rate to placate Paris by adding enormously to its wealth and splendor. The hostility of the bourgeois republic to its unruly metropolis is more insidious. Parliament would virtuously disclaim any anti-Parisian prejudice. Yet Paris cannot do a thing for itself without the consent of the national government, and that consent is either withheld or interminably deferred, or granted at last in the most grudging fashion. A striking instance of that veiled, half-unconscious unfriendliness is the fate

of the Paris Ship Canal scheme. Elaborated by some of the greatest engineers in French history, Belgrand and Bouquet de la Grye, it would bring to the gates of Paris the seagoing vessels which at present stop at Rouen, at a cost of less than sixty million dollars. The project was first officially submitted to the French Government in 1886; it has never been formally rejected, but Parliament has always found something more important to do than to give it a hearing.

This hostility is not purely political. The provinces follow the social and intellectual leadership of Paris with an excessive docility spiced with secret resentment. They hate Paris for their own slavishness. They suffer from an inferiority complex, and they take their revenge by snubbing the great centre whose very glory stamps them as 'provincial.' Parisians, for ages past, have poked fun at their country cousins. These offenses have to be atoned for, and Limoges has not yet forgiven the reception that the Paris of Molière held in store for M. de Pourceaugnac. Pourceaugnac now controls Parliament, and has the last laugh. The situation is not without a touch of absurdity. The French are immensely fond and proud of their capital, yet they are jealous of it. You can imagine the feelings of a good plodding husband whose wife makes a brilliant career for herself. Of course he is delighted; he basks in her glory — but he is human.

M. Poincaré, the sturdy embodiment of all the virtues and all the limitations of the provincial bourgeoisie, may be an ornament of *Tout Paris*, but he is more at home at Bar-le-Duc. So it was natural that he should voice, clearly and officially, the sentiment of his class: Paris is already overgrown. Every scheme that is proposed for the extension, expansion, or reorganization of the capital finds the same obstacle

in its path: it might favor the development of Paris, which ought to be checked by all possible means. The fear of Paris is almost as unreasoning with the Poincaré bourgeois as the dread of the Channel Tunnel was with Field Marshal Lord Wolseley.

We are quite willing to admit that the giant city is a mixed blessing. We hope that, with electric power, aviation, the radio, television, and other inventions still undreamed of, our civilization, instead of being centred in a few monstrous Babylons, will become ubiquitous; that a man will be able to attend to business, hold conferences, enjoy social life, from a forest lodge in Maine, or a 'castle in Spain' at La Jolla. In the meantime the big city is a fact, and offers problems which have to be settled forthwith, under penalty of tragic discomfort. 'The way out is forward.' No good will be done to France by hampering Paris. The only restrictions that are justifiable are those that are dictated by hygienic and æsthetic considerations. Impose upon Paris such drastic conditions that it will have to grow into an ideal city or not grow at all — well and good. But a policy of sullen obstruction will serve no useful purpose. It will not prevent Paris from increasing, so long as industry, commerce, finance, find their advantage in a large market; but it will make the development of Paris lopsided and morbid.

There is nothing monstrous, anyway, about the size of Paris or the rate of its growth. The city, on a ridiculously cramped area of 31 square miles, has a population of about 2,900,000; on very nearly the same area as Chicago (Seine, 185 square miles; Chicago, 190), the department of the Seine has 4,600,000; and Greater Paris might legitimately be extended so as to count a little over 5,000,000 inhabitants. This is not alarmingly out of proportion with

the total population of France, which is about 41,000,000; or with that of the French empire, which is over 100,000,000. It bears no likeness to the abnormal situation of Vienna in a ruthlessly clipped Austria; to the conditions in Australia, where two cities have one third of the population between them; to the case of California, where fully one half of the people live within twenty miles of San Francisco or Los Angeles. Paris might increase to 8,000,000 within the next quarter of a century, and France be none the worse. Only that population must be better distributed, better housed, better transported, better protected against disease and nervous fatigue, than it is at present. And that can be done only through a hearty constructive campaign for 'the future of Paris,' and not through an attitude of diffidence and a policy of checks.

#### IV

The most immediate danger to the beauty and amenity of Paris is the skyscraper. It will amuse the citizens of Waco, Texas, which boasts of a twenty-four-story building, that 'skyscraping' in Paris begins at a height of about seventy feet. Many Americans see nothing but blind traditionalism in this opposition to the skyscraper. They think that the French are in all things among those foolish people who repeat, 'The wisdom of our ancestors is good enough for us' — a very un-American attitude, to be sure. The French are exceedingly conservative, it is true; but in this matter there are sound and up-to-date reasons for their attitude. It is obvious that modern methods of construction, and particularly swift and reliable elevator service, have made the twenty stories of to-day more manageable than the six or seven stories of our fathers. Nor is the sky-

scraper necessarily a thing of ugliness and a disgust forever. The old-fashioned cube of brick or terra cotta was hideous enough, even though the lower stories were veneered with marble and a bold cornice graced the top. Just as the lake freighter was nicknamed the Dachshund of the Sea, the skyscraper of the early McKinley era often resembled a dachshund standing on its hind legs. H. G. Wells, a quarter of a century ago, could compare Lower Manhattan to a titanic accumulation of packing boxes. Those days are almost over. In the form of soaring towers, and more recently through the use of setbacks and the proper balancing of masses, the new skyscrapers have achieved a majestic beauty that the seven-story houses never possessed.

The French, who, as the saying is, have not their eyes in their pockets, know all this perfectly well. It is all a matter of proportion. A few hundred feet more or less will not alter the impressiveness of a mountain; an eighth of an inch might make every difference on Cleopatra's nose, and then, as Pascal warns us, 'the face of the world might be changed.' After all, New York could easily afford to see Trinity Church, St. Paul's, the City Hall, surrounded and as it were engulfed by the enormous Cliffs of Finance. But in old Paris the proper scale is given by the river, by the trees, by the width of the streets, by the historical monuments. In order to preserve that harmony, a limit of five stories, or about sixty feet, would be desirable; the traditional limit of seven stories — seventy to eighty feet — is not disastrous; if you go beyond, the result is immediately and strikingly horrible. A single extra story in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe is an eyesore; and lovers of Paris will have no rest until they have humbled the cosmopolitan insolence of the Mercédès and the Astoria. To

change a few feet in the sky line of the Place de la Concorde would be a crime; and I am happy to say that the new American Embassy will, on the contrary, thoroughly respect the scale and style of that admirable ensemble. A two-hundred-foot building by the side of Notre-Dame would be a nightmare. It is not merely a few stately plazas or some quaint and placid districts like Île Saint-Louis that need protection: historical Paris as a whole cannot afford to change its general scale. Modernized it can be and should be; there is no valid objection to good sanitation, good plumbing, and elevators that will 'function.' But within the existing limits of the city a building height of seventy feet should be fixed as a maximum.

This height, of course, should not be reached in the narrow streets which are still so numerous, even after the grand slashing of old Paris by Haussmann. The formula favored by hygienists and *urbanistes* strongly appeals to us: the vertical walls should not be higher than the street is wide. The same rule — and this is too often forgotten — should apply to all inner courts. Paris used to have lovely gardens in the centre of its old-world blocks; they are disappearing very fast. In modern houses, the court is a mere darksome shaft; even in the pretentious palaces of the Champs-Élysées, expensive apartments are immersed in perpetual gloom.

In Greater Paris, the Paris of tomorrow, beyond the historical districts, the aesthetic limitation would not apply, and the buildings would soar as high as they please. Many French architects are interested in the idea. M. Le Corbusier, a strange mixture of verve and ruthless logic, a prophet rather than an artist, has sketched vast towers on a cruciform plan, which would undoubtedly be comfortable as well as impressive. M. Sauvage has

actually built, although on a comparatively small scale, houses of a new and very attractive type. With their receding terraces, these truncated pyramids seem to offer tier upon tier of bungalows clinging to an artificial hillside. A vast hollow space is left underneath, unfit for habitation, but suitable for warehouses or garages. There is no undue timidity about certain French minds. But, whether in the heart of the old city or in the new suburbs, there must be a definite relation between the width of the thoroughfare and the height of the building. This is indispensable if we hope to secure light and air for all; if we do not want to sacrifice the loveliest ornament of a capital, its long lines of trees; and especially if we desire to avoid traffic congestion. There is no large city in America to-day in which that proper relation has been preserved. We have thoughtlessly piled up twenty towns on top of each other, along the lanes which once were adequate for New Amsterdam. Now we could escape from the consequences of our shortsightedness only by double- and triple-decking our streets. At the cost of billions, we might secure in that way some kind of efficiency — but an efficiency that could be properly sung by Dante alone. There is yet time for Paris not to become the nightmare Metropolis of the German film.

These simple truths are plain to all men, in France as well as in America. But the dazzling possibilities of real-estate values in a congested business district are plainer still to a handful of landowners. Not to heed the call of 'opportunity,' under the present régime, is the unforgivable sin. Even those who have nothing to gain and much to lose by the frenzied piling up of land values recognize the gospel of business, and bow their heads in reverence.

## V

A commission is at present engaged in the revision of the nefarious 1902 Building Code. If, as we fervently hope, it decides resolutely against the skyscraper, a whole train of consequences will automatically follow. The population of inner Paris, already on the decrease, will dwindle at a faster rate. We might hope that, within twenty years, it will be reduced to something under two millions instead of nearly three; it would then form barely one third of the total agglomeration. With this possibility in view, it would be madness not to organize 'Greater Paris' at the earliest possible moment. It would be an absurdity to keep side by side one enormous congested city and seventy-nine independent suburbs, not one of which is capable of a harmoniously balanced municipal life, while many are wretchedly poor. Already there is a marked tendency to transfer powers from the sundry municipalities of the Seine to the department as a whole, which becomes an adumbration of the future Greater Paris. That tendency should be made more definite, and accelerated.

This, in its turn, will necessitate, not a mere reform, but a complete recasting of the city government. Paris has never been so glaringly mismanaged and so openly plundered as some American cities have been within the memory of living men. The permanent bureaucracy, on a civil-service basis, is, on the whole, honest, well-trained, and not quite so slow-moving as the State machinery. The fact that it harbored Paul Verlaine should not be forever held up against it. The police are decidedly good, if not invariably courteous. But the essential organ of civic life, the Municipal Council, is weak. It contains a number of men of vision, training, culture; yet, ward

elections breed ward politicians. The councillor, elected by his 'quarter,' is bound to attend, first of all, to parochial interests. It does not pay a man to think in metropolitan terms. Professor Dausset, who prepared the great plan for turning the former military zone into playgrounds and gardens, was not re-elected by his ward. The Paris Ship Canal, as it would end outside the present boundaries, is of no *electoral* interest to any councillor, and is supported only in the most intermittent and lukewarm fashion. The planning of new streets and even of Metropolitan Railway lines is dictated by the principle of 'distribution,' akin to our own pork-barrel and logrolling methods. Every one of the eighty quarters must have its sliver of the pie. A sort of senatorial courtesy has become a tradition at the Hôtel de Ville; nothing can be done in any district against the veto of the local representative. This makes it impossible, for instance, to transfer the Central Market, the Halles, to a less congested location: M. X says No. This unwritten veto power is a source of grievous temptation. When the fate of a vast undertaking depends on the decision of a single councillor, the opinion of that councillor acquires a financial value out of all proportion to his salary, and possibly to his moral stamina. If Paris is to plan for her future in a large way, she will have to discard the ward-elected Council.

French reformers conceive the future government of their city as threefold. First there would be a number of boroughs, perhaps thirty, with an average population of some 200,000. These would have their municipal bodies, with extensive powers, and in close touch with local needs. Over and above these, a Metropolitan Council, elected in such a way as to represent the city as a whole, and not such or

such a section. This dual or federal system would resemble in general outline the solutions adopted for the governance of London and Greater Berlin. Finally, municipal enterprises would be, not political, not bureaucratic, but autonomous, and modeled as closely as possible upon private corporations. The Metropolitan Railway, the street-car and omnibus system, gas, water, electricity, the river port, the ship canal, would each have its director and its executive board. On account of the very special situation of Paris, and of a long tradition, it would probably be advisable to have, as chief executive, an official appointed by the Central Government, instead of an elected mayor.

From the administrative as well as from the aesthetic point of view, it is evident that the problems of Paris cannot be settled or even stated exactly in the same terms as those of American cities. This chief magistrate would not be a city manager in the technical sense; the excellent managerial system would apply chiefly to the direction of the great autonomous services. He would be a dignified figurehead, a fit host for distinguished visitors, the ambassador of the French Republic to Her Capricious Majesty the City of Paris. His duties would normally be those of a constitutional sovereign, or of the governor-general

in a British dominion. Such a position, more exalted than that of a regular prefect, could be made attractive to some of the leading men in France. In a crisis, the Governor-General of Paris would no longer merely supervise, adjust, advise — he would actually govern, with the police at his command, and the army held in reserve.

But in France, as in America, constructive policies are needed. Muddling through somehow is far less 'practical' than a healthy dose of radicalism. A congregation of ward politicians, were they the best of their kind, would never grasp, far less carry out, any far-reaching scheme. Unless some enlightened leadership should be organized, Paris to-morrow might become a half-hearted and second-rate New York. It would grow 'modern' and 'efficient' in blotches, and tangled up in the main. Yielding to business temptations, it would tolerate atrocities, soon be heartily ashamed of them, but never find courage enough or money enough to undo the harm. It might never be so cynical as our Babylon-on-the-Subway was a few short years ago; but it might also lack the brutal, the formidable power which at any rate gives Lower Manhattan a sombre grandeur all its own.

Wall Street? The Place de la Concorde? Which will represent 'the Future of Paris'?

## SILENCE

HERE where the cold pure air is filled with darkness,  
graced but by Hesper and a comet streaming,  
censed by the slight smoke from a herdsman's hearthstone

I stand with silence,

void of desire, but full of contemplation  
both of these herds and of the gods above them;  
mindful of these, and offering submission  
to those immortal.

Older than they, the frosty air about me  
speaks to the flocks like careful age, like winter,  
saying, Seek shelter: to the gods, I know ye:  
and to me nothing

save but that silence is the truth; the silent  
stars affirm nothing, and the lovely comet  
silent impending, like a nymph translated,  
abides in heaven.

Shall not I also stand and worship silence  
till the cold enter, and the heart, the housewife,  
spin no more, but sit down silent in the presence  
of the eternal?

RUTH PITTES

## TOMATO BOATS AND REBELS

BY MONICA SHANNON

### I

No American ships put in at the hidden harbor of La Paz, a Mexican pearl port on the southwestern coast of the Gulf of California, once known by a choicer name — the Red Sea of Cortés. The truth of it is that no boats except Mexican tomato boats and small Gulf craft go there at all.

My husband, an enthusiastic grower of oranges and apples on a Sierra Nevada ranch, did not relish the idea of a freighter, but he made me a gallant gesture and booked our passage on the Mexican government freighter, the *Washington*, with return passage on her sister ship, the *Bolívar*, captured by rebels at Guaymas and turned into a troopship some days before we saw the numerous windmills and coconut palms of La Paz.

The *Washington* was scheduled to leave the port of San Pedro on February 22, but on that day there was no sign of her anywhere. And, as after arriving she had to trudge as far north as San Francisco with cheese and tomatoes from San José del Cabo, she did not put out for Mexico again until sundown on February 27. The *Washington* is a fifteen-hundred-ton freighter, better known as a tomato boat, with cabins for fourteen passengers; but she often carries two hundred, with their necessary cows and chickens, as the captain told us when we were three miles out and sipping *tequila* together in his cabin. *Tequila* is the peppery national liquor distilled from cacti. The very

essence of sun fire, it seemed to me. The smallest sip, and I had fire in my throat and tears in my eyes.

‘Two hundred?’ I asked the captain. ‘But this is not the Ark!’

He explained that one must be hospitable, and that Baja Californians think nothing of rolling up in a blanket and sleeping on deck. In fact, this proved to be the usual accommodation offered passengers meandering from one Gulf port to another.

There were twenty passengers aboard when we left San Pedro, and no other Americans except a woman who had lived thirty-seven years in the old Mexican port of Mazatlán. She had gone out from Missouri at sixteen to join a socialist colony there and was now returning from her second visit to San Diego during all those thirty-seven years. This fellow American shared a cabin with an elderly Mexican woman, who she said was a leper. And it was true that the señora's eyebrows and lashes were gone and her hands wasting. A thick black silk scarf covered her head and partially hid her face and often helped to cover up her sorry hands. Appalled, I asked the American why she did not seek a change of cabin. She said, ‘If I am to have leprosy, I shall have leprosy. And if I make a fuss about this gentle old woman, everyone on board will abhor me. Besides, I am being careful.’

This American was a theosophist, a teacher in Mazatlán of English and Spanish, and had weathered, she said, many more disquieting experiences.

She had retained or somehow acquired a tempered spirit and a mind unconsciously tolerant.

There being scarcely room in our cabin for two young ranchers, six pieces of luggage, and a typewriter, it raised my eyebrows to find a Mexican family — tall massive man, tall massive mother, five lusty children, and a long-haired American dog — occupying a single cabin. These were not peons, but Mexicans of the meagre middle class, and all appeared spruce and clean.

The children, Lupe, Lorraine, Salvador, Josefina, and María Luisa, ranged from nine years to just-walking age. Lupe won me completely, as all children do who are just losing their front teeth. And, as this Mexican mother kept her brood huddled cautiously about her in the cabin, when confinement began to tell on usually docile tempers I told them fairy tales from their doorstep, the deck being too narrow for steamer chairs. To glance from the glittering Pacific with its multicolored fish into their cabin was to see a hive full of brown eyes, as alive as bees — for the man and the mother listened with excitement equal to that of the children.

San Francisco had diligently fumigated the *Washington* before it dropped anchor inside her Golden Gate, but fumigation acts merely as a sedative on the magnificently proportioned bronze cockroaches of Mexico, which might have been conceived and executed by Cellini. And yet, whatever the boat lacked of the sanctified American spirit of sanitation, it made up by a happier spirit of friendliness and no end of music. Everyone knew the beautiful, artless songs of Guty Gardena, of Yucatan. And everyone knew the stirring ranchero songs from Tepic. The captain's son, a young *caballero* in yachting cap, his full name

embroidered on all his handkerchiefs with hairs of his sister's head, gave himself up to improving our Spanish, and we in our turn taught him bridge. Although he had never before seen an American pack of cards, after a few hands he played a completely Machiavellian game.

Early one morning the *Washington* dropped anchor in the green-ringed harbor of Ensenada with kerosene for that little town too close to the American border to be anything but banal, as Captain Torres had told us. Ensenada sleeps all day under her laurel trees and wakes at night to a wild shout. Our captain spent his time there lamenting that, while at San Pedro five hundred tons had been loaded in ten hours, at Ensenada, owing, as he said, to the haughtiness of the *cargadores*, we were two and a half days taking aboard a hundred and forty tons of mackerel, tuna, sardines, abalone, and flour. But as the passengers and many of the crew fished from the deck with great good luck, nobody but the captain complained of the delay.

Freighting at best is a meandering affair, and on a Mexican ship there is always to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. But with a sea like mountain meadows of wild blue lupin and nights lit by a moon and a retinue of stars in polished armor, it is hard to be sure that six days were used up in getting to Cape San Lucas. There the points are strange and harsh and stony, gnarled by Joshua trees, and alive only with crowds of desert crows; the town itself is nowhere in sight.

Perchance to busy themselves about spring mating, the gulls left off following our ship. But the harbor was full of fishing pelicans, and great frigate birds swept over us, their tails wide-open but tattered fans. Japanese came alongside with a launch and swung

forty-five tons of salmon up to our crew.

All ships put in at the Cape to get their bearings, just as the *Manilia Galleon*, staggering with treasure, used to do when Queen Elizabeth was penning letters to 'My deare Pyrat,' with the *Manilia Galleon* on her mind.

## II

San José del Cabo was the first port to welcome us, with a great rustle of coconut palms. It is a swampy, malarial little town, with thatched roofs, cow sheds and shelters entirely of palm, and sun-beaten streets.

Half-naked and handsome cargadores were waiting on the beach with twenty canoes, hollowed from mahogany logs, to fetch and carry away our cargo, as San José del Cabo possesses no modern boats or launches. It was a brilliant flotilla, with its cargadores in red shirts and bandannas, bringing out leafy packages of cheese. And no packages could be prettier. The cheese had been wrapped in fresh palm leaves and bound around with mesquite. Ten thousand pounds of cheese and fifteen thousand cases of tomatoes were brought out more than a mile and a half in this manner, through a high March tide. The canoes were loaded with flour for the return trip to shore. And, last of all, the two commercial Fords we had for San José del Cabo were taken off, each lowered on a couple of canoes lashed together with ropes, and rowed ashore by two singing rowers and an old sternsman apiece.

From San José del Cabo we took on a number of Spanish-speaking Chinese passengers with their gayly dressed children. A tall, rather striking-looking Mexican naval engineer also came aboard. He had graduated from the Naval Academy of Mexico with our captain, but they had not set eyes on

each other for nearly forty years. As the engineer was an impassioned theosophist and our captain an agnostic, the fiesta brought on by the arrival of an old classmate was interrupted by religious discussions — partly, I think, because Captain Torres was worried about the revolution, word having reached him of the capture of the *Bolívar*.

The crew could think and talk of nothing but Mexican politics. The first and second mates confided to me their heated opinions, which were directly opposite, the pro and con of the situation. And our American friend was disturbed about her ripened bean and sugar-cane crops, knowing the Mexican soldier's natural flair for both these foods. Last year the great tidal wave had carried off her harvest. But she was quickened and comforted by the thought of our arrival in Mazatlán, and said to me, 'When we put in to Mazatlán to-morrow, you will think it is the most curiously painted and captivating spot on earth.' And I thought that. We edged in through mountains in bloom with florid cacti, rolling so close that we could look into mountain caves. The harbor itself has islands, and solitary peaks, like fairy towers, smarting from aspiring foam.

Unfortunately, when the *oficial de la emigración* came aboard he found that our American friend's passport, owing to delays caused by haughty cargadores, had expired a few days before we made port. Whereupon the poor woman began weeping, and the officer immediately gave her permission to land. There is nothing more effective than tears to settle passport difficulties in the Port of Mazatlán. A number of women were told they would have to be returned. But as a matter of fact nobody was returned. A few tears, and the *oficial de la emigración* was more than satisfied.

Mazatlán is old Mexico, with plaster houses of rose and ivory and alluring doorways. At every turn we meet with tropical plazas. The streets are narrow and cobbled, yet the peons dine there instead of on the sidewalks. Their tables are showy with ollas, and after dinner the men play the violin or guitar and sing for the applause of their families. And the applause is often deserved.

Our hotel was the hotel of the blue and Chinese-yellow tiled patio, with stair railings of solid ebony, and no elevators. Its bedrooms are huge chambers with ceilings all of twenty feet high. And from our windows we could see the *glorietas* (stairways carved in the giant boulders of the shore), two-wheeled wooden carts hauling wood up the Paseo Olas Altas, shoe and banana venders at the hotel entrance, and little bands of soldiers marching away with their officers, because the rebels were expected in at any minute.

We were beginning to feel at home in Mazatlán, enjoying its strange market and gardens, where green coconut juice is sipped, while ducks stand around with their mouths open waiting for coconut titbits, and had just come from getting ourselves a couple of talking and singing parrots, María and Felipe, when two men ran pell-mell after us to say that Captain Torres had to leave with the *Washington* in ten minutes or risk capture by the rebels.

We had grown fond of our delightful old captain, and felt reassured as to his safety when once we were headed toward La Paz.

'In La Paz,' said Captain Torres, 'nothing ever happens. Revolutions seldom go that way. It is as peaceful as its name. There is always sun in La Paz, and boats with sails, fishing for tuna and pearls.' The *Sinaloa* would pick us up there in a week or two.

### III

At four o'clock the next afternoon we rode into the Bay of La Paz, once called Santa Cruz by Cortés, when he tried to found a colony along its shore on the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross.

The Bay was full of sun, and little craft with sails clouded its blueness. Not one of the innumerable windmills on shore moved and not one coconut tree rustled. It was all as peaceful-looking as the captain had said. But in a few hours the *Washington* was in the hands of rebels and Captain Torres was in jail. He had nothing to fight with, except bundles of tomatoes; consequently, when a hundred or more armed men scrambled aboard, there was nothing to do but surrender.

Two Indians waded ashore with our huge bags on their backs, while we went in a rowboat with María and Felipe. There are no hotels in La Paz, but Doña Amelie has five bedrooms in her adobe house, which lies in a garden of plantains, hibiscus, and vegetables, out beyond the town's few sidewalks.

Doña Amelie is a sandy-haired Chilean, full of high spirits and generosity. She was overcome with concern for us, as all her rooms were taken. One of them was occupied by poor Don Carlos, as she called him, a belated bridegroom. He had been sent to La Paz on a brief commission for the Federal Government, and was to have returned to Mexico City in a few weeks to attend his own wedding, but in the press of more important matters the Government, for two solid years, had ignored his existence. His recall had come two days ago, but now, with the only boats putting in at La Paz in the hands of rebels, there was no chance, she said, of giving us his room. She twisted her hand in her apron and groaned, '*Es muy desgraciado.*'

Yet she would do what she could do, as she felt miserable about us, her dear children, and Felipe and María. Once she had possessed a parrot exactly like María, and an American had given her fifty dollars for it. It was all too bad, too bad, and she hated to put us in the only bed she could, which belonged really to an engineer, but as soon as she was able she would make a pilgrimage to Mexico City, to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and ask her to pray for Mexico.

After this sympathetic preamble, and with many an exclamation of dismay and lifting of eyes and hands, Doña Amelie took us to a little staircase which went up from a flagged courtyard at the back, where a gaunt Indian woman was grinding corn for tortillas while another Indian fed a small stove with charcoal. The room we climbed to was a hall at the back, into which the other bedrooms opened. It had a single bed and a curtain at one end, hiding another bed given over to a Mexican newspaper man and his wife, who had boarded our boat at Mazatlán after a forced flight from Mexico City.

Doña Amelie kindly offered me her room to wash and dress in. It was a crowded room, containing a large altar and a statue of the Sacred Heart, set about with bouquets of red paper flowers. There was also a shrine in one corner devoted to Our Lady of Guadalupe. One finds these altars and shrines in many of the houses of La Paz, because by government order no public service may be held in the church — an order of suppression that has naturally intensified the piety of the people.

Fortunately for everyone, the newspaper man and his wife came hurrying in for their luggage, as they had been invited to stay with friends. Whereupon we were moved behind the curtain and the Mexican engineer

returned to his quarters. The bed behind the curtain proved to be a single bed, hardly large enough for the innumerable fleas already occupying it.

Dinner was cooked in the courtyard and served by the gaunt Indian, her head bound in a flowing scarf. She had assumed the name Amelie out of respect and affection for her mistress. The food was very good and the conversation excellent, as we sat at table with a distinctive, white-haired man from the race of elder Aryans — a Parsee, who was buying pearls for a Paris house. He had lived in Paris for more than a quarter of a century and spoke pleasurable English and French. He told us the only black pearls ever found in the world were found in La Paz and in certain waters of the South Seas. He told us the natives of the South Seas and the Indians of La Paz could dive down twenty fathoms without any equipment whatsoever, while ordinary pearl divers, with all modern paraphernalia, could make at the most only fifteen fathoms. But he believed that the pearl beds of La Paz would soon be exhausted, as so little effort was directed toward their conservation. He told us that there was no such thing, except in popular parlance, as a pearl oyster. Scientifically speaking, all pearls come from mussels. He told us of great shells on the northern coast of Australia large enough for a man to curl up in.

La Paz was astir bright and early next morning, for the old General of the garrison had been taken prisoner, and the rebels had gutted the bank of all its money. The two hundred soldiers in La Paz were in high feather. Their officers told them to sell their chickens, start their wives tying up the bundles, and get their cows together, ready to board the *Washington*, which would take them all to Guadalajara. Guadalajara was the magic word, as the city

is famous among the soldiery for its food. There was a great bustle and smacking of lips among the soldiers, while the officers strutted, happy over the success of their trick. The boat, the officers knew, might go to Guaymas, and it might go to Mazatlán, and it might go to Manzanillo, but supping in Guadalajara was most unlikely. They rather expected orders from Mexico City somewhere out at sea, but they were not sure.

Hospitably they invited us to go along. Curiously enough, one and all urged us to accept their invitation, as the *Sinaloa* had run off and might hide out for six months. And with the Port closed, and all telegraphic communications cut off, there was small possibility of another boat. In the back of their minds there was also this: La Paz has no American consul, and they knew that, in all likelihood, the American Government would stand by the powers established, however unpopular they might be; and, as there was rumor of a force of rebels coming by land to loot the town, they felt that we were conspicuous and should be better off on our way to Guaymas, Mazatlán, or Manzanillo, all ports with foreign consuls. Besides, there was no law of any kind in the town, with the General on parole and the soldiers embarking. At such times, they told us, many individuals took occasion to pay off old scores. But we decided to stay and learn something about pearl fishing.

Before long the old General, a man of seventy-five, began to feel uneasy. He said, 'I knew these rebels who just left, and that was all very well, but I don't know this crowd who are coming in. And what will they care about me? For all I know, I may be shoved up against a wall and shot.' He decided to break parole and steal away at night in a little boat belonging

to a friend of his. It had one cabin with nine berths. Twenty cronies and relatives of the General were going with him, but he invited us to go along, as they intended to make for Ensenada. The journey was distasteful to me, as the boat was much too small for March seas, but the fleas at Doña Amelie's were the worst examples I have ever seen of flea behavior. And when I called on a gracious señora for whom I had letters she advised me, as we sat under the coconut trees in her patio (which was really as big as a park), to go by all means. She felt the town was sure to be looted, and feared for our safety. She also feared, I thought, to seem too friendly toward an American, as she lived alone with her son, a very young man, who had evidently implicated himself.

#### IV

Just after dusk we said our good-byes and consoled portly Don Carlos, a man of perhaps forty, as best we could about his wedding prospects. Sadly we left that blessed person, Doña Amelie, saying a rosary for our safety before her altar, and had just got our bags and parrots into a rowboat to put out to the little ship when three men rushed up to us shouting. One of them, who seemed intoxicated, held two revolvers in our faces and made us go back to the customhouse.

A number of young blades were leaning against the wall of the government building, and when they saw our plight they assured us that the man was drunk, and apologized while they overpowered him and escorted us back to the rowboat.

There was one man on the boat when we went aboard — an Indian. He took great pleasure in making María and Felipe comfortable by hanging their cages to the ceiling of the cabin, lit up

by an old oil lamp. Small boats kept coming alongside with an amazing amount of luggage. We stood on the foot-wide deck watching them for more than an hour, as there was no place on the whole boat to sit down. At last a second member of the crew arrived, but I mistook him at first for another bundle. He was dead drunk. The men in the small boat threw him aboard, and he lay where he fell.

Another hour went by and luggage was still coming, when a launch chugged up and a big smiling Mexican came aboard with orders to bring us ashore. It seemed that the General had word of a rebel gunboat patrolling the coast, and did not wish to have any international complications in case the gunboat fired on his cockleshell. The Indian reluctantly gave up María and Felipe. And Doña Amelie was delighted at our return, as she laid it to the efficiency of her prayers.

Government orders being what they were, it was impossible for Doña Amelie to have a small *Te Deum* sung, so she contented herself, the day after our return, with a large dinner and celebration. She brought out her best wines, and effervescent speeches were made by the city magistrate and 'other decent people,' as Doña Amelie called them, expressing a desire for more comradeship between the two republics. My husband responded by making a speech in English to Don Carlos, who got up and delivered it magnificently, adding a few touches here and there. And the young Mexican engineer delighted us all with his remark: 'There is nothing for you now but watchful waiting.'

But watching for a sail proved less absorbing than watching the activities of Doña Amelie's courtyard, where enormous and beautiful baskets of fish were brought in from the teeming Bay, where neighbors called and exchanged

gossip and the General's wife came on a secret mission, where Indians gathered baskets of sturdy vegetables and carried them off on their heads to cry them through the town. The courtyard looked straight down over the Bay of La Paz, and I had never before seen stars make trails of light on the water — trails as wide as those made by our American moon.

Now it happens that, besides pearls, La Paz produces some extremely fine leather. And the tannery's little craft, the *Viosca*, had eluded the rebels in its junketings for hides and finally came into port. We put off on her for San José del Cabo, and rocked for several days in the harbor waiting for a northward-bound tomato boat to pick us up.

The dining room and kitchen of the *Viosca* were one particularly small room. But the cook, who looked exactly as a pirate should, graciously permitted me to make some scrambled eggs and Scotch scones — a delightful change of diet. I did not attempt Boston baked beans, remembering a Latin American friend of mine who received a potful for a present and, to please a house guest from Boston, cautioned one of her maids to see that the *frijoles americanos* were not finished up in the kitchen. The maid, who had already tasted them, lifted her eyes and hands to Heaven and cried, 'God forbid!'

A tomato boat, bound for San Pedro, did pick us up, and we left adventure behind us. But some day, with no revolution in the wind, we shall go back to the genial courtyards and curious streets of La Paz, where life saunters along much as it did in the days of the Spanish Raleghs, and talk again with those 'other decent people,' so warm in their hearts and ever so polite, without losing their spontaneity.

# THE GREAT FOREST

*From the Magistrate's Indian Diary*

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

## I

I HAVE crossed the big river and am now in the 'really truly' forest, which stretches away, unbroken, to the snows of the Himalaya. Seen from the south, it is rather dark and forbidding. One vast mass of trees, pathless except for the occasional fire lines, impenetrable except along these lines for any but elephants; for the under-growth is a tangled wilderness of fallen trunks, thorn bushes, seedlings, and lianes that hang in graceful folds from the upper branches and twist and turn, as they near the ground, like writhing snakes. All the trees in this part are of nearly uniform height, for it is a 'scientific' forest now, growing practically one timber crop only, and cut down at regular intervals of about forty-five years. It is all sal, an Indian hardwood that is rather like teak, and almost as valuable. Fine stuff it is. I have seen bridges made of it, where the unpainted timbers had been exposed to sun and rain, to occasional immersion for months, and then to the burning sun after the rains; and the piles were as sound as when they were put in. The broad flat leaves of the sal trees are now dark green, stained with storms and rains, and they will fall shortly.

Every part of the forest is exactly like every other part; it is all one long flat immensity of trees. The only

variety is along the edges, where the forest peters out as it meets the river; and here and there in its huge extent one finds enormous flat plains, absolutely bare of trees, but covered by elephant grass fifteen to eighteen feet high. Trees do not grow, as the soil is slightly depressed, and holds water during the rains. That will not do for sal. These vast plains — sometimes twenty miles or more in area — give endless trouble, for unless the grass is removed before the hot weather comes they will constitute foci from which the whole forest, then dry as tinder, will almost certainly be burned. Terrific storms rage then, and even with all possible precautions the forest is often set on fire by lightning. So, as soon as human beings can live in the steaming fever-sodden land, the grass all round the edge is cut, leaving a pathway of some six or ten feet. That enables one to get about, and the forest officer has to judge the moment when the grass is dry enough to burn and the forest is still green and wet enough not to take fire readily.

Then the vast area is fired, at strategic points, careful attention being paid to the direction of the wind. The firing is always done at night, when the dews are heavy and help to control the initial stages of the mighty conflagration. Usually, it is not difficult to choose a night when the air is dead still. The fire eats rapidly into

the dry grass; any advance toward the forest is met by beaters with branches; but reliance is mainly placed on the tiny fire line that has been laboriously cut by hand, and on skillful firing. With amazing rapidity the fire spreads, and soon the vast plain is a whirling mass of flame, which turns and twists, leaps and sinks, with a roar that can be heard fifteen miles off in the silence of the night. Panic-stricken sambhar, swamp deer, leopards, even perhaps a stray tiger, and innumerable small animals of every kind dash wildly to safety in the forest; many are, of course, overcome by the flames, and perish miserably. And for days the fire burns slowly, after the first wild rush, till nothing is left but a few blackened stalks. For miles around the air is full of the scent of burnt grass; and for many days one cannot walk abroad, even many miles from the scene of the fire, without finding long spirals of black or gray ash, twisted like the tendrils of a vine, raining slowly from the sky in the still air.

The bungalow which will be our headquarters during the Christmas shoot stands on the very edge of the forest. In front there is a great plain that stretches, brown with coarse grass, here and there green with crops, to the edge of the river that marks the boundary of British India. Beyond are the low hills of Nepal, — dark indigo-blue, — rising up, ridge on ridge, till they meet the snow line. And the giants of the Himalayan range, aloof in their white majesty, look down silently on it all. A sun-bathed scene, wonderfully restful and peaceful after the hurrying, mean life of the towns and villages. Behind the bungalow, so close that one can almost touch the trees from the back verandah, stands the great forest. There is a little town of tents for our guests, gleaming white against the dark green

background. The bungalow itself has but little accommodation, but we have a drawing-room and a dining room, both gay with mistletoe and holly, and vivid with the Christmas cards from home that have already arrived. Each room has a large open-hearth fireplace in which crackles an enormous log fire — there are thousands of tons of excellent wood to be had for the picking up within a mile of the camping ground. The days are hot, windless, with everlasting blue skies, and a sun that still has something of a 'bite' in it; but the nights are cold, even very cold, and the warm crackle and sputtering of the resinous logs are enormously welcome.

No one has been here since the rains shut down the forest. Riding along the narrow forest line to the bungalow this morning, I came twice across the tracks of wild elephants — a herd of ten or so. On one occasion they had moved over a slight depression in the path, where the ground was still soft and wet; and as I passed I noticed that the water was slowly oozing into the great footmarks. I stopped and listened, but heard no sound. I could not have been many minutes behind them, but they had been swallowed up in the silent forest, and — apart from those great oozing footmarks — there was nothing to betray their presence. Twice my horse shied violently, without apparent reason; almost certainly it smelled a leopard crouching beside the narrow line. One felt one was really in the forest at last, and a great peace descended.

## II

The Christmas camp is over, and we have all scattered again — some going as far as Mesopotamia. We had a great time, and amazing luck, everything considered. The total bag — omitting the small game and fearful

wild fowl of sorts — was one tiger, three leopards, fifteen crocodiles, a hyena, and two wild dogs. Miscellaneous, I admit, and none of us were very proud of the hyena or the crocodiles, but they added weight at least, and served to make the total more imposing.

Fortunately for us, the wild dogs did not arrive till the last two days of the shoot. When they enter a jungle, all other game leaves. The wild dog is courageous past belief, supremely indifferent, apparently, to his own fate provided the pack survives and prospers; the fiercest thing in the jungle, the most tenacious, the most intelligent, and the most cruel. He does not kill his prey — he runs it down and eats it alive, till it dies of loss of blood and exhaustion. During the hot weather, when sleeping out in the jungle, I have on several occasions been awakened by the agonized screams of a huge sambhar deer which a pack of wild dogs had run down, and were eating till it died. I have seen a pack of twenty-five or so combing a river valley, beating through the high grass in a straight line which they kept by jumping up vertically every now and then, and giving a quick glance right and left to watch the moving grass tops which indicated where their companions were. They kept distance and line like a row of trained elephants — and that in grass four to six feet high! Once they get on to a prey, they never let go. They will attack anything — from man and tiger to leopard and deer.

It sounds incredible, but I have seen four of them round a tree where a most uncomfortable-looking leopard had taken refuge. They sat on their haunches and looked up expectantly. Sooner or later, they knew, the leopard would have to make a bolt for it; and when that time came, perhaps two of

them might be killed, but those who had the fortune to survive would get the leopard all right. A leopard will risk a lot to get a chance at an ordinary dog; his powerful hind legs, armed with their ripping claws, could disembowel a wild dog easily; his great canine teeth would snap a dog's vertebrae as one would snap a twig; and yet these four wild dogs — who must have known perfectly well what they were taking on — were waiting patiently, hopefully, for the moment when 'these grave matters would be put to the proof,' as Winston Churchill said about something else. Wild dogs have treed my runners as they came into camp with my daily budget of papers; wild dogs have killed their tiger when the odds were fairly even; wild dogs will face anything, kill anything, and eat anything. They sweep through a jungle like a destroying pestilence; and the game that senses their presence — even the lordly tiger — stands not upon the order of its going, but goes at once. Where they are, one wastes time hunting anything but wild dogs.

I am deeply versed in crocodile lore, after shooting perhaps fifty of these loathsome animals in all kinds of circumstances and in all sorts of environments. But never have I seen anything like the shooting on the Suhan. That river divides British India from the lands beyond; but, apart from the importance which that fact may confer, it is a very 'one-horse,' tuppenny-ha'penny sort of river. It runs, in a bed seldom over a hundred yards wide and usually much less, between solid banks of forest; it has cut a channel for itself which is normally about fifty feet below the level of the flat forest land on each side of it; and it is, in essence, a succession of very deep pools, connected by slender threads of shallow running water. One can ford it easily, anywhere.

These great pools, however, teem with alligators — both the muggar, or crocodile, variety, with its heavy ugly snub nose, and the gharial, or fish-eating, kind, with a long swordlike snout, perhaps two feet in length, set with exceedingly sharp overlapping teeth. This formidable weapon ends in the *tumba*, a crinkled, horny sort of mass about the size of one's doubled fists in the male, and hardly perceptible in the female. On the top of the *tumba* are the air valves which the crocodile shuts when swimming, or lying up under water. I brought my party, by devious forest paths, to the edge of the river overlooking one of these deep pools; in front, fifty yards off, lying like a row of gray sal logs, hig-gledy-piggledy in the sun, were perhaps fifty crocodiles, gharials and muggars. Many had their mouths open, and little birds were picking industriously at the interstices of their teeth; all were fast asleep. They looked so like logs, with the dried gray mud covering them almost completely, that it took some time to pick up the unmistakable outlines, the armored backs, the ridged tails with the triangular fins standing vertically, the wicked-looking heads, the powerful jaws.

I silently placed my party of four guns; and told them to aim at the middle of the neck and to fire as soon as they heard the first shot, training their rifles, meantime, steadily on the object. In thirty seconds or so the first rifle went off, and the others followed in a volley. We were all using high-power rifles, cordite, mostly of .400 bore. At the sound, the great mass of logs leaped into life, and in the twinkling of an eye the sand bank was clear, except for four great animals that gave one convulsive heave and then lay still. A crocodile that one misses, or that one hits in any but the vital spot, is into the water like lightning;

he may look slow, but he most certainly is n't. We finished off the four with aimed shots, taken at leisure; and then forded the river to examine our kills.

With the help of the shikaris who accompanied us, we dragged them one by one to a safer distance from the water's edge. All were over eighteen feet; two were over twenty. All were gharials, the fish-eating kind. But experience teaches one not to believe the chamber naturalists; and in one of the four 'harmless' fish eaters we found a complete set of women's silver ornaments. He evidently preferred a varied diet. 'That is another story'; but I may say in passing that I have shot a gharial that pulled in his buffalo a week, and that terrorized a village for months, taking toll of one woman and three children during that period. All crocodiles are loathsome; all will drag in human beings or animals if they get the chance; and that particular 'fish eater' lived exclusively on an animal diet.

As soon as the skinning started, the vultures began to gather. When we arrived, there was not a vulture to be seen; before we had finished the skinning, perhaps a hundred were hoping expectantly round, at a safe distance on the sand. Their bald heads looked repulsive and obscene; they waddled about clumsily, screaming and gibbering at each other; their necks were purple and leprous white in patches; their legs scaly and horrible. If one looks up into the pale blue sky, one will — when the eyes get accustomed to the glare — perhaps see, thousands of feet up, moving in slow even circles, a vulture quartering the ground. He spots the kill, and swoops down in long smooth curves. Another, from some distant post of vantage out of one's sight, notes his descent; he follows — for he knows that a kill has been sighted. Others, still farther off,

note these disappearances; they too glide down to the anticipated feast; and in less time almost than it takes to tell, the sky, for miles and miles around, is emptied of its hovering scavengers. In the air they look beautiful; every action is taken with such effortless ease; they are so completely at home, and so amazingly masters of that element.

When we withdrew from the skinned carcasses, they thronged round them. They stood, stretching out their repulsive necks, screaming, and waddling over each other to get closer — but seemed to be arrested by some haunting fear. Round each dead body was a ring of heaped-up vultures, wings beating wings, feet treading on bodies, all screaming, all betraying the most intense eagerness to get their great beaks into the bleeding flesh, but all, apparently, afraid to make the final plunge. And then, as if at a signal, the invisible barrier broke. The crocodiles were completely hidden under a screaming, writhing, struggling mass of birds. The pile was roughly six feet high, one heaving mass of fighting birds burrowing their way to the core of flesh underneath. I gave them twenty minutes by my watch, and then advanced slowly. They hopped and waddled away, most of them so gorged that they could not fly; and when I reached the crocodiles, nothing was left but clean-picked skeletons. Sharp work!

### III

On the way back, we were met by an excited crowd of villagers from one of the forest hamlets near. It took some time to get their story; but it eventually appeared that, as one of them was going to work in his field, which was in the centre of the great plain stretching from the front of the bungalow to the river, he was attacked

by a leopard. It was still in a patch of grass, he said, beside the field. I disbelieved the tale, for the field was entirely isolated; it was over a mile from the nearest point of the forest; and leopards are seldom met with in a spot which affords no cover and involves a journey across absolutely open ground before cover can be reached. However, we had a few elephants with us, though no howdahs; and it is always sound policy in such cases to have a 'look-see.' We tramped across the plain, and soon found ourselves beside the field. The patch of grass was possibly twenty yards square; and it seemed about as likely that there would be a leopard there as that you would meet a tiger strolling on Piccadilly. The grass was short brown coarse stuff, perhaps two feet high; and all round, for miles, lay the bare brown soil on which a rice crop had been grown. We formed our four elephants into line, taking the patch from the edge nearest the forest. Almost as soon as we entered it, one of the elephants 'called'; that is, it hit the ground with its tensed trunk, with a *bruuump!* — emitting at the same time a peculiar little squeal. Leopard, certainly, after that — 'no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no shadow of doubt whatever.' We were perched uncomfortably on our pads, a posture in which it is impossible to change one's position rapidly, and often very difficult for the tyro to maintain his seat at all. One can fire on one side only, usually, and must keep one's seat mainly by balance. A second or two later I saw the leopard — a very big one — darting through the grass. There was no time to fire; and I preferred in any case that one of my guests should get him. All very exciting; for the elephants — which were a scrap lot, and not our howdah beasts — began to show signs of fear,

and moved about unpleasantly. They did n't like the game at all.

As we got near the edge of the patch, one rifle rang out — missed! The leopard dashed back, like a flash, far too quick to give anyone a chance of shooting. We turned the line, and went over the ground again. Time and again we saw him, but no one had a chance to fire. Then another shot — another miss! They were all much too excited; and the squealing elephants, jiggling unsteadily, added to the difficulty. Most of my guests were hanging on to the pad ropes with one hand, while their rifles, held in the other, pointed any way. They were confusing the mahouts with conflicting orders. '*Dhut! Dhut!*' — which means 'Stop! Stop!' '*Mail, oh mail, mail, mail!*' — 'Go on, go on! Push on!' And so it went on, while the leopard slunk about in the miserable cover, taking advantage, with the marvelous instinct of a hunted creature, of every false move on the part of the elephants, and doing always the unexpected. But this could not last; he was 'tied to a peg,' as the Indian shikaris say. To break in one wild dash across the open for the nearest bit of forest was his only chance; and inherited instinct forbade that. He clung to his meagre cover; and the trampling of the broad-footed elephants made that cover less and less serviceable every instant. At last the end came, tamely enough — as it so often does in such cases. One of us saw the leopard squatting, flattened out against the ground, his color mingling so completely with the brown grass that only the shape of his head gave him away. One shot between the shoulders killed him instantly, and it was all over.

It was rather like murder; but one could not leave a huge leopard near a forest village, especially after he had been so harried. After tossing a

cartridge or two on him to make certain that he was really dead, everyone was preparing to descend, when I sensed — rather than saw — an unexplained movement in the grass some yards to my right. I shouted instantly, 'Hold on! There is another!' Almost as I spoke, we saw the second leopard, which seemed equally big, darting to a clump of grass that remained still untrdden. The beating recommenced, and it was the same game over again. It is extraordinarily difficult to hit in such circumstances.

I think six shots were fired before a lucky bullet caught the leopard rather far back. Instantly the character of the thing changed; the leopard, wounded, was fiercely angry, and charged at once. Time and again she — for it was a female — routed the elephants; time and again, after her charge, she sank back into the grass that absorbed her completely. Two of the elephants bolted, and careered wildly across the open plain, the riders hanging on anyhow as the great black legs worked like huge pistons. We found later that both elephants had been rather badly clawed. With two only, the task was easier. It was merely a case of pushing quietly into the trampled mass, and watching carefully for any movement. Shooting was easier, too, for there was less danger. The end came much as before — my guest saw a heaving flank, and fired. The merciful bullet went through the shoulder and heart, and that was the end of it all. They were both big beasts — the male eight feet three, the female seven feet eight. I suppose they had come near the village during the night in quest of dogs or goats, had been surprised by the dawn, and had decided to lie up during the day in the patch of grass which gave the only cover for miles around. The bolters came back slowly, under heavy

punishment all the way; we padded the kills, and went home.

And then, perhaps the best of all, tea in the drawing-room before a roaring, crackling, sizzling fire of logs, the place alive with pleasant talk. All the day's work was gone over faithfully, and then the talk drifted to the thousand and one topics that hold and interest men in the East. Everybody in the East knows, more or less, everybody else; and the talk always has a strong personal flavor. It changed lightly from the London we all knew so well to the jungles of East Africa, from man-eating lions to the crocodiles of the Suhan, from curious murders to the ruses of war. I remember that someone happened to mention Oregon, and I heard for the first time Melbourne's remark that he was 'damned if England wanted any country where the salmon would not take a fly.' Wasn't he the man who, when appointed Colonial Secretary, went upstairs to find a map to 'see where all these places were'?

I remember another yarn of the kind that sticks. One of us was serving in Madras. One day he rode over, in the evening, to a village on the coast that had not been visited by the district officer for very many years — it was isolated, and of no particular importance. He got talking with the village elders; and they suggested that he had come, of course, to see the white man's grave. He had never heard of any white man being buried there, and asked where the grave was. One old fellow set off, keeping the top of a Hindu temple in line with the crest of a distant hill; another walked on a line with two other landmarks; and they met in a wilderness of sand dunes, where the wind had piled up wave on wave of yellow sand in fantastic shapes. 'It is here,' they said. So he started them digging; but

the work was heavy, the day was declining, and it soon became clear that nothing could be done before it was dark. They promised to have the grave cleared soon after dawn; and he arranged to ride over in the morning to see it.

Next morning he duly arrived, and galloped to the little knot of people that he saw collected near the site. They had cleared away the sand, and they led him to the edge of the cutting at the foot of which the grave was. He leaned over, and there, six feet down in the yellow sand, he saw a white marble slab, fresh as the day it had left the sculptor's hands, bearing, in deep-cut leaded letters, his own name! 'Alan Alastair Soames' — no common aggregation of names, either. His grandfather had been district officer there many years before; while in camp an infant son had died and had been buried there, — there was no choice, — and my friend (who had no knowledge of the facts) stumbled nearly a hundred years after on the grave. An uncanny happening, that, and a bit upsetting after a long ride without breakfast!

#### IV

One afternoon, while returning from one of the crocodile *battues* with which we diversified events, I noticed three or four vultures sitting in a tree on the edge of the forest. We went off to investigate at once, for vultures mean meat, and meat in the forest always means a kill. We found a young sambhar which had been killed by a tiger — there is no mistaking these deep holes in the neck, beside the vertebrae, where the forefinger sinks in till well past the middle joint. Nothing but a tiger's tooth could leave *that* mark. Hunting round, I found some of the pugs; they indicated

a fairly large tigress. (The pug of the male is round, almost circular; that of the tigress is elongated, more like an ellipse.)

Only a little had been eaten; that portion of the jungle was quite undisturbed; there was excellent cover near, — tall, thick, green grass, — and close by there was water in plenty. It was a 'new' tiger; we had not seen pugs of exactly that size and shape before. And a new tiger meant an unsophisticated tiger — not one of the local kind that went about with a copy of the Forest Code under one forearm, and of the shooting regulations under the other, took sights through a theodolite, and worked out a course by logarithms before moving. In short, a fool of a tiger. So we drew lots at once — the usual short and long grass stems — to decide who should sit up for her.

Meantime, an elephant was sent off for the machan; and soon one of the party was ensconced in the little tapestrung frame, cunningly hidden in a tree that dominated the kill. Fresh green branches were arranged so as to hide him, while leaving his line of sight open; and other branches were stuck in below, to break the hard line of the frame. I filled him with good advice, — which I may say here and now shared the usual fate of good advice, — and in particular I told him to use his rifle while the daylight permitted, and then to trust to his twelve-bore, with a soft-lead ball, for the more likely half hour or so of twilight. He must sit absolutely still, and he must *not* think the tiger was looking at him. The white patches on the ears — about the size of a half crown — always give that impression to a tyro, and this particular man had never seen a tiger outside a zoo. Then we went off quietly to tea, after wishing him good luck.

I was dressed early, and he returned just before dinner, though the kill had been rather a long way off. He was white and shaking, and dejected beyond measure. In brief, his story was that the tigress had come trampling out as if the jungle belonged to her, while it was still broad daylight. He kept still, but was trembling with excitement. He took his gun instead of his rifle; and he fired hastily, without aiming, because he felt sure the tiger was looking steadily at him. 'Did it call to the shot?' He did not know; all he did know was that it whirled round and disappeared before he could collect his wits enough to try a second barrel. He felt certain he had missed it; it was a tremendous beast, about a thousand feet long; it had been less than fifteen feet off; it was as big as the side of a house; and he had missed it, missed it, missed it! There is no bitterness like that bitterness. There was nothing to be done that night, but his dinner was a sad and sorrowful meal. He could not take his mind off the tremendous chance which he had thrown away. We knew what he was feeling — we had all *passé par là*; we left him to his brooding.

Early next morning, before the sun was up, he and I went off on an elephant to see what could be done. I put him in the machan; told him to sit exactly as he was sitting when he fired; and then, having made *quite* sure myself that the gun was in fact empty, I handed it up to him, and told him to hold it on the aim he must have taken the evening before. I then searched the ground. There was no sign of the bullet in the narrow area where it must have struck, assuming that he was holding his gun more or less correctly; *ergo*, the bullet must be in the tigress. I searched for blood, but found none — that, of course, was not conclusive one way or the other.

I hunted for the claw marks — for a tiger almost always 'strikes' its claws when hit; but the ground was grassy and covered with débris of sorts, and I could discover nothing. I picked up a few faint traces of pugs in the direction in which the tigress had fled; they led straight to a large area of very tall elephant grass, which extended for some miles, but which was quite beatable. My guest's drooping hopes having been revived by a positive statement that the tigress was wounded, lying up in the grass, and that we should get her all right, we went back to the bungalow, and prepared for the beat. We had twelve elephants, four of which carried howdahs. It was arranged that two 'stops' should keep well ahead of the line, the farthest nearly a hundred and fifty yards ahead, the second about fifty; that a third should remain about twenty yards in advance; and that I should take my howdah into the middle of the grass, keeping and directing the line.

We started; the *swish-swish* recommenced, and the long swaying heave — but this time we were all agog with excitement. We began the beat at the point where I had tracked the tigress into the grass; and we had not advanced twenty yards when my elephant — a particularly trustworthy one in such matters — 'called' unmistakably to tiger. No other elephant gave any sign, so I thought that she was merely acknowledging the scent where the tigress had lain the night before, and that we should find the tigress farther on. But as we went on she gave no further sign. There was no movement, either, in the grass. I felt so certain that Luchma — that was my elephant's name — was right that I stopped the line and went back alone, with the intention of going carefully, zigzag, through the narrow bit of grass we had just beaten.

When fifty yards or so behind the line, there was a terrific roar, and the tigress came charging down on my elephant, crashing her way through the tall stems. Luchma never moved; she stood like a rock, ready for anything. I did not have my rifle in my hand, even — for in thick grass one cannot see to shoot. Before I could snatch it up, the tigress had disappeared. She did not like the looks of Luchma, evidently; and the charge was not pushed home. The line, of course, heard the roar, and turned instantly, coming along in excellent order. I waited for it, with the tigress giving tongue somewhere close in front of me, but entirely hidden in the grass, which was twelve feet or more high. Fortunately, it was a narrow spit of grass, right at the end of the great grassy plain, but uncomfortably close to the forest. We could concentrate the elephants better there than in a wider area; but the two stops did not follow what was happening, and they misunderstood all my frantic signs and shouts to them to rejoin us. I was afraid that the tigress might make a dash for it and escape — though probably she would be wounded again — into the forest, where she would be safe for a time at least, and where it might be difficult or even impossible to find her.

However, we pushed slowly on, and then the fun began. With a heart-shaking roar, she sprang for the head of a pad elephant. I saw her curled up like a caterpillar on the top part of the trunk, holding on by her claws, and biting the poor beast above the eye. It was impossible to fire; one would have killed the mahout or wounded the elephant. The latter soon shook her off, but an attempt to get its knees on the tigress failed. The tigress dropped into the long grass, and disappeared instantly.

With only two of us available, we had to kill as quickly as possible in order to save the elephants — some of which, naturally enough, were uneasy and even frightened. We therefore fired at every movement in the grass, trying to allow for the fact that the tigress must be somewhere near the bottom of the twelve-foot stems that shook and rustled as she changed position. But it was very unsatisfactory. We never saw her, except when she charged, bounded on to the head of an elephant, and clawed and bit there till she was shaken off. I noticed one stout-hearted mahout laying into her, as hard as he could hit, with the heavy iron ankus — which they usually call a *gujbank* here. The tigress's head was within a foot of him as he sat on the elephant's neck, but his legs were protected by the big long ears. Time and again she charged; time and again she managed to get home a savage bite; but she was always shaken off quickly, and then dropped from sight immediately into the long grass.

On one occasion I caught a flicker of her tawny hide as she dropped, and a very quick shot luckily went home. After that it was easier. She could no longer leap on to the elephants, but she charged continually; and it took us over an hour of vivid excitement before we hit her again. That was nearly the end. I finally spotted her again, in a little clear tunnel in the grass where she lay panting, and finished her off with a soft-lead bullet in the neck. She was a very fine tigress, nine feet long and beautifully marked — the white parts were clear and brilliant, the dark head markings almost black. We found that the bullet fired from the machan had entered just behind the shoulder, had been deflected by a rib, and had ploughed its way, just under the skin,

right to her tail. It did no real damage; but she must have been very sore, poor beast, all night, and her temper when we met her was of the worst.

Padding home, all agog with the adventure, all mightily pleased at having added a tiger to the bag, we put up a huge hyena quite by accident; the ugly lumbering beast went off at a great pace, but was bowled over by a fine shot which took him clean between the shoulders. The first thing to be done on arrival was to attend to the elephants. I went over them myself, most carefully, swabbing out the wounds with dilute carbolic acid; and it was touching to see how the big beasts lay down, turned over at a word, and curled their trunks up out of the way. They squealed and whimpered as the acid bit into the wounds, but they knew that it was all right — they were being doctored, and were as good as gold all through. Their mahouts talked to them all the time, and so did I. 'It's all right, my daughter; this will do you good.' 'Turn over, my daughter; let me get to your other side.' 'I won't hurt you.' They knelt, or lay, as ordered; and there was never a shake in the big bodies. Every morning and evening I went over all their wounds; they healed up in no time.

## V

The next to last day, as I took my morning stroll along the fire lines, rifle in hand, I saw about twenty wild dogs popping across one of the paths. They were hunting, regularly spaced out, not following any game, but just beating the jungle for anything that might be there. Their line, in almost impenetrable undergrowth, was perfect — and absolutely true as regards direction. They did not see me — or, if they did, they took no

notice. They were making for the open plain near the bungalow, and I went back there — to find the wild dogs sitting on their haunches just at the edge of the forest, and regarding with the most obvious interest the array of tents and the men who were walking about near them. The tents were perhaps three hundred yards off. It was hopeless trying to stalk the dogs either from the plain or from the forest; the former had absolutely no cover, and the latter was so thick with undergrowth that it would have been difficult to force a way through, and in any case I should have made as much noise as a German band in doing it. Only one of my guests was about. I called to him; he got his rifle, and we arranged to stroll leisurely toward the dogs, inclining spirally toward them, and dropping for as steady a shot as possible as soon as they began to get uneasy. It was the only plan, and fortunately it worked. He got one, and I got another; both dropped

dead to the shots. Handsome brutes they were; heads like Scotch collies, heavy orange-tawny coats, bushy tails, 'breedy' in form, and in perfect condition. The Government, by the way, pays three pounds a head for the dogs; but this high reward — for India — has but little effect. They are very difficult to get, for a hundred different reasons.

And now it is all over. To-morrow we move off to another forest centre where there has been disturbing news of dacoits. Our guests have already scattered, and we are all alone in the bungalow. The little town of tents has vanished; and to-morrow the gay drawing-room, bright with Christmas cards, hanging draperies, calendars, photographs, and all the 'homey' touches, will be but four bare whitewashed walls. There is an 'after the ball' air about the place which depresses; we rattle about in the deserted bungalow that was, so lately, full of life and gayety. *Partir, c'est mourir un peu.*

## 'SHAKESPEARE UNLOCKED HIS HEART'

BY IAN COLVIN

### I

I AM not, as I am open to confess, much interested in the eternal debate as to who is the 'man right fair' and who the 'woman colour'd ill' of Shakespeare's sonnets. There is another question, however, which concerns the reader more legitimately, since it affects his pleasure in the reading thereof: What is the true order of these marvelous poems? They are obviously connected

by some sort of story or chain of thought, emotion, experience; but that chain seems to be broken in quite a number of places; the reader is every now and then brought up with a jolt by some inconsequence, as if a path once clearly cut had fallen away in places or had been twisted about by an earthquake. Editor after editor has felt this disorder so forcibly that he has been driven to a reordering; but these changes have no authority save likeli-

hood behind them, and the reader therefore falls back upon the original disorder, as he feels it, of the original edition of 1609.

How that edition came to be printed is the secret of oblivion; but critics suppose that the manuscript was taken without any 'by your leave' of the poet, and, as the sheets were probably unnumbered, they got jumbled in the printing, so that, though whole batches of the sonnets run consecutively, there are others which are obviously out of place. In Elizabethan times poetry still circulated largely in manuscript, and copies were made of copies, so that the mistakes may have crept in before the poems came to the printer; or it may have been that the patron to whom they were addressed or the poet himself dislocated them, so that their story, which was probably scandalous, might not be too plain to the vulgar eye. Who knows? The fact remains that by accident or design the sonnets are disordered.

Some years ago a very ingenious attempt was made to restore this shattered mosaic to its original condition. Sir Denys Bray's *Original Order of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (London, 1925) was by no means the first emendation of the original quarto; but it was novel in this respect—that it did not depend, like its predecessors, merely on the sense, but upon a very remarkable clue in the technique of the poet.

This clue consisted in the curiously constant use of the same rhyme words and rhyme sounds in sonnets obviously consecutive. Whereas the modern sonnet writer—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for example—endeavors to change his rhymes from sonnet to sonnet of a sequence and would think it a blemish to repeat the same rhymes in consecutive sonnets, Shakespeare, evidently with deliberation, repeated

his rhymes, even the identical rhyming words, in one sonnet after another. The rhymes used in one sonnet are echoed in the next, and Sir Denys Bray had the wit to notice that this occurs in just those sonnets in the Quarto which are, by common consent, linked in sense and therefore in their true order. In those forty or so, the order of which, in relation to one another, nobody disputes, there is in every case this linking by a common rhyme word or rhyme sound. The English language is, of course, poor in rhymes, and if this repetition were only occasional it might be put down to accident or coincidence; but as it occurs in every case where the sonnets are coupled by the sense, there is hardly room for doubt that it is done, as I have said, with deliberate intention.

This, at all events, Sir Denys Bray believed, and, working from those which were known to be in their true juxtaposition, he proceeded to seek these rhyme links between sonnets which, in the opinion of students, should by their sense be read together, but are printed separately. Here again he found them, and so at infinite pains he gradually worked over the whole 154 until at last he had them fitted into a chain, the links of which were connected by rhyme words carried from one to another, which also satisfied the sense of the reader by the logical and orderly development of the theme.

It was unfortunate for the acceptance of Sir Denys Bray's rearrangement that he discovered the strongest part of his case when his book was going to press, and there was no time to develop it fully in his preface. It was this:—

That not Shakespeare alone, but most of the Elizabethan sonnet writers—and there were many—practised this same device. The Elizabethan sonneteer did not conceive his fourteen-

line poem as a complete unit, but as part of a larger symphony to be linked together by a carillon or chime of variations and repetitions of the same rhymes.

Not only so, but many Elizabethan sonnet writers were not content with the rhyme link, but repeated either half lines or whole lines from sonnet to sonnet. And this is extremely important, for, while it is possible (although difficult) to contend that the repetition of the same rhyme word or rhyme might be mere accident, due to paucity of rhymes in the language, it is utterly impossible to argue that a whole line could be repeated by accident.

Take, for example, these two sonnets from W. Smith's *Chloris*, a sonnet sequence printed in the year 1596:—

### I

Courteous Calliope, vouchsafe to lend  
Thy helping hand to my untunèd song!  
And grace these lines which I to write pretend,  
Compelled by love that doth poor Corin wrong.

And those, thy sacred sisters, I beseech,  
Which on Parnassus' Mount do ever dwell,  
To shield my country Muse and rural speech  
By their divine authority and spell.

Lastly to thee, O Pan, the shepherds' king;  
And you swift footed Dryades I call!  
Attend to hear a swain in verse to sing  
Sonnets of her that keeps his heart in thrall!

O Chloris, weigh the task I undertake!  
*Thy beauty, subject of my song I make.*

### II

*Thy beauty, subject of my song I make,*  
O fairest fair! on whom depends my life:  
Refuse not then the task I undertake  
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife!  
Etc. etc.

It will be noted that not only the rhyme words *make* and *undertake* are repeated in the most obviously deliberate manner, but the whole of the last line of the first is repeated as the first line of the second sonnet. And

this device is used in no less than twenty-one out of the fifty-one sonnets of the sequence.

So with others too numerous to quote. Spenser himself, who was the admired model of all the later Elizabethans, repeats the same rhyme words with deliberate intention through whole batches of his *Amoretti*, a sonnet sequence only less beautiful than Shakespeare's own. Thus, for example,—

Sonnet I	Might, sight, light, spright
“ II	Hart, art, part, smart
“ III	Write, endite
	Admyre, fyre
	View, hew, dew, true
“ IV	Delight, spright, night, dight
“ V	Desire, admire
	Pride, envide, implide, tride, pride
“ VI	Pride, abide, dride, divide
	Fyre, aspire, desire;

and so *ad infinitum* — an interlacing, a running chime of the bells of rhyme, very pleasant to the attuned ear.

Whence was this device derived? I have traced it back into mediaeval poetry, and notably to that marvelously beautiful fourteenth-century poem, *The Pearl*, where the last line of each stanza, with variations, is used as a refrain or link between stanza and stanza. Professor Saintsbury, in his *History of English Prosody*, says of this poem that it is 'a sort of carillon — not indeed of joyful but of melancholy sweetness — a tangle, yet in no disorder, of symphonic sound, running and interlacing itself with an ineffable sweetness'; and we find this fashion running back into the metrical romances of chivalry as well as those ballades and rondeaux practised so skillfully by the Provençal poets. Those three daughters of romance, stanza, rhyme, refrain, born before the Renaissance, joined in the creation of the sonnet form. The refrain somehow faded out; but it lived long enough to give us a clue to the true order of Shakespeare's sonnets.

## II

Having gone so far by way of general explanation, let us now examine a little more closely into the working of this key in the lock of the great mystery. But first let us give one or two examples, to bring home more clearly to the mind of the reader what the key, as Shakespeare used it, exactly is. Take from the Quarto any two sonnets commonly held to be inseparable, as, for example, 46 and 47. If the reader turns to them he will find that among the rhyme words of 46 are *sight, right, heart, part*, and among the rhyme words of 47 are *heart, part, sight, delight*. In Sonnet 50 the rhyme words *woe, know, mind, behind*, correspond with the rhyme words *find, wind, slow, know, go*, in 51; in 33 and 34, *face, disgrace, echo face, disgrace*; in 15 and 16, *stay, decay, answer way, decay*; in 1 and 2, *eyes, lies*, correspond with *lies, eyes*; in 9 and 10, *behind, mind, with mind, kind*; and so on and so forth through all the sonnets generally held to follow by the poet's design their neighbors in the text.

Turning from these to sonnets which are printed apart but have been put together by the conjecture of various editors, we find the rhyme test confirming the rearrangement. Thus Sonnet 24, beginning 'Mine eye hath play'd the painter,' has *heart, art, lies, eyes*; and Sonnet 46, beginning 'Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,' responds with *heart, part, eyes, lies*. The same editor (Mr. Knox Pooler) who suggested that these two should be put together suggested also a connection between 27, 48, 61, and the linking rhymes in these three are *thee—see, sight—night; see—thee, bright—light; night—sight, thee—me*. Mr. Knox Pooler suggests a connection between 52 and 48, and they are found to have no fewer than three separate word and rhyme links: *survey* with *way*,

*are* with *are*, *chest* with *chest*. There is an obvious connection between 106, that glorious sonnet beginning with

When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
and 59, which contains the line, —

Show me your image in some antique book,  
and when we bring them together we  
find the link in the correspondence be-  
tween the two final couplets, thus: —

For we, which now behold these present *days*,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to *praise*,  
and

O, sure I am, the wits of former *days*  
To subjects worse have given admiring *praise*.

Here the links, so marked as to be plainly deliberate, come at the end of both sonnets, but in 109 and 117 the chime is between the end of the one and the beginning of the other: —

For nothing this wide universe *I call*,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my *all*,

and

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted *all*  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to *call*,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day.

These are only a few examples out of so many that we may say that, wherever the sense shows that two sonnets are either rightly together or wrongly apart, the word or rhyme link is to be found. And conversely, lest it should be thought this is a mere coincidence, when two sonnets are obviously from different parts of the sequence these links of rhymes are found so seldom that their appearance may confidently be put down to mere coincidence. The comparative poverty of the English language in rhymes would explain these coincidences, but is altogether inadequate to account for the correspondences we have described. Thus Sir Denys Bray proves his case even

without the argument drawn from the practice of other Elizabethan sonnet writers. With that clinching evidence thrown in, his position is irresistibly strong.

So at least it seems to me. That the fashion of linking sonnets by words or whole lines existed there is no doubt; that Shakespeare followed that fashion is proved; if he followed that fashion, then obviously we have a clue to the rearrangement, and when that clue is followed, and the sonnets fall into their places in the poetical argument like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, so that what was formerly dark is made clear, — when, in fact, the pudding is proved by the eating, — there is no longer room for reasonable doubt.

Let us turn now to the result, as set forth in Sir Denys Bray's critical edition of 1925.<sup>1</sup>

The sequence there set forth begins with 20 of the Quarto, —

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted, and ends with 146, the last line of which suggests finality: —

And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Between these two sonnets there are very many changes from the Quarto order, although in one broad aspect the orders remain the same. In the Quarto the sonnets fall roughly into two cycles, the one addressed to the 'man right fair,' the other to the 'woman colour'd ill'; but whereas in the Quarto the reader is continuously puzzled by breaks and changes within these cycles, in Bray's order there is, as he claims, 'an easy flow from sonnet to sonnet, from idea to idea, from subject to subject, each cycle forming a chain by itself, well-knit, compact; a continuous whole; a unity both in

<sup>1</sup>The additional evidence (of Elizabethan sonnet practice) was published in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* (Tauchnitz, Leipzig, 1927). — AUTHOR

matter and form.' There is no longer the jar of finding some pleasant trifle wedged between mighty opposites; no longer the broken chain of thought, the sudden and puzzling hiatus; the whole march of ideas is smooth and logical, continuously developing that tragic and dramatic theme: —

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill,

which is stated thus in the last sonnet but one of Bray's order. Thus that order seems to me a discovery well worth knowing for those who, like myself, already admire Shakespeare's sonnets 'this side idolatry.' Hitherto one has enjoyed them and admired them for the glorious single sonnets, which rise like sky-piercing mountain peaks out of the tangled ruck of foot-hills; but, thanks to Sir Denys Bray, we can now see the chain in its true perspective, in its logical connection, balanced and united from horizon to horizon.

### III

And now let us look more closely at the new order and what it discloses. The rearrangement, then, is drastic. Thus, for example, Sonnet 20 of the Quarto becomes Sonnet 1 in Bray; 91 becomes 2; 25, 3; 31, 4; 53, 5; 62, 6; 22, 7; 18, 8; 126, 9; 65, 10; and so forth. Even in the Quarto we see obscurely the main design, but this rearrangement brings it out clearly in all its details. There are in Bray's revision, as in the Quarto, two series, the first and longer to the 'man right fair,' the second and shorter to the 'woman colour'd ill.' It is the internal jumbling of these two parts that Bray sets straight, and one of his notable discoveries is that the first series (126 in all) ends with 87 in the Quarto, —

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
and the second series opens with the  
only tetrametrical sonnet in the whole  
series, no doubt used originally to mark  
the transition, —

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
while the last sonnet of all, ending the  
whole sequence, is 146 of the Quarto,  
the last line of which has, to be sure,  
an air of finality: —

And Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

Such, then, are the main punctuation  
marks: one sentence with a longer and  
a shorter clause, but within both are  
many phrases, hitherto dislocated and  
now reduced to order.

The whole sequence discloses itself  
as a drama, like *Hamlet*, of soliloquies.  
These soliloquies consist of chains of  
sonnets hitherto broken up into ones  
and two or threes and mixed together  
and now set in their right place so that  
the whole tragedy develops in logical  
and orderly procession.

Consider this triangular drama of  
the Poet, the Fair Youth, and the  
Dark Lady. The Poet is aging, dis-  
appointed, poor,

Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
and

In disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.

The Youth is evidently the darling  
of fortune, noble, rich, with troops of  
friends. There is always something of  
bitterness for age in its relations with  
youth, but the circumstances heighten  
the poignancy. The Poet, we feel,  
warms his hands at the fire of this  
friendship, which is so much to him, so  
much less to the friend; he is pathet-  
ically grateful for his place at the  
hearth; he offers with humble eagerness  
the immortality of his poems in  
exchange for the gift of friendship,  
and solicitously tenders the advice (dis-  
interested, since marriage is apt to

separate friends) that the young man  
should marry. Then comes absence,  
neglect on the one side, bitterness on  
the other; slanderous tongues, the in-  
fluence of a rival poet, and a darker  
and more sinister note, the approaching  
catastrophe of this tragedy: the Poet is  
in thrall to a mistress, and has reason  
to suspect both mistress and friend.  
About the mistress, his darling sin, he  
has no illusions; but that his friend  
should thus have betrayed him hits  
him more nearly, since it shows a  
falseness of heart where he had not  
expected it. Thus in Sonnet 68 (Bray's  
order, Quarto 42): —

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.

Protest, reproach, appeal, acquies-  
cence, surrender, — tame, yet inwardly  
raging, — helpless jealousy, intolerable  
chagrin, chase one another through the  
wretched Poet's mind. *Le roi s'amuse!* What argument can age use that will  
appeal to careless and heartless youth?  
The woman inwardly laughs as she  
deceives him; the patron turns coldly  
from his expostulation. The Poet hum-  
bly pleads for forgiveness; let friend-  
ship be restored, and 'no bitterness  
that I will bitter think.' His great  
friend being the source of his fortune,  
his patron, his only possession, as well  
as his idol, his adoration, his position  
in argument is terribly weak; he has  
everything to ask, nothing that is  
valued by the other to offer. The  
shame of the position tortures him: —

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within.

And so to the farewell sonnet already  
quoted, which ends the first act of this  
sonnet drama. Farewell! His friend is  
gone beyond recovery: —

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Then in Part II (127-154) we see the degradation of the Poet, in sexual slavery to the woman whom he despises while she enthralls him. The sonnet with which it opens (Quarto 145) shows her the accomplished and heartless flirt:—

'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

His dalliance with this Delilah; his scorn of himself and of her; his bitter reproaches. He admits that he is bad, but she is worse:—

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

She is not even beautiful; but beauty does not matter, since he loves her with all his senses. He has indeed become as one of Circe's beasts: 'I myself am mortgag'd to thy will.' And so, —

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies.

Then comes the bitter apostrophe to lust, —

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,  
which is 129 in the Quarto and in Bray 152. It is followed by the sonnet (144 in Quarto) which sums up the whole story: —

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Then, as I have said, comes the last (Quarto 146, Bray 154), the renunciation, the turning from the world, to buy terms divine, opening with a note of self-pity, —

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
and ending in the refuge of the grave,  
or beyond, —

And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

We are reminded of another sonnet sequence, hardly less difficult to follow: George Meredith's *Modern Love*, and the lines, —

Not till the fire is dying in the grate,  
Look we for any kinship with the stars.

When the last drop of gall is wrung from the sponge of life, the Poet turns to death. What a tragedy! Was it Shakespeare's own story? It looks as if it were. Or was it a fiction like his plays? We can hardly think so.

But, whether fact or fiction, it is restored to coherent and shapely order by this wonderful effort of constructive criticism, this Rosetta stone of Shakespearean scholarship.

## 'STAY, CORYDON, THOU SWAIN'

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

### I

THE moon was at her full, and the Choral Society of Wells in Somerset was holding a practice. Moonshine had to be consulted, for many of the singers lived outside the town and would not venture from their homes by night unless they could see the ruts and puddles. Mr. Mulready, however, was independent of the moon; he lived in the market place, and a gas lamp shone in at his bedroom window until 10.30 P.M., when all the street lamps gave a little jump and died.

Mr. Mulready was a draper. He lived above his shop, though he was sufficiently well-to-do to live, had he wished to do so, in a villa near the station; and this evidence of proper feeling made him much esteemed by the local gentry. He was a small, bald-headed, pug-nosed man, and could sing both bass and alto. What was more, he could read music at sight. These good gifts he employed weekly at the Bethel Chapel, and it was said that Mr. Bulmer, a vicar-choral, had fervently attempted Mr. Mulready's conversion, in order that he might sing in the Cathedral, especially that alto solo in an anthem by Samuel Sebastian Wesley which declares that, 'as for the gods of the heathen, they are, are, are but *idols*' — a sneering chromatic phrase which would ring finely under the stone arches if delivered by the rescued Dissenter, but which that bleating old Philpot could never sing in tune.

But Mr. Mulready was faithful to

Bethel, as much from social as from religious convictions; for, as he said, he was a Baptist born and dipped, and it never did for people to pretend to be what their neighbors knew full well they were not. The Choral Society was another matter: he had been a member of it for nearly twenty years, and he knew most of its repertory by heart.

The piece they practised this evening was a madrigal by John Wilbye: 'Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain.' He had sung in it many times before; he knew every note of it; but this did not lessen his pleasure — indeed, it increased it; for he was able to enjoy its beauty undistracted by the sheet of music which Mr. Fair, his neighbor bass, jerked up and down before him in time to the music.

Yet to-night he was destined to hear the old favorite with new ears.

'Thy nymph is light and shadowlike,' sang the first sopranos, coming in on high G, and the second sopranos took up the phrase a fifth lower. All of a sudden Mr. Mulready found himself wondering about nymphs, and wondering, too, in a very serious and pertinacious way. He had never to his knowledge given a thought to these strange beings before, and yet it now seemed to him that he had an idea of them both clear and pleasant — as though perhaps in childhood he had been taken to see one as a treat.

He wished to see a nymph again: not from motives of curiosity, not because he thought a nymph would be

a pretty sight to gaze at, not for any reasonable, pleasure-seeking reason—for how could anyone entertain a rational wish about a mythological fancy? What he felt was more than a whim; it was an earnest desire, a mental craving somehow to re-create a bright image that Time had once timelessly given, and then by course of time effaced.

Even as he sang he looked round on the lady members of the Choral Society to see if they could afford him any clue as to the looks of a nymph. One by one he rejected them. Miss Fair was as pretty a girl as you could wish to see, young Mrs. Buckley had a complexion as red and white as the rosebud chintz in his shop, little Jenny Davy was as light as a feather and as ruthless as a kitten—yet none of these answered to his idea of a nymph. She would be quieter, somehow—more ladylike.

So next he studied the ladies, the real ladies who came from the Cathedral Close or from the country houses round about. They were no more helpful. The Reverend Miss Perceval (so he thought of her) had something rather promising about her small pale ears; but, poor young lady, how she did stoop! And as for Mrs. Hamlyn, whom there had been all that talk about, she was a highflyer, sure enough, but nothing like a nymph. Her nose was too large.

Not like any member of the Choral Society, not like his dead wife, not like his two daughters, not like any woman he had ever seen—how did it happen, then, that in his mind's eye there should be this image of a nymph which he was now trying to confirm by looks of flesh and blood? A picture? On an almanac, perhaps; some of the wholesale firms sent out very handsome ones to the trade. But a picture was flat, a picture was dead: no picture could have be-

come so living to him as this projection of a nymph which he could n't quite see, but which was none the less present in his thought; for otherwise how could he reject so certainly all these unnympthlike ladies?

'Thy nymph is light and shadow-like.'

The words haunted him as he walked home, and he hummed the phrase over and over as he sat at supper, with a kind daughter on either hand. As he kissed Sophy good-night, he thought how cool a nymph's forehead would be. 'Light.' Light-footed, that must mean, not light-complexioned; for his nymph was dark—at any rate, she had dark hair. The words ran into a new order: 'Light-and-shadowlike'—wavering, rippling, as the light bubbles through the shadow of a bough that sways in a spring breeze. As one has a word on the tip of one's tongue, so Mr. Mulready had a nymph on the tip of his imagination. And for one moment, just as he blew out the candle and resigned his senses to the bed, he thought he had caught her. Alas, she was gone again in a flash, and he was left with a new perplexity; for now it seemed to him that instead of having seen her long ago he had seen her quite recently, so that her image was indistinct and elusive not because Time had effaced it, but because Time had not yet enforced it, leaving it still a faint penciling, a sketch.

## II

In the morning he had forgotten these thoughts; but he was soon to remember them again, for when he walked into the shop, there, behind the polished counter and laying out rolls of flannel and sarsenet, was his nymph. He recognized her as one recognizes a melody; her looks, her gestures, fulfilled everything he had

sought for overnight, as though a tune which he had tried unavailingly to recall had come back into his head complete. With the recognition came the identification: his mind's nymph was Miss Edna Cave, the young lady who sold staylaces and suchlike female oddments in a dark secluded corner of his shop which in high-flown moments he referred to as the ‘haberdashery department.’ There she was, and, what was even stranger to him, there she had been for a couple of months. She was a very respectable, quiet-spoken girl, and a good worker, though she had somehow a rather languid air. He remembered wondering when he engaged her if she were anaemic, and if she would be strong enough to lift down the heavy boxes from the shelves. And from then till this moment he had scarcely given her a thought, perhaps because of her very merits as a satisfactory worker and respectable young person.

He wanted to think of her now, to examine her in this new and exciting aspect of a discovery. But it was market day, and the shop soon filled with customers. He was kept busy and could scarcely steal a glance at his nymph until the moment came for him to put up the shutters and for her to put on her hat and gloves.

‘You look a little tired, Miss Cave. It’s been a busy day, I’m sure. There’s more than twenty pounds in the till.’

‘I’m not tired, really,’ replied the nymph. ‘Only a little sleepy. It’s the spring, I expect. These first warm days often make me feel a little queer.’

‘You should go out more,’ said Mr. Mulready. ‘Have you a bicycle?’

‘Yes, I’ve got a bicycle.’

‘I’ll tell you what you should do. To-morrow is early closing. Now, will you come out for a ride?’

‘I must say that Annie will come too,’ he thought; but before he could

utter the words the nymph had answered, ‘Thank you, Mr. Mulready. I should like to very much.’

Even so, he fully intended to ask Annie, or, if not Annie, then Sophy. It would be nice for her to have the company of girls of her own age—bright, friendly girls like his two. But on the morrow he learned from their talk at breakfast that they proposed to go off early in the forenoon to shop in Bath, and would not be back till late. Apparently it had all been settled long ago, even to the hats they were going to buy: a pink chip for Annie, and for Sophy a leghorn with a wreath of white roses.

‘You won’t mind, will you, Pa? Mrs. Creak will see to your tea.’

‘I don’t know whether I shall want tea, my dear. I was thinking of going out for a ride with —’

The shop bell rang. A little boy had been sent in a great hurry for some narrow black elastic, and Mr. Mulready did not have another chance of a word with his daughters. It seemed as though Fate had taken the affair in hand. It would be a pity to disappoint the poor thing, and on such a lovely day, too. But would it be right to ride with her alone? He tried to quiet his scruples by remembering the innocence of his intentions and the number of years that he had been a respectable widower. Yet in a small town one cannot be too careful; and he would be sorry to compromise a nymph. Besides, it would be dull work for her, riding through the spring lanes with such an old fogey as he; she would enjoy herself more when the girls could come too.

Just before closing time Miss Cave approached him.

‘Would it be as convenient, Mr. Mulready, if we don’t start till about five? Mother wants me to help with the ironing.’

He would have spoken then, but suddenly she raised her eyes and said, 'I am looking forward to it so much.'

No, he could not make difficulties now. After that stint of ironing, the hot room, the heavy sheets to handle and fold, a bicycle ride would be just what she needed.

It was after five when they set out.

'Where shall we go, Miss Cave? Is there anywhere you specially fancy?'

'I should like to go —' she had a low voice and spoke with a curious slight lisp, her speech seeming as it were to rustle — 'I should like to go by Glastonbury to that wood called Merley Wood.'

'It's rather a rough road, you know. Have you been there before?'

'No. But I've heard of it; and I have often wanted to go there.'

He knew the wood she spoke of; that is, he had often passed below it, had heard it murmuring aloofly to itself, had seen the long shadow it stretched down to the road. He was not a fearful man; yet for some reason he did not much care to pass Merley Wood toward dusk. It gave him an uneasy feeling in his back, and he had once declared in the safety of jest that he would n't walk through it — no, not for a five-pound note. But if Miss Cave wanted to go there, that was another matter. When one has a nymph vouchsafed one for a whole evening one does not boggle over details. He was extremely happy and excited at the thought of such a shy and rare being becoming his companion. Now he would really be able to watch, to discover, to make sure of her — or, rather, of the nymph idea she represented for him. Whatever she did or said would be, he felt sure, the right, the revealing thing. He had already a general idea how a nymph would behave: she would be rather quiet, and take a great interest in flowers.

Yet when Miss Cave, riding ahead of him, suddenly jumped off her bicycle, he cried out, 'Is it a puncture?'

She did not answer. It seemed that she had not heard him. She stood looking into the hedge and smiling at whatever it was she saw there.

'White violets,' she said softly. And then she smiled again, and gently nodded her head, as though between them and her there were some especial understanding. Mr. Mulready also nodded — nodded in approval. Yes, it was just as it should be; a nymph would certainly behave thus. It was a pretty sight, and he hoped she would do it again.

She did, jumping off her bicycle, as other people jump off when they see a friend, to greet a flicker of wind-flowers in an ash coppice, a new growth of Queen Anne's lace, — very light and feathery, yet eminently vigorous with the thrusting strength of its sappy green stems, — a handful of wild white hyacinths which some child must have gathered and then thrown down in the road to die. But these she took up without any word at all, and for a moment she looked almost severe as she considered them, drooping limply and exhaling their heavy smell of sweet-ness and untimely death, before she laid them among the grasses at the side of the road.

'It's a thing I don't like at all,' said Mr. Mulready; 'picking flowers just to throw down.'

'No more don't I!'

He was surprised at the passion in her voice. He had never heard her speak so vehemently — nor, it occurred to him, in such a rustic way. But in a moment she was her ordinary self again, had mounted her bicycle and was pedaling on before him with her white thread gloves on the handle-bars. She rode very fast for a girl of her build. He had quite an ado to

keep up with her, and by the time they reached Merley Wood he was hot, and glad of a respite.

### III

They ran their machines into the field below the wood and laid them down under a group of blossoming thorns. A blackthorn hedge straggled up the slope toward the wood; the blossom was beginning to go over, and drifts of tarnished snow lay under the bushes. But in the shadow of the wood, where the sun had not penetrated, the thorn trees were at the perfection of their bloom. They were very old trees, gnarled, and tufted with greenish-gray moss, dry and dead-colored. It did not seem possible that those angular boughs should have put out the lace-work of milky blossoms, each a blunt star, each with its little pointed pink star within it. It seemed rather as though light had rested upon the dead boughs and turned into blossom.

Behind this flowery rampart the wood rose up — sycamore, and sad spruce, and larches sighing and swaying their young green overhead. It was certainly a mournful wood, but Mr. Mulready could not now imagine why he had thought it to be a frightening one. Now that he was within it, walking about with Miss Cave, he thought of it as a gentle place. Presently they sat down side by side, and, having sat a little while, lay back, as everyone does, sooner or later, in a wood, to stare up at the tree tops waving so high above them.

Mr. Mulready watched till he began to feel a trifle sick. He sat up again, and as he did so it occurred to him that he had come out this evening to watch, not larches, but a nymph. And this was a good moment to begin; for she lay staring upward as though she had forgotten his presence — he could look

as much as he pleased without being ill-mannered.

First, then, how slender she was, and how supple; for she lay among the wood sorrel as though lying on the ground could never make her stiff, could never give her rheumatism. And next? What struck him next? Her pallor — she was as white as the thorn blossom. But down here at the foot of the trees the light was dim and watery, as if it floated down to them through still, shadowed water. That was why she looked so pale. No real woman had naturally such a moonlight look.

And then? Her hair, which he saw now was not black, as he had believed, but the color of very dark earth? Her eyes, which were a bright, spangled hazel? Her wide, thin mouth; the line of her jaw, traveling from the small chin to an ear which was quite as fine as Miss Perceval's? He noticed all these things, but he knew that there was something else, something more significant than any of these. Of course. Her silence. For, except for that one outburst over the wild hyacinths, she had scarcely put two words together during the whole evening. Yet you would n't call her uncompanionable. When he had spoken she had answered him, though not in words, now he came to think of it; but assenting with sighs of contentment, and acquiescent murmurs, and even little grunts — matching her speech, as it were, to that of the whispering and faintly creaking trees around them.

How still she lay! He could hear her light breathing among the sounds of the breathing wood. Had it not been for her eyes, still open and fixed upon the tree tops, he would have said she slept.

Outside the wood, among the thorns, a blackbird had begun his vespers; and the rays of the sun slanted in and turned the larch stems pink. Time was getting on; they should soon be

thinking of the ride home. When she woke, when she came out of her waking dream, he would take out his watch tactfully.

But suddenly she turned to him, saying, 'I am so happy here.'

One could n't answer that by taking out one's watch: it would n't be manners.

He made a nice reply — hoped they might have another ride soon. A second blackbird was answering the first from the farther side of the wood. Their voices traveled through the solitary still dusk where these two sat, unguessed-at and secluded as though they lay at the bottom of a shadowy pool.

'Listen to those two chaps,' said Mr. Mulready. 'There's singing for you! Are you fond of music?'

'I'm afraid not. At least, I don't care for the piano.'

He wondered if he should tell her how a phrase from a piece of music had brought them here together. But perhaps she would n't understand, for he was a poor hand at explanations; and perhaps it might wound her feelings if it came out that he had invited her for such a queer reason.

'Thy nymph is light and shadow-like.' He began to hum to himself, softly and strayingly. Music has a different meaning, a different beauty, out of doors.

#### IV

The sun had faded out of the wood, the stems of the larches were grown silvery, the wood sorrel they lay upon lost all earthly color, became gray, became almost black. The smell of the thorn blossom drifted into the wood. Every moment it became more intense and more searching, as though it were the smell of the moonlight.

The nymph sat up and looked about her. She put her hands to her forehead

as though to wipe away a dream. Then, shaking her head, she rose and began to walk out of the wood. Mr. Mulready picked up her hat and gloves and followed her. When he came to the edge of the wood he caught his breath and started. The thorn blossom shone so in the moonlight that it looked unearthly. The landscape lay before him, undulating to the horizon in swaths of gray and silver like the swaths of mown hay. Down in the field he could see the two bicycles. Their spokes glittered in the moonlight. The dew was falling, and they would be rusted.

He began to descend the slope, but stopped again; for the nymph delayed. She had turned back toward the thorn trees at the edge of the wood. She stood beside them, quite still, gazing at them as she had gazed at the white violets, earlier in the day — gazing as though, rather than seeing them, she were listening to them. Now she began to walk toward them, very slowly. She put out her hands. He thought that she was going to break off a spray, and, remembering the country belief that whoever takes home blackthorn blossom carries death into the house, he had a confused idea that he must call to her, warn her, tell her not to. And then in a moment she had disappeared.

He saw it happen, but he could not believe his eyes. He told himself that she must have slipped round to the other side of the brake, and as he ran back across the dewy grass he kept on saying, 'Oh no, oh no! It can't be! It can't!'

But though he called, and searched, and fought his way into the strong mass of the thorn thicket, frantically believing that she had got in somehow and fallen there in a faint, there was no sign of her. She was gone. With his own eyes he had seen her vanish.

Breathless, and scratched all over,

and trembling, at last he sat down on the grass; and, covering his eyes with his bleeding hands, he began to whimper like a lost child. But it was she — she who was lost! And as he abandoned his mind to an acceptance of what had happened he began to forecast in a confused terror all the things that would happen next: a scandal, nobody believing him; Edna's mother weeping and wailing, and perhaps bringing an action; his customers leaving him;

his daughters disgraced and turning from him; misery, shame, ruin! The scent from the thorn trees flowed out over him. He caught hold of a branch and clasped it in his arms, awkwardly, as though he would embrace it. The thorns ran into his flesh and the petals slipped floating down on to the ground. 'Oh, come back, come back!' he implored. But there was no answer, no sound, except the nightingales singing in the wood.

## PRISON MUSIC

BY HOMER HENLEY

### I

SHORTLY after the San Francisco fire and earthquake, the State of California created a new department in one of the two reform schools in the state — a department for the teaching of singing. The department was to be an experiment. Its object was to find out whether vocal music could have a reforming effect on the young criminal. I was appointed to conduct this experiment.

As an experienced concert singer, vocal instructor, and choral director, I was expected to teach five hundred boy criminals the elements and meaning of song, and to form, if possible, a body among them capable of partsinging in harmony. For two years I spent two days of each week at the reform school.

The superintendent introduced me to the boys one Sunday afternoon, at chapel service. They were dressed in gray trousers with a black stripe, soft

shirts, and postmen's caps, and they ranged in years from fourteen to thirty-five. The older ones had been sent to the reform school through political influence to escape the rigors of state's prison. Their scale of height began at about four feet seven and climbed to six feet three. Some were misshapen; some were superbly formed. Some had heads like sugar loaves; others were conspicuous for hydrocephalous front; still others had no back of the head at all — just a straight line. Some had 'cauliflower' ears and undershot jaws. Some had short teeth. Many had the typical pale silver eye of the criminal. There were negroes and Spaniards and Mexicans, French, Italians, Danes, Germans, and Russians, English and Welsh and Jews, a Chinese and two Japanese, and a Mormon from Salt Lake City. They were segregated into 'companies' according to height alone. Thus a tall lad of seventeen years, whose only transgression was violation of the curfew law of his home town by

staying out of doors after nine o'clock at night, was placed in a company of hardened, mature criminals, owing simply to the accident of his stature.

The boys looked me over. I was a tall, thin, wide-shouldered man with a pince-nez, 'dressed like a dude,' as some of the boys told me afterward. The pince-nez drew a broadside of grins and smothered snorts. For my part, I saw as choice a collection of young criminality as could probably be found anywhere, favoring me with a regard compounded of truculence and a sardonic humor that was not all mirth. But, if I was dismayed, I was not going to show it, as I had made up my mind that the experiment should be a success. I had read a lot about criminology, and had Lombroso and Hollander and Havelock Ellis and Ferri and Aschaffenburg and a host of others at my finger tips, and I was sincerely interested in the experiment.

My first duty was to try the voice of every boy in the school, and the trials took place in the great assembly hall. After trying two or three voices in the presence of all the other boys, I saw that I must find another plan. The tests must not be made an opportunity for uproarious mirth at the expense of the singers. So I had the room cleared and received only one boy at a time in the otherwise empty hall.

I now put into practice a device which I had long used in my private teaching, and which, so far as I know, was peculiarly my own. It was this. I sat on a low seat at the piano, my body turned sideways. The young criminal stood above me and rather close. I asked him to sing *ah* on one note only, striking the note loudly and singing the *ah* myself to encourage him. The thing being novel to him, he watched my mouth attentively (for curiosity is one of the strongest traits of the criminal make-up), and when he

started to sing his own *ah* he still watched my mouth to see if he were properly following the pattern. At that instant I smiled broadly. With the involuntary reflex action of unconscious imitation, his mouth also formed itself into the mechanical position of a smile. Startled at this new sensation, his eyes leaped to mine and found another smile there, the heartiest I could summon. And in that instant I won a genuine and sincere smile from the boy. The most hardened and 'hard-boiled' succumbed to the formula as malleably as the others. I met only one failure in the five hundred tests. That smile, together with a good, deep look, laid the foundation of my success in the school.

I selected one hundred and fifty boys whose voices I thought good enough for my purpose. (I found no exceptional voices either then or later, as the criminal is a defective and rarely exhibits a talent or gift to be counted as truly extraordinary.) We met in the large assembly hall, and armed guards sat about the walls. This meant compelling the obedience of the prisoners to my wishes through fear of consequences. I saw in the first two meetings that this condition must be changed if I were to make any real headway with the boys, and I asked permission of the superintendent to drill my chorus without the presence of the guards. He said I might try it.

It seemed fitting next to hold a little talk with my hundred and fifty. I learned that the school body was divided into two main parties — the 'round guys' and the 'square guys.' The square guys were those rebellious spirits arrayed against the school law and all law. They comprised 95 per cent of the five hundred inmates. The round guys curried favor with the institution officers by 'snitching,' or tale-bearing. They pretended to be loyal

square guys, and were seldom found out. The square guys hated them with every hatred known in Hell.

The reform school was ruled by three of the inmates, called 'kings,' who controlled the internal life of the prison with deadly finality. The officers of the school believed their own rules to be the law of the young criminals they guarded; but the mainsprings of action and volition of the five hundred lay in the hands of the three kings. Their 'monikers' (professional names) were Fish-Mouth Hogan, Frisco Fat, and the Cincy Kid. It was of the first importance to win these three kings to my side, and one day I had a private talk with them, not wholly unlike the talk I gave the hundred and fifty. I won them. How, I do not know, nor can I remember just what I said; but I won them.

With the help, unobtrusive but powerful, of the three kings, I taught that school of criminals to sing. I taught them the slow, deep breathing of the great singers. I taught them to realize the meaning of the words they sang as well as that of the music, and to sing them with feeling; I taught them to count time and to read music at sight.

Then I began to organize my chorus. Not one of the boys knew a note of music, and not one of them knew anything whatsoever about singing. Yet in a little over six months they were able to sing such music as 'The Soldiers' Chorus' from *Faust*; John Hyatt Brewer's arrangement of 'The Lost Chord'; Arthur Sullivan's 'The Long Day Closes'; Dudley Buck's harmonization, in contrary motion, of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep'; 'The Heart Bowed Down'; and eight other numbers, in perfect harmony, time, and tune. I also selected a semichorus of thirty-six voices which sang the same things and a few others, in a style

creditable to an organization of greater pretensions.

And they loved it!

We devoted a half hour weekly to popular sentimental songs and jazz songs; and at the end of the third month the boys voluntarily asked that the 'cheap stuff' be cut out. They knew all about that 'hokum.' All the underworld sang that stuff. But the choral music was different; they could not express the difference they felt in it, but they knew that they liked it better. It was not the words that caught them; it was the music. They could be heard singing and whistling the choral music all the rest of the week during my absence, so the officers told me.

## II

These boys became my friends as I tried to be their friend. As the terms of some of them expired I did my little best to help them in the world outside. News of these efforts came back to the school on the lips of the newcomers who flowed in constantly. (This constant fluctuation caused more than a thousand young criminals to pass through my hands.) I became of good report. And I was adopted by my boys as much as anyone not of their world could be adopted. I talked to them at odd times, trying to win my way inside their mental barriers. 'Look here, fellows, why do you keep on with this stuff after you get out of here? Don't you know you can't get away with it? Don't you know that you are bound to end up in the Big House [state's prison]? Why do you do it, anyhow?'

Sheepish grins. Silence.

'Is it because of the excitement you get out of it?'

'Sure! That's it, Professor!' Lying cordially.

No. That door was closed. They could not have told me if they had

wanted to, any more than a wolf can tell a man why he loves fresh blood.

But not all the prisoners in this reform school were criminals. Many of them were boys from good families, who had been sent to the institution for the most trivial offenses. A boy was generally committed to the school until he was twenty-one years of age. Thus, if a boy of sixteen was sentenced for that standard term, he had to remain in the closest possible contact with calloused criminals of the most dangerous type for five years. And this generally meant, in the majority of cases, that the innocent newcomer became as 'tough' a citizen as any of the others.

This was due to the standards of those in the boy's new environment. The criminal is a hero worshiper, but his hero must be measured by the standards that compel respect in the criminal mind. In the social world, physical courage is generally the hall mark of the hero. In the criminal world, it is not; for the majority of criminals are cowardly at heart, as is sufficiently exemplified by the manner and character of their procedure. Many of them have brute courage of a sort, but it lacks the twin fibre of moral courage which more often complements the physical courage of social man. And it is probably this lack which causes the criminal to hold physical courage in negligible esteem. No. His standards are of a different sort. The greater the criminal deed, the greater the hero who commits it.

The murderer is first. King of the underworld, set apart in a strange aura, he moves aloof, silent, amid whispers, furtive glances, and cringing treachery. The 'big-job' cracksman is next. Then the hold-up man, the burglar, and so on down to the humble 'dip,' or pickpocket. But the standard of desperate deeds is ever before the mental eye of every criminal. He is always ambitious.

He dreams by night of feats which shall place him high in the estimation of his world. By day his thoughts and his talk revolve about little else. Fame is the criminal's only ambition — fame among his fellows. Wealth means nothing to him; nor do any of the other rewards which inspire social man. But the great criminal deed! For this he lives, and for this he would die, if it were not for that inconvenient lack of moral fibre. And the criminal's standard never changes. It has never changed in all history.

But the standards of social man sometimes do change. And so the innocent boy who comes fresh from a sheltered home to the poisoned air of this new association is almost invariably changed by it. When he emerges again to freedom, he joins the underworld. Such a boy might be termed a 'made' criminal.

Born criminals, or boys and men who had grown up in the criminal atmosphere, environment, and thought from early youth, formed the bulk of the prisoners in this particular reform school. I am perfectly aware that Aschaffenburg and Sernoff and Baer and many others vehemently deny the contention of Lombroso and his school that criminals are born, or that heredity has any place in the study of crime. These questions have never been settled. Yet I found some of the Lombroso stigmata present in nearly every boy with a criminal record — the prognathous jaw, the pale eye, the bulging forehead, the outstanding ears, the scanty beard, the short teeth and the long gums. Lombroso says that all these stigmata must be present in one person to prove the criminal type; but any experienced officer will tell you to look out for the fellow who has one or two of them.

An interesting point for the criminologist, just here, is the experience I

had in regard to malformation of the roof of the mouth. Some alienists and criminologists claim that defective dentition in early youth makes for a malformed change in the shape of the roof of the mouth, and a consequent abnormal pressure on the brain space; and they believe that this pressure is responsible for criminal motivation. However that may be, I was interested in the theory, and took occasion to examine the vault of each prisoner's mouth as I tried his voice. A majority of the mouths were malformed, showing the most grotesque and shocking distortions. But the point is this: some years later I took charge of the singing at a branch of the state university, where I had to try the voices of some two thousand youths of normal parentage and environment, and I found not a dozen malformed buccal arches in the whole number!

### III

When I had learned this much about a strangely complex situation, I was not long in perceiving the necessity of learning more if I hoped to make a complete success of this unique experiment. First and most important, I became conscious of a barrier of secret understanding existing among the entire body of the criminal inmates. Everyone outside that barrier was thereby thrust away to some nethermost pole, to an antipode so distant that the gulf could never be bridged. It was not a clannish or a class distinction, as might perhaps exist between the working and the leisured classes; or a group distinction, as among taxi drivers or I. W. W.'s; or a distinction between races — Americans and Chinese, for example. It was something more than that. It was a deeper rift, I found, than between any other two aspects of human relationship. It was

more like the separation that lies between man and the other animals. A man cannot think as a cat thinks, or as a wolf thinks; and between the criminal mind and the mind that functions under the laws of civilization there has always been and is to-day a separation as distinct as that between a man's thoughts and the thoughts of a wolf. And it is because of this fixed mental separation that all society's efforts to bridge the gulf have failed.

There are many who would resent such a statement. They would point to the work being done in prisons by ministers, by the churches, by the laity; to the charities; to the well-organized work outside the prisons when the criminal has been released, and has, supposedly, entered on a new and better life; to the juvenile courts; to the welfare societies; to every branch of endeavor that has for its object the reclaiming of the criminal. And one cannot decry these efforts, for they are founded, it must be believed, upon sincere and well-meaning motives. Nevertheless they do not, unfortunately, answer the question, 'Is the criminal reformed?' in the affirmative. There can be but one answer; there never has been but one answer. The criminal is *not* reformed. Punishment has never deterred crime, nor moved the phlegm of the criminal. Kindness and consideration may move him emotionally, as the murderer in the theatre gallery hisses the villain and sobs when the heroine is driven out into the snowstorm; but emotion does not cure him of the urge to commit more crime, any more than it prevents the murderer from going forth and again taking human life.

Religion has done its best by crime, but a pathetically ineffective best it has been. Crime is to-day as it was on the day that society was established to control it. The criminal still follows

with joy the mysterious voices within. If there is hope for an amelioration of crime through breaking down the barriers between social man and the unsocial criminal, then the first and most important step must be for the social man to face the facts as they are, and to cease glozing over the social ulcer. The point which must be understood is that what is done inside the prison toward reformation is futile unless the criminal changes his life after he has left the prison.

The reform school does not reform. It teaches useful trades—tailoring, shoemaking, brickmaking and masonry, carpentry, blacksmithing, mechanics, band-instrument playing—and gives the boys common-school education. Very often its officers are kind, and have perhaps evolved little systems of helpfulness and fair dealing in their relation to the inmates. Ministers and social-service workers expend their most devoted and untiring labors here, year in and year out. Systems of self-government have been tried, and physical punishment has been tried.

The measure of all reformatory efforts is the measure of the criminal's conduct after he has left the prison. It is difficult to keep a record of that conduct, for the criminal tries to cover his trail from the prison doors. His main desire is to escape notice until he is safely back among his kind. Even then he trusts no one, for criminals are notable informers. Generally he seeks new fields and new companionship. And it is because of this that statistical data on the individual criminal after he has been released from prison must of necessity be meagre. The statistical limit for tracing his movements is three years.

I went about the school, into the carpenter shop, the tailor shop, the shoemaker's shop, into the brickyard,

the blacksmith's shop, the electrician's shop, and the band room. I talked with the officers of these departments and I talked to the imprisoned workmen. Some of the officers had theories—one favored rewards, another favored punishments. One officer had been nicknamed 'Fifty' by his squad of workers, because he gave fifty demerits for any infraction of rules, where other officers gave but ten. (In the rules of the school, ten credits or demerits stood for one full day added to or subtracted from a prisoner's term of confinement.) This officer believed in punishing infrequently, but making it jolt when he did punish. Other officers believed in greater degrees of tolerance. Still others believed in the 'paddle' as the only sure means of enforcing discipline.

The paddle is like a tennis racket in shape, but longer. The oval, a solid piece of leather half an inch thick, is allowed to soak in water until it becomes like iron. Its first stroke brings the blood roaring to the surface; the second or third starts the skin; the fourth takes it off. With the sixth and seventh the flesh begins to give way in little lumps. Fainting spells generally follow the tenth stroke. After the first faint, a bucket of water used to be dashed over the victim, and the paddling continued until his spirit was broken. I was told that some boys had received over one hundred strokes—and spent weeks in the hospital afterward.

I do not know whether paddling is an illegal procedure; I do know, however, that it was most cautiously referred to by the officers, who seemed to be fearful of losing their positions if they were quoted as admitting that the punishment existed. That it did exist I did not positively know for some time, although I was morally certain of its practice through the guarded talk of

the officers and the entirely frank accounts of it by the boys in my class, many of whom had undergone its rigors. It was not until the second of the two superintendents under whom I served had taken office that I actually witnessed a paddling. The affair took place in a sort of subcellar whence no sound could penetrate. The paddle was wielded by a powerful officer, who swung the thing with both hands like a baseball bat.

Some officers took the law literally into their own hands and 'beat up' their charges. One day one of my singers came into my class after several weeks' absence. He was one of the three kings of the school. His eyes peered painfully out of a purple mask (it was no longer a face), every feature beaten flat. Tears came to my eyes when I looked at that pitiable sight.

The prisoners were hard to handle. All prisoners are. Cut off from liberty, sex, drink, dope, tobacco, and amusements, man quickly throws back to the savage. He becomes sullen and dangerous. He broods over the slightest fancied wrong. Finally he strikes back. Then punishment of some sort must follow if discipline is to be maintained; and maintained it must be among criminals. Yet I gave not one demerit, nor did I have a single boy punished during the twenty-two months I spent at that school. It was not wholly that I was liked by the boys. Other officers were liked fully as much. Why was it, then? Frankly, I was never able to understand the reason.

Whatever it was, its effect came out notably in one instance. After a year's drilling of these boys I broached to the superintendent the idea of taking my chorus to Sacramento to sing at the yearly State Fair. I had expected an explosion, but, owing possibly to my success in being left alone with my hundred and fifty prisoners every week

for so long a period, he merely remarked that my idea was impossible. He pointed out that the fixed idea of every prisoner in the institution was to escape; all other thoughts were swallowed up in that — day and night they planned for it. To take one hundred and fifty prisoners many miles by train to open grounds in a public exhibition park, to house them precariously in tents overnight, where there was little to prevent their escaping, seemed indeed an absurd project.

But we went. And we sang. And it was capital singing, too. We made a tremendous hit.

How was it done? The three kings did it for me.

I had called them into conference before my talk with the superintendent and had asked their advice and help. They assured me that the plan could be carried out, solely on account of the rule of fear which they exercised over every prisoner in the school. That their confidence in their power was justified, the result showed plainly enough.

One incident of the journey will illustrate how thorough and far-reaching that power really was. The chorus traveled in a special car. It was hot, and I had discarded my coat and waistcoat. Like every smoker who 'rolled his own,' I carried my sack of tobacco in a back pocket of my trousers, with the string and round tag of the sack hanging out of the pocket. Presently I missed my tobacco. I was not going to say anything about it, as I was far from grudging the boys a chance to smoke. But one of the kings had seen me reach for the tobacco, and noticed that my hand came back empty. Instantly he asked me, with some appearance of anxiety, if I had lost my tobacco. When I told him I had, he explained that it must be recovered at once, as it would permanently undermine the authority of the

three kings to allow a thief to go unscathed on this journey. He asked me to turn my back and look out of the window. I did so, and in less than two minutes the sack of tobacco was in my hands. How the magic was worked I could not pretend to say; but the great point was this: its power was enough to overcome one of the strongest impulses in the breasts of these wild, unruly spirits. Every one of those hundred and fifty prisoners came back to the reform school the next day without one attempt at escape.

#### IV

The young criminal of to-day is in every essential the counterpart of the young criminal of sixteen years ago, when my work in the California reform school came to an end. Whatever conditions applied to the men and boys with whom I dealt at that time, and whatever conditions have applied to those men and boys since that time, will just as fitly apply to the young criminal of to-day.

Since I left that school there have been, so far as I have been able to learn, less than 10 per cent of my singing criminals who have got into trouble again — that is, who have committed crime and been sentenced to prison for it.

On the other hand, during those sixteen years I have had letters innumerable from these boys (long after the three-year statistical tracing limit),

telling of honest, useful lives in jobs here and there all over the country. I have met these boys by the score on the street, on the automobile highway, on trains, in theatres, on street cars, on ocean liners; I even encountered some of them in London and others in Paris. All whom I met had led the plain, uneventful life of the honest social man. Each told me news of scores of others of whom I had lost track. They were scattered all over the world — in Texas, Maine, Florida, New York, in Canada, France, Germany, South America, Africa. They were all 'out' (not in jail). They had nearly all been out ever since they had left the reform school where I taught them to sing. Scores of others have come to see me over the years, just in friendship, and to tell me of other plain, uneventful lives.

But since they had left that California reform school, 90 per cent of those erstwhile criminals had been *singing!* Some of them sang in cafés; some of them in vaudeville; some few in churches; most of them only in their homes and in their families (for many of them now have families); but they had all been singing somewhere. And they had not gone back to criminality or to prison for sixteen years.

Is there the germ of an idea in this account of the experiment in a California reform school? If there is, might it not deserve a measure of consideration in the task of solving the problem of youthful criminality?

## LET ME READ SENECA

LET me read Seneca and learn again  
The Roman manner in the face of death.  
Here is the Stoic anodyne for pain  
Sharp as the wind's edge or the indrawn breath  
Of a hurt child that sees all manhood gone  
With flooding memory of the thing denied.  
This is the road all men have journeyed on  
From Socrates to Jesus crucified.

But I am woman, of no heroic mould.  
Marcus Aurelius is a weary land,  
And Bernard's love of God has left me cold  
With passionless fear, who would have laid my hand  
For comfort on the desolate bright head  
Of Lucrece weeping on her marriage bed.

HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

## BEHIND THE GERMAN FRONT

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

### I

DEEP is the gulf between history and historic truth, and perhaps never more so than in books dealing with military history. If one reason is that they are usually written by soldiers untrained as historians, and another that there is frequently some personal link, whether of acquaintance or tradition, between author and subject, a deeper reason lies in a habit of mind. For the soldier, 'My country,' right or wrong, must be the watchword. And this essential loyalty, whether it be to a country, to a regiment, or to comrades, is so ingrained in him that when he passes from action to reflection it is difficult for him to acquire instead the historian's single-minded loyalty to truth.

Not that the most impartial historian is ever likely to attain truth in its entirety; but he is likely to approach it more closely if he has this single direction point. For the historian loyal to his calling it would be impossible to put forward the suggestion, such as one has heard from distinguished participants in the last war, that certain episodes might 'best be glossed over' in war histories. Yet these officers were men of indisputable honor, and quite unconscious that they were sinning, not only against the interests of their country's future, but against truth, the essential foundation for honor.

But in military history there are extenuating circumstances. For the soldier who has had experience of war knows that the reality is so utterly

different from the customary account that he may well shrink from being a pioneer in bridging the gap. He knows so well the strain on, and the frailty of, human nature, his own included, that he is inclined toward charity. These influences operate most strongly on the regimental or divisional history, whose values become mainly as a line of pegs on which to hang memories, but as history are small.

There is a better chance of historical truth at the two extremes formed by the general history and the war diary of an individual. With the general history of a campaign the defect is that, if based exclusively on a comparison of the documents, it will miss truth, not only because such documents are often written with an eye on the subsequent historical student, but because orders and instructions are 'soulless.' They betray little or no hint of the discussion from which and the personal atmosphere in which the decisions recorded in them were produced. And they are so filled with the physical details of strengths, moves, and objectives that they obscure the psychological factors which, in Napoleon's phrase, are really 'as three to one.'

The best corrective comes from individual diaries or memoirs. These fall normally into two classes. One class comes from the responsible leaders who wish to explain or to justify their conduct. Such personal records are usually written up or revised after war, and their defect is that the authors inevitably have too close a personal

interest in the verdict to be impartial and cannot help tending to color the picture accordingly.

The other class comes from those who served and saw the effects without being handicapped in recording them by responsibility for the causes. Unfortunately the bulk of this class is contributed by individuals who are only concerned with their personal experience and that of their own circle, and not with the military aspect. We have had an abundance of impressions in diary or novel form, but very few which are valuable to the military history of the war — perhaps because few have come from men who were soldiers by training and instinct. On our side, indeed, there is nothing to equal Mercer's *Journal of the Waterloo Campaign*, which shrinks from neither criticism nor realism. But on the side of our late enemies a book has recently been published which gives the day-to-day impressions of a German poet and novelist, Rudolf Binding, who was also a trained soldier, beginning the war in command of a cavalry troop and subsequently filling various divisional staff posts. The German may 'gloss over' the truth in writing official histories, but, less reticent by nature than ourselves, has a passion for unburdening his soul to his diary, as our Intelligence found to its profit in the war.

In this case the author, being a poet, has been too wise to mar the literary quality of his impressions by revision. As the preface says, they 'resist any effort to work them up, to collate or elaborate them. In recognition of their documentary value, and to conserve their spontaneity, they have not been altered from the form in which they were originally written during the war.' Hence the military historical value of the book. But it has a threefold claim to immortality. As a picture of men at war it is one of the most

vivid and realistic books yet published, even though the scene and atmosphere are drawn from the angle of a divisional headquarters close up to the front rather than from actually inside the trenches. Binding has the imagination and the insight to span this gap, and his very detachment enables him to take a larger view. The defect of most of the loudly acclaimed war novels is that they focus attention too straitly on one small group of people in one small group of circumstances. The great war novel, so long sought, will assuredly weave all grades of experience into the narrative, from the private soldier in the trenches to the supreme commander at general headquarters and the statesman in the cabinet. One of the first books to attempt this in a measure was *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*.

## II

A second value of Binding's book lies in its critical judgments on the nature of war and the course of the Great War. One is struck by the parallel with C. E. Montague in its wideness and calmness of view and its acuteness of military criticism. These qualities are all the more notable because this is not a book written after the war, but consists of unaltered extracts from the author's war letters and diaries. His prophetic vision is often startling, while the dispassionate balance he preserved in those days of passion and lies is almost miraculous.

The third value of the book is the light it sheds on the history of the war. I would sacrifice a ton of self-styled histories for such a book. And so illuminating is this aspect that to it one must here sacrifice the pleasure of bringing out its qualities as a brilliant yet profound contribution to literature. In the move through Belgium toward

the Yser and Ypres, Binding writes on October 21, 1914:—

‘Baptism of fire for three days of all sorts. We are up against English and French troops. A very tough fight, because, although we outnumber them, we are hampered by the lack of planes. So the gun positions cannot be spotted and we have to endure their fire without replying to it. . . . Great confusion. Supplies already broken down. We are so hungry that we pinch everything we can see.’

On October 25: ‘There is nothing to be done with cavalry here at present. We are lying much too far up, and it is pure luck that we have not been badly knocked about.’ And on the twenty-seventh: ‘The battle, which has lasted nine times twenty-four hours without effecting a decision, has immobilized both fronts close to one another. Now forces will be massed for the attack. Our army has Ypres as its objective. There is no doubt that the English and French troops would already have been beaten by trained troops. But these young fellows we have, only just trained, are too helpless, particularly when the officers have been killed. Our light infantry battalion, almost all Marburg students, the best troops we have as regards musketry, have suffered terribly from enemy shell fire. In the next division, just such young souls, the intellectual flower of Germany, went singing into an attack on Langemarck, just as vain and just as costly.’

At the end of the month, when the battle strain appeared from the other side to be almost beyond endurance and the British front was held by a terribly frayed and thin line of troops, Binding writes:—

‘It is the thirteenth day of uninterrupted fighting at the same place. It was only on the first two days that we had something to show for our daily losses — indeed, it seems to be the case

along the whole line from Belfort to the sea. I can see no strategy in this manner of conducting operations. Each of the countless divisions, like ours, is allotted a definite sector. It has to be held without consideration for the character of the ground and the inner strength of the troops, and is held to the point of senselessness. This, of course, ensures the continuity of the front, but . . . means that all the divisions are really doing nothing besides keeping their direction. . . .

‘This leaving the lie of the country out of consideration and not considering the quality of the troops both show themselves in our divisions. The country is difficult, and was not properly reconnoitred beforehand as it should have been. The troops themselves are young and are overcome by the first too powerful impression.’

These are curious side lights on that ‘perfect war machine,’ the German Army. And with prophetic insight Binding sums up:—

‘I don’t call it a success when a trench, a few hundred prisoners, are taken. They have always cost more blood than they are worth. The war has got stuck in a gigantic siege on both sides. The whole front is one endless fortified trench.’

Ten days later he reflects:—

‘War is a strange business. No one has really known it, and its methods of teaching are cruel, rough, and primitive. Human methods seem clumsy and foolish — in fact, offensively theatrical — compared with them. I can see in front of me the general who commands one of our brigades. He received a report that a small garrison was holding us up and firing busily from the White Château — any old shed, the simplest kind of house, as long as it is not a peasant’s habitation, is called a château here. He raised his arm with the gesture of a great com-

mander and cried from his horse, pointing forward like a conqueror of the world, "Lay fire to the castle!" which seemed to settle the matter as far as he was concerned. He behaved in the same sensible manner — and thought he was doing the right thing, I am sure — when he was snowed under with reports, when his troops were having the hottest time, when they were in the most dire need of calm, clear orders . . . and he cried to his brigade major in a state of terrific excitement, "The horses, my dear L——! Come, let us fling ourselves into the battle!"

In the weeks which follow, Binding recurs frequently to the subject of leadership. One weakness of the German leading, all too well attested by post-war revelations, is indicated in this passage: —

'Unfortunately everyone does not seem possessed with patience. The corps and army commanders see that others in other parts have obtained tangible successes — so they thirst for laurels too. It is a human weakness, but they think it is a virtue not to lag behind the others, and they do not realize that this virtue must be paid for in blood.'

As we now know, this thirst for laurels, especially on the part of the princely commanders in Lorraine, did much to drain the original German advance in August 1914 of its vitality.

On November 27, writing at Passchendaele, that spot of later ill omen, as if its shadow had already cast itself three years before, Binding remarks: —

'For five weeks the newspapers have been saying that Ypres is to be the decision of this phase of the war at least. This may have been right a few weeks ago — but a decision depends also on the time taken to effect it. Now, this part of the front is losing the character of a decisive sector. . . . Generals and colonels are flirting with

the idea that to take the crossroads of Broodseinde may mean something in the history of the world. . . . This bickering over crossroads . . . is too small a job for an army; I should say that every man sacrificed at it, on whichever side, is wasted.'

He shows, however, that the losses were not all the fault of the leaders, and incidentally sheds light on the effectiveness of British musketry, when he complains of the men's habit of exposing themselves carelessly, not from contempt of death, but from 'lack of discipline,' in disregard of the most precise instructions.

His New Year reflections return to the question of generalship. 'Not one of the belligerent Powers or not one of their men has as yet developed a technique of modern war — unless it is Hindenburg. To impress one's particular stamp on a war — Napoleonic, Hannibalic, Moltke-esque, or Cæsarian — *that* would constitute a style. . . . Every blow of Hindenburg's army shows the impress of the same mark. One recognizes him in every one of his thrusts, as one might know a knight, close-visored, by the way he bears his lance.

'But whose style have we to show in the West? Of course I do not speak of the Germans alone. Neither have the French or the English produced a man who imprints his personality on the war. One cannot deny that the hedgehog shows a certain originality in his manner of self-defense — but one cannot discover any particular sign of genius.

'The French and English lack even that elementary and convincing quality which we showed at the beginning, in default of a style; at any rate, it was imposing.

'Our first advance had a style that could be perceived. But it seems probable that it was conceived and planned by one who is now dead, and

who is not on the spot to carry on the style.'

If Binding does not yet penetrate behind the mask of Hindenburg to perceive the mark of Ludendorff, which in turn, on the Eastern Front, bore the impress of that greater genius, Colonel Hoffmann, it is interesting that so early he should know, or guess, what the original German plan owed in conception to Schlieffen, and what it lost in execution by his death and replacement by the vacillating 'younger' Moltke. Moreover, he very early shatters the hollow façade of Mackensen, one of the last 'leaders' whom students of war among the Allies found out.

'The colossal staging of the big synchronized attacks in the Balkans makes one aware of a very superior intellect. To natures like that of Seeckt it is a matter of indifference if Mackensen is acclaimed by the multitude.'

### III

Later Binding was transferred for a brief while to the Russian front, and came in contact with Seeckt, now chief of staff to another dummy commander, the Archduke Charles. Personal experience heightens his high impression of this veiled but gifted figure who, when peace came, was to reconstruct the German army from the Imperial ruins. There also he met a young staff officer, Captain Geyer, from whose brain were to spring many of the tactical devices which carried the Germans repeatedly through the British and French fronts in 1918.

Always Binding is searching for the good, and is delighted to recognize it, but more often he finds evil and is equally prompt to expose it, his candor unaffected by any pseudo-patriotic or pseudo-idealistic bias.

'Now, does the individual think that

he fights for ideals? He only thinks so in the hours when he is not fighting; but when he is attacking . . . he has an elemental urge to get the other fellow . . . he strikes out so that the other will not strike; he does not flee because he is fighting in an unrighteous cause, he does not attack because his cause is just; he flees because he is the weaker, he conquers because he is the stronger or because his leader has made him feel the stronger. . . . And then: does not the war become senseless, discordant, mendacious, when peoples fight for so-called ideals? What is the sense of saying that one fights for *Kultur*? I do not fight for *Kultur* in the least, because I hold it to be nonsense to fight for *Kultur* with weapons in one's hands. I understand the stag who fights his rival for the right of the stronger to possess the doe. I understand the man who murders his enemy. I could even understand a fight for the joy of fighting. But it is not justifiable in the eyes of a thinking man to kill Englishmen, who have done me no harm, for the sake of *Kultur*, for Emperor or Empire (as a concept), and for national honor. Really, the savage who wonders why people make war and kill each other without wishing to eat each other is quite right.'

He shows how the subordinate staff in rear competed and intrigued for Iron Crosses, their clamor in contrast to the 'strangely silent folk among us. These are the men who have taken part in attacks and have lain under fire for hours and hours.' Reveling in the quiet beauty of Bruges, he is disgusted at the type of German officer who displays 'such a lack of understanding and reverence that I really feel happy to think that there is nothing of this kind in Halle or Bitterfeld, or wherever he may have come from.' He reveals how the Prussian leaders would rather sacrifice ability than give a Jew a com-

mission, and how the 'German N. C. O. does not know the difference between the use of influence and brutality. Whether he has to deal with a subordinate in his own capacity, or with the public in that of a policeman, or with a horse as its rider, does not matter—he illtreats it.'

Above all is his hatred of hypocrisy, from which springs his scathing contempt for the German middle classes and for whining appeals to the neutrals.

'How can one bear it, this German shriek for sympathy to America? "Look how cruel it is! England is trying to starve millions of women and children to death!" . . . As if we would not starve out all England in cold blood until the thinnest English miss fell through her skirts!'

He is the more scornful because this cry for sympathy is incongruously accompanied by the pretense that the blockade is doing no harm. His early insight into the economic factors is remarkable.

In April 1916, he takes the realistic view that 'our conduct must depend on consideration or decision whether we are heading for starvation or hunger. If they can starve us out, any continuation of the war is criminal folly. . . . If hunger is all that we have to face . . . the momentary impossibility of effecting a decision cannot justify us in throwing up the sponge.'

And earlier still he had made the prophetic remark: 'Perhaps wars may be won, perhaps this one may, by letters from home; I would rather not use the word "lost."'

The historian to-day appreciates more and more how Germany's starvation decided the war, and how 'letters from home' caused the decline of German military morale in 1918. With far less incentive, the tone of letters at a bad period of bread queues in

England caused G. H. Q. serious alarm over the fighting will of the troops.

In June 1916, Binding says: 'What thrills the men most in an undertaking is the prospect of loot. . . . A pot of English marmalade or a razor is more important to them than a British officer's notebook.' The moral effect of this inferiority of supplies is seen growing. 'We economize in material because we have to, whereas the enemy has enough and to spare.'

Binding had been quick to appreciate the effect of England's intervention. How different was his insight from that of the German leaders, and even some of the British, such as Sir Henry Wilson, on the value of 'Kitchener's armies.'

'What the English do they do well; they will make good soldiers. . . . I do not agree with those who ask contemptuously where they will find their officers and N. C. O.'s. They will all come — the rowing Blues, the leading lights of the cricket and football teams. . . . Are the Berlin police to be compared with the English police, although most of them are Prussian N. C. O.'s? The English policeman knows how to deal with masses; he handles them perfectly.'

And nearly two years later he writes of the campaign of 1916:—

'I believe that its main significance for the future, and especially for our future, will be that it has brought the realization of the power of the British Empire. . . . In contrast to the old Roman and German empires, in contrast to the Napoleonic conception, it is based on facts, not on an idea. It is so simple that it must be incomprehensible to us Germans. . . . It is questionable whether this power will last forever, but I believe that it will decide our fate.'

Because of this dispassionate realism, there is special significance in his

varying view at different periods on the quality of the British forces.

In the winter of 1915-16 the morale of the British troops is pictured as being high, even though Binding is badly impressed with the physique of some of the city-bred prisoners compared with 'the first regular troops that we fought against in 1914. . . . The officer contrasted favorably with his men.'

In the first fortnight of the Somme battle, July 1916, the quality of the English troops is considered 'superior to ours.' But the opinion falls six months later: 'The English shells are not too dangerous. We hardly even duck to them now, so many of them are duds. All is not well, either, with the enemy. But it appears that they are now using against us those monsters which can crawl anywhere over the deepest shell holes like great tortoises, and shoot at the infantry in the trenches from close to with machine guns and light cannon. These enormities approach in the dark over all obstacles and open fire in the morning on the garrison of the trenches before our guns can even find them.' The tanks evidently created an uncomfortable impression!

Then the success of the March withdrawal to the Hindenburg line brings about another change of atmosphere. The English 'seem to know everything, but cannot do anything serious to stop us. . . . It is an eternal shame to the English that this operation cost us no losses. It was a safe calculation to assume that the immensity of the facts would leave Sir Douglas Haig entirely without inspiration.' This calculation had apparently been inspired by reading 'Haig's report on the Somme battle. . . . It is almost deliberate and studied in its mediocrity . . . a dummy filled with sawdust, without any life, without any soul, without the least creative spirit.'

But the early days of the spring offensive at Arras bring renewed depression, and impression: 'On the whole I should not be surprised if the English, backed by an unused American army, came out on top at last. . . . If the German war correspondents find our troops marvelous, I don't know whether they have any experience of the English troops.' The Messines battle in June even brings a tribute to English leadership. But, as the Passchendaele struggle wears on, 'Tommy over yonder has lost some of his keenness.' The impression of British fighting power seems to wane thenceforward, and both then and in 1918 it is the incessant attacks from the air which seem, in Binding's record, to wear down the German spirit of resistance, far more than action on the ground.

#### IV

With confidence renewed, even 'unbounded,' the Germans came to deliver their great 1918 offensive. His testimony to this psychological condition of the German troops should be read in conjunction with his observations three years earlier: 'We have been attacking again; success nil; heavy losses. . . . The men see that they are not out for a big purpose, only for a trench; and they are no longer willing to sacrifice themselves for that.'

The dominant impression after the break-through is of the treasure revealed behind the English lines. 'Our cars now run on the best English rubber tires, we smoke none but English cigarettes, and plaster our boots with lovely English boot polish — all unheard-of things which belong to a fairyland of long ago.'

Binding meets an immaculate English brigade commander whom he calls 'General Dawson, an equerry to the King.' This is a mistake. The

brigadier general referred to was not the well-known Sir Douglas Dawson, but F. S. Dawson, commanding the South African Brigade, in the Ninth Division, who was one of the many A. D. C.'s to the King.

'The sight of all this English cloth and leather made me more conscious than ever of the shortcomings of my own outfit, and I felt an inward temptation to call out to him, "Kindly undress at once"; for a desire for an English general's equipment . . . had arisen in me, shameless and patent. . . . By way of being polite, I said with intention, "You have given us a lot of trouble. . . ." To which he replied: "Trouble! Why, we have been running for five days and five nights!" It appeared that when he could no longer get his brigade to stand he had taken charge of a machine gun himself, to set an example to his retreating men. . . .

'Now we are already in the English back areas, at least rest areas, a land flowing with milk and honey. Marvelous people these, who will only equip themselves with the very best that the earth produces. Our men are hardly to be distinguished from English soldiers. Everyone wears at least a leather jerkin, a waterproof . . . English boots, or some other beautiful thing. The horses are feasting on masses of oats and gorgeous food-cake . . . and there is no doubt the army is looting with some zest.'

On the next day follows a highly significant extract:—

'To-day the advance of our infantry suddenly stopped near Albert. Nobody could understand why. Our airmen had reported no enemy between Albert and Amiens. . . . I jumped into a car with orders to find out what was causing the stoppage in front. Our division was right in front of the advance and could not possibly be tired out. It was quite fresh. . . .

'As soon as I got near the town I began to see curious sights. Strange figures, which looked very little like soldiers, and certainly showed no sign of advancing, were making their way back out of the town. There were men driving cows . . . others who carried a hen under one arm and a box of newspaper under the other. . . . Men staggering. Men who could hardly walk. . . . the streets were running with wine.'

It proved hopeless and the officers powerless to collect the troops that day, and the sequel Binding records was that 'the troops which moved out of Albert next day cheered with wine . . . were mown down straight away on the railway embankment by a few English machine guns. . . .'

But the intoxication due to loot was even greater and more general than that due to wine, and the fundamental cause of both was 'the general sense of years of privation.' A staff officer even stops a car, when on an urgent mission, to pick up an English waterproof from the ditch. And in this intoxication the Germans not only lose their chance of reaching Amiens, but ruin sources of supply invaluable to their own advance — wrecking waterworks for the sake of the brass taps. The cause of this senseless craving is revealed in the impression they had that 'the English made everything out of either rubber or brass, since these were the two materials which we had not seen for the longest time.'

'The madness, stupidity, and indiscipline of the German troops is shown in other things as well. . . . Any useless toy or trifle they seize and load into their packs; anything useful which they cannot carry away they destroy.'

Once this plunder was exhausted, the reaction was all the greater, and the contrast of their own paucity with the enemy's plenty the more depressing.

For a time hopes of the German offensive struggle with these fears of the enemy's economic strength:—

'If we can reach the sea before the Americans reach the land we shall have struck the decisive blow. To capture Paris itself would not be sufficient. . . . Nevertheless I do not count on either England or America giving up the war; they have no need to.' A fortnight later 'everything seems at a standstill. I do not believe that we shall ever get our hands free again. The American army is there—a million strong. That is too much.'

When in late July hopes of military success disappear, and with them the hope of ever again nourishing their stomachs, and souls, on the enemy's supplies, nemesis is swift.

In early August 'one hears men say, "Why not give them this b——y Alsace-Lorraine?" (This from men who are by no means the worst, even from the stoutest fighting men.) Their manhood has been sapped in such a way that there is no way of stiffening it. Our division is one of the few possible exceptions. Carelessness and callousness are spreading like plagues.'

No recovery could come to men whose stomachs were both empty and sick, fed on bread that was 'as damp as a sponge' and on 'green potatoes' dug up 'out of the fields,' while 'for days the horses have not had a grain of oats.' The story of the Confederate collapse in 1865 was being repeated.

Anyone with personal experience of war knows how the thought of food and of civilized comfort fills the horizon of the intellectual equally with that of the ordinary man. How far was Germany's military decline, itself the fruit of a rapid and unmistakable loss of morale in the late summer, due not only to increasing hunger and 'letters from home,' but to the eye-opening conviction of the enemy's greater power of economic endurance? Propaganda and the censorship could hide the difference so long as the front remained an inviolate partition wall. But when the Germans broke through the British lines and into their back areas the truth was revealed to the German troops.

Is the historical verdict, penetrating beneath the surface of military acreage and statistics to the psychological foundation, to be that the disaster of March 1918 was a stroke of fortune for those who suffered it? If so, it seems a pity we did not try the solution earlier! Instead of conducting unwilling 'frocks' round our front, we might have arranged tours for Germans round our back areas—that 'land flowing with milk and honey.' Or at the least we might have released a proportion of our prisoners after they had been suitably entertained! Such a policy would certainly have supplied the imagination which Binding, and others, found so lacking in our leadership.

## MOVING

BY NINA A. LEY

### I

WAS I really awake? It hardly seemed possible, for as I gazed out of the window a queer black stream of something was pouring steadily down the mountain side. At that distance it looked like tar or molasses, but common sense told me it was neither. What could it be? I had seen snakes of many kinds, but certainly there was no such mammoth snake alive in this modern age. I left the house and walked down the gravel path to the fence.

As I looked, the steady, dark stream came nearer and nearer. No, it couldn't be! Yet what else could it be? Ants! Ants! I realized in a flash that I was about to witness the moving of an ant colony. Here before me was just the thing I had doubted in the tales the old Arkansas settler had so earnestly told me. Being a Northerner, new in that section of the Ozarks, I was somewhat incredulous, and the old fellow had patiently said, 'I reckon you-all has got a lot t' learn. If ye're awful lucky maybe ye'll see this-here ant-moving day like I did when I was a boy.' Of all his stories, the 'ant story' was just a little too much for me.

Ants! There were his ants. Ants! There they were—millions of them streaming down the mountain side. Fascinated, I walked back to the porch to watch them. I had read of air that was 'black' with locusts; I was seeing ground 'black' with ants. So close together were they, they seemed to be a moving, bubbling mass of thick, dark

liquid boiling up from the earth. Intensely interested, I stood wondering and musing about ant life. Why were they moving? Where were they going? Just as they came near enough for me to be able to distinguish the individual ants, my interest changed to complete horror.

In true ant style, they were traveling a 'straight and narrow' path. They entered the yard at the gravel path which was in line with their mountain course. Was it possible that all the old Arkansan had told me was true? 'Cleveh an' industrious as ants is supposed t' be, they're mighty stupid in some ways. When traveling, I reckon they might send scouts t' look over the ground an' choose a clear path. But I reckon they just decides which way t' go, an' goes straight ahead no matter what's in their way.'

The 'straight and narrow' path! The house lay in that path. 'So great is their determination to do the thing before them that when traveling they allow nothing to turn them from their chosen "straight and narrow" path.' Somewhere I had heard or read that. Could it actually be true? But the house—could n't they see it? Surely they would have sense enough to turn their course before they reached the house!

Nearer they came. Plainly they were not intending to make an exception to their rule. In an instant I was in the house and had shut the doors and windows.

Slowly up the porch they boldly

marched. My faint hope that they would have intelligence enough to change their course was soon a thing of the past. Across the porch floor to the wall of the house they came, and then, still undaunted, they marched up the side of the house.

I called the chore man, who was chopping wood on the other side of the house just a short distance away. In a flash he was off to get aid from some of the near-by mountaineers. We poured boiling water on the ants, threw ashes on the ants — but steadily forward marched the others, with no heed for the dead bodies of their comrades.

As I think of it now, what a splendid game of 'follow the leader' those ants played! Every one of them determined to keep to the original agreement to do as the leaders did. Our attempts to turn them only made their progress slower in their chosen direction. The leaders they were all determined to follow.

Unbelievable as it may seem, those ants — yes, those millions of ants — were ready to do as the leaders had done — climb the side of the house, follow the ceiling of the roof out to the edge, then start along the roof of the porch to the house again. Thus some of them continued their journey up, over, and down the other side of the house. Fortunately the chimney did not lie in the path of their march. Had they gone down the chimney they would have found their way into the stove and elsewhere, and — well, we were thankful that didn't happen.

Seeing that boiling water and ashes were not effective, the mountaineers tore up the porch floor and spaded the ground underneath it. Thus, eventually, seemingly after hours and hours, the ants decided it would be wiser to swerve from their straight east course and follow the gravel walk around the

corner of the house and on down the road.

Ants must have a keen sense of direction — as soon as they were clear of the house they changed their short southward course and turned east again (which was also the line of the gravel walk). Perhaps it was a sense of direction; perhaps they like to follow a beaten path if possible.

Strange as it may seem, every one of those ants which followed made exactly the same turn. The loss of their leaders did not break up their organization in the slightest degree — no panic, no riot, nothing but perfect order.

## II

After the new course had been followed for several hours we felt somewhat safer — knowing at least that we could occupy the house that night without sharing it with thousands of uninvited guests. No attempt was made to get the ants out of the yard — it would have been hopelessly futile.

There was nothing to do, then, but watch them; and watch them we did for two days — yes, two days before the last ant left the yard. There were no laggards or stragglers — just continuous, steady streams of ants.

Actually those ants seemed to possess an extremely practical military knowledge of the order of marching. Large ants, probably the leaders of the colony, led the procession. Guards were posted on each side of the line at intervals to keep the file in order. Our attempts to check their progress broke the ranks only for a few minutes right at the porch. Their formation resembled an arrow — the head of the procession was always a perfect V shape.

They seemed to be organized in a regular series of these V-shaped regiments, marching through the yard at

various intervals. Several times we were extremely relieved, feeling that the last of the ants had gone through the yard—but on looking toward the mountain we could see another regiment appearing. And so it continued from early noon of the first day until sunset of the second.

Those poor stupid ants—as if trying to climb over the house were not enough extra mileage for them! As I have said, they followed the gravel walk, at the end of which was a gate. Since the gate was narrower than the walk, the gateposts were in line with the walk. Fortunate indeed were the ants in the centre of the procession, for they could walk under the gate. But those gateposts! They were right in the path of the ants who were on both sides of the file. Those ants—you can probably guess by now—went up, over, and down the posts.

The birds in the vines on the porch were frantic during the first few hours

the ants were around. They fussed and cried in a very disturbing manner. Some of the ants got into the vines and thus into the birds' nests. It was early summer; the young birds had just been hatched. Late the first day we found that all the young birds had been killed.

After two days we saw the last of the ants climb the gatepost and continue down the road. A few days later the old Arkansan, returning on horseback from a few weeks' absence, stopped in passing the house to tell about a wonderful sight—a traveling colony of ants he had passed the day before miles down the mountain. 'You-all should have been there. 'T was just like when I was a boy. I reckon you-all would have believed my story then, 'cause it was just like I told you 'twas.' And very humbly and sincerely I told him I had decided to believe every word of his story. He left greatly flattered and pleased.

## UNTHEOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS

BY HANS ZINSSER

### I

THE years sweep over us—inexorably time eliminates the individual. As we grow old a cumulative sorrow disrupts the ties of blood, of love and friendship, that garlanded the passing years and made them precious.

One by one they go, until we follow. Millions have gone before; millions will come and go. However wisely we grow old, however strong the discipline of life may forge

our hearts, eventually we, as units, disappear. And yet, uninterruptedly, the thread of living things continues; with its beginnings deep in the dim past, handed along through myriad forms and individuals, through us—perhaps—to something higher.

Laboriously we trace our linkage with the past, and, hopefully, from this deduce an upward evolution. Beyond this, for the time, reason alone is helpless. The larger comprehension, the source, the goal and purpose, are

beyond us. We have not reached the point where we may hope to answer, yet we have learned to question. Of all the living things on earth, mankind alone is born a 'why' upon its lips. This 'why' has been the source of science and religion.

No conflict should exist between the two. The problems of the one cannot be solved by methods of the other. Science cannot extend to primal cause. The indestructibility of matter gives no clue to its beginnings, and tracing energy through all its transformations inevitably leads 'to an initial point at which it all existed, unchangeably determined for all time.'

In spite of this, as we increase in knowledge and the amazing order is revealed by which the laws of nature interlock, we cannot fail to gain conviction of a plan, continuous and purposeful, which we, at present, cannot comprehend. But less and less we question its existence.

From Aristotle on, whenever scientists have given thought to origin and purpose, their speculations always led to this: The truths which science gathers represent the raw materials of philosophy. It charts the wonders of the world about us, investigates the worlds about the world, and, peering inward, turns its own perceptions to search the mind with which they are perceived. Yet by its probing nothing is created. All it observes has always been. But slowly, thread by thread, it lifts the veil from marvelous coördinations; reveals adjustments joining substances and forces, an order and a plan we cannot, as comprehension grows, accept as chance. This, in the end, will be the contribution which science has to offer to religion.

A generation past, when Huxley wrote, his conflict was not truly with religion. The quarrel he and his Darwinian band engaged in was with

superstition. To attack the supernatural to-day would be to ride one's lance into a windmill. For, since those days, science has gained velocity with mass. And those who understand, they also know that its amazing revelations are not a whit more easy to explain than are the superstitions they destroy. The miracles of yesterday become, to-day, the natural ends of calculable causes. But are they any the less miraculous?

## II

From that time when Lavoisier first conceived the indestructibility of matter, and Joule, for energy, defined a like relation, and with his paddle wheel and falling weight transformed mechanical movement into heat, nature has become for scientific eyes an orderly arrangement. Changes of form and state; a constant interchange of forces; pressure, volume, heat, and concentrations, all calculably linked with one another! The elements in periodic systems, first recognized by their atomic weights, now by symmetrical configuration of stellar systems formed by their electrons! The balance struck between electric force and chemical reaction! Although our ignorance is great, and wide the seas still unexplored between the little islands of our knowledge, yet in the realm of inorganic nature a harmony of matter and of forces begins to be revealed.

And likewise in the world of living things, though difficulties grow a hundredfold, patiently plodding science ploughs a way to deeper comprehension. Since Darwin turned the key, the life that teems about us has yielded many of its mysteries. The principles of fitness to surroundings, selective evolution of adjustments, survival of those fittest to adjust, have joined the infinite varieties of form in one great

family tree of life — which we can follow to its common roots. Man can no longer stand apart, the centre of creation planned for him, but finds his modest place — the temporary apex of transitions that will pass beyond him.

The laws that govern nourishment and growth, or reproduction and inheritance, are taking form. Mendelian genetics are applied to plant life as to flies, to mice and men; and principles are everywhere the same. The energy by which we move is measurable by chemical exchange. The elements that nourish us are traced until they reappear in altered form. Ingestion and excretion strike a balance which cannot be disturbed without disaster. An ordered equilibrium of synthesis and cleavage governs life. The inorganic world serves living things, and animals and plant life serve each other, in ceaseless building up and breaking down — in cycles that cannot be interrupted. The single cell, whether alone and near the roots of life, or whether a unit in a complex whole, must strike an equilibrium with its surroundings and regulate its maintenance. And those mysterious things we call its enzymes form bridges between living things and dead. The syntheses by which it grows, the cleavages that give it energy, the mechanism which returns its wastes to nature, are processes which science can approach.

Thus infinite detail, patiently pursued, guides the divergent rivulets of science back to a central channel — where basic energies that regulate the inorganic world and life are found the same.

But did we understand it all, — as, at some future day, we may, — just as the source of matter and of force remains unsolved, so does the source of life defy our understanding. Thus,

though we may reply to 'how,' the 'why' escapes us.

In spite of this our gain is great. For though the very facts which we have gathered convince us that the range of our perceptions is limited to things most obvious, and little though we know of cause or purpose, our comprehension has gone far enough definitely to exclude the accidental.

### III

But need we stop with this? Science is but a method. Whatever its material, an observation accurately made and free of compromise to bias or desire, and undeterred by consequence, is science. Exploring thought can turn upon itself, study the process of its own deductions, and search the vaguer aspirations we call 'soul.'

Much that the mind of man conceives can be dismissed as based on instinct to survive, or moved by force of physical desire. But there are things that stir it more profoundly, and which cannot so simply be explained.

Through the recorded history of mankind, through all the races and throughout the world, a struggle to lend life nobility is evident. Not sprung from needs of physical existence, without relation to self-interest, often in opposition to the instincts of personal or racial preservation, man has developed codes and theories that prove a yearning for release from pure materialism. Call it conscience; call it search for beauty; call it the formulation of religion; whatever we may call it, it is there. And its consistency, under diverse experimental circumstance of time and background, proves it — as any scientific fact was ever proved — a natural law that governs consciousness.

Conceived in many varying forms,

the spirit is the same. As William James has put it, 'Stoic, Christian, Buddhist saint, their lives are indistinguishable. The theories which religion generates are variable, therefore secondary. To grasp their essence one must look to constant elements, the feeling and the conduct.' The Greek philosophers, Confucius, Buddha, Christ — why did their precepts sweep across the earth in permanent conquest of the minds of men as no mere victory of arms could subjugate their bodies? What was the irresistible, impelling power that took the hearts of men by storm?

A leader leads because the way he points makes deep appeal to those that follow him. His teachings would be sterile did they not release a hidden force of dormant aspirations — of which there often was no consciousness until his call awakened them. It proves that, deep implanted in the mind of man, as much a part of his biology as laws of nourishment and growth, a hunger for spiritual development is rooted.

The discipline of man is self-imposed. The slave of Michael Angelo is bound with ropes. But when we look to see what binds him, we behold the knots are held by his own fingers.

Christ is reborn in every little child — and that which we revere in him is but a something in ourselves which answers to his voice. His spirit, urged by some instinctive yearning, — uncomprehended, often slumbering, never completely crucified by life, — holds us erect to face the universe, helpless and wondering and soon to disappear, but conscious of the dignity of living. Voices of singing children carry it; and it pervades the tender whisperings of women who hold desired children to their hearts; rejoices with young men who smile at death for some vague aspiration; it speaks to those who know that love is giving; guides hands that seek the shoulder of a friend; and sits in empty rooms with him who grieves.

Conscience, pity, honor, sense of justice — untaught, they grow as organs of the mind.

And all this lends conviction to belief that there is some consistent, basic law which underlies the spirit of compassion, of charity and the nobilities of life by which we are impelled without volition, upward, whither no one knows, to some as yet unfathomed, surely harmonious end.

Scientific thought can go no farther. But need it?

## IS THE RESERVE BOARD KEEPING FAITH?

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

### I

DURING the past two years, the Federal Reserve Board has shifted its position so many times — first making interest rates artificially low, then artificially high; encouraging the financing of business by well-established methods, then proscribing those methods; insisting that price control was not its business, then trying to control prices; issuing warnings, followed promptly by reassurances; first blowing hot, and then blowing cold — that the whole world of commerce and finance has been kept in a state of nervous apprehension.

When the Federal Reserve Board entered upon this vacillating course, economic conditions in the United States were remarkably sound. Real prosperity was high — never higher. Never before, in any country, would wages buy so much. Monetary conditions were precisely what both economists and business men had long hoped to attain. Abundant credit was available at rates sufficiently low to induce steady growth of business. Gold reserves were far in excess of all needs. Commodity prices were remarkably stable, and had been for several years. During these years, real wages, profits, savings, production, capital, and, consequently, real values of business enterprises had increased steadily. Prosperity was not illusory, as it always is when accompanied by inflation of commodity prices.

Under such conditions, sudden reversals of monetary policy are sure to

be injurious. They cut to the heart of commerce and industry. Hardly a wage earner, a farmer, an enterpriser, or an investor who is unaffected by changes in the volume of money, or in the channels through which money is allowed to flow. And here, as always, we mean by the term 'money' both currency and bank credit.

Money is the blood of the economic body. Whenever it flows, rightly distributed and in sufficient quantity, the various members of the body function; life abounds in energy. When it does not flow, rightly distributed and in sufficient quantity, some of the members cannot do their part of the work. Debility results; the whole body is lethargic. Periodically this condition recurs. There is trouble in the central pumping station. Men, materials, and machines, ready to do their part, lack the driving force which is needed to put them into such relations that they can go on with the world's work. As a matter of fact, it is almost exclusively through the medium of money that various causes operate to retard or to promote material progress. The flow of money determines what is produced, who is allowed to produce it, and who is allowed to support his family.

The Reserve System was established for the express purpose of maintaining the right flow of money, by making the reserves of all banks available for each individual bank. That is why it was called the Reserve System. Under that System, the entire business structure of the United States was built on the

confidence of business men that, by certain established procedure, they could obtain money for constructive business as long as there was money to be had.

## II

Then came drastic changes of policy. In the midst of unprecedented prosperity — prosperity so real and sound that it was the envy of the world — the System began to interfere with a method of financing business which is older than the System itself; a method, moreover, upon which the business of the entire country had come to depend, more and more every year, by and with the powerful aid of the System. We refer to the long-established practice of lending money on stock-exchange collateral.

Constantly encouraged by the Federal Reserve Board and aided by the banks, the business of the country to a large extent changed the basis of its financial structure from debts to stocks. This is the most notable and far-reaching change in methods of financing since the war. Thousands of corporations, including most of the large ones, reduced bank loans and bonded indebtedness, and in their place obtained funds through the sale of stock.

This has strengthened the industrial structure of the whole country, for it is sounder business to operate on capital subscribed by the owners of the business than on debts. A concern which is financed solely or mainly by the sale of stocks is in less danger of being forced, even though solvent, into the hands of creditors, and in less danger of having its wholesome growth hampered in other ways. It is more likely to have the opportunity to work itself out of temporary troubles. This is better, both for investors and for the public generally, than to have the stockholders squeezed out by banks or bond-

holders, to have foreclosures, and to have somebody who does not know anything about the business trying to run it. A concern financed by capital stock can go ahead with greater confidence, planning for long-range efficiency, utilizing new inventions, employing more men, and reducing unit costs and prices. Such a concern, moreover, is in a position — as a concern financed on debts is not — to build new equipment and employ more men, precisely when the whole country most needs such capital growth; namely, when a period of business depression is setting in.

This movement toward a sounder method of financing business, as well as the industrial prosperity which gave rise to the movement, would have been impossible without the aid of the credit which has been created on stock-exchange collateral. It is difficult to overemphasize the importance of this point. Yet it is a point which the Federal Reserve Board appears to ignore. Nowhere in the reports of the Board is there any indication that it understands to what extent the extraordinary prosperity of constructive American business has depended on the expansion of bank credit based on stock-exchange collateral.

Suppose, for example, the Arno Producing Company needs ten million dollars for the purpose of enlarging its plant, employing more men, increasing its output, thus helping to reduce unemployment and lift standards of living. The company applies, let us say, to a finance corporation. This corporation, however, does not have ten million dollars lying around idle. It could not do business that way. It provides the Arno Producing Company with the needed funds by issuing stock and distributing a large part of that stock to security dealers throughout the country. The dealers are obliged to borrow

from the banks, using the stock as collateral, until they can distribute the stock to investors. Most of these investors, in turn, do not carry enough money in their pockets or in the banks to pay for the stocks. The investors also must use bank credit temporarily. Accordingly, many of them take their certificates to the banks and obtain loans. Largely through this process, the new issue of stock is gradually absorbed and paid for. Meantime, the Arno Producing Company has obtained the ten million dollars, and a considerable part of it has already entered the circuit flow of money as wages.

### III

The artificially low interest rates formerly maintained by the Federal Reserve Board, coupled with the expansion of bank credit based on stock-exchange collateral, have also had much to do with the growth of installment selling; and installment selling, as everybody knows, has grown so rapidly that it now accounts for sales in excess of six billions of dollars a year. This method of financing consumer buying is, on the whole, sound. Moreover, a large proportion of the goods sold on installments could not have been sold, and therefore would not have been made, had it not been for the development of efficient partial-payment plans. Consequently, the rapid growth in installment selling has helped to make the country prosperous. Whether this six billion dollars a year of business is sound, however, is not the question we are discussing. The fact remains that huge, constructive industries—notably the automobile industry, which in a single generation sprang from nothing at all to first place among industries—have attained a growth, and are now operating at a rate, made possible by the recently aban-

doned policies of the Federal Reserve Board.

Not only has consumer spending been aided in this way, but also consumer saving. During the past eight years, several millions of wage earners have become stockholders in the concerns for which they work. So far-reaching in its industrial and social effects is this movement that a Harvard professor of economics has called it *The Present Economic Revolution in the United States*. Experience proves, moreover, that lending money on stock collateral to a man who has a steady job, and who buys stock with the intention of paying for it weekly out of earnings, is sound credit policy. Incidentally, it should be noted that this is the principle on which building and loan associations operate, and they have long been regarded as thoroughly desirable enterprises, both financially and socially.

Now, the point is that these millions of wage earners have been enabled to buy stocks on installments only because the stocks themselves have in some way been used as collateral for bank loans. To put a stop to such buying of stocks is to place at a great disadvantage every workman of assured earning capacity who desires to share in the growth of the country, or even in the growth of the very concern for which he himself is partly responsible. To deny such opportunities to wage earners is to enable the rich to acquire even larger shares than they can now acquire in our expanding wealth; for it is a fact that the wealthiest individuals and corporations can borrow money without any collateral at all.

Whether this method of financing the growth of industry is the best one that could be devised is not the question at issue. The fact remains that the method is firmly established. The business world has been encouraged to rely

upon it, and it has been fundamental in our recent substantial growth. But even if the change to this method were not a change for the better, the Federal Reserve Board would be outside its legitimate sphere in trying to force the business world back to its old methods. The Board was not appointed to tell business men how to finance their business.

Nevertheless, having made the industrial world dependent upon this method of financing capital development and confident that the method would be available for future growth, the Federal Reserve Board suddenly decided to use drastic measures to put a stop to it. The Board did not offer any substitute. It merely said: 'We dislike what you are doing. Stop it; or we don't know what dire penalties we may inflict.'

This is what happened. On April 4, the Board requested the 'voluntary coöperation' of the member banks in reducing loans on stock-exchange collateral, and informed the banks that unless the Board was satisfied with the extent of their coöperation, the banks would suffer the penalty of being cut off from the resources of the Federal Reserve System.

The System was devised, however, partly for the purpose of placing the banking resources of the country in any emergency behind each solvent member bank; and each bank has built up its business, as contemplated under the Reserve Act, in reliance upon the aid of the System. No member bank, therefore, can function without the possibility of recourse to the System in time of need. Under these circumstances, 'voluntary coöperation' is universal.

Thus the Federal Reserve Board has forced many banks into the embarrassing position of saying to customers who have long relied upon them, 'We must deny you the services which we have

always rendered. We cannot meet your ordinary business needs, as we have led you to suppose that we would. Why, we do not know. Ours not to reason why; ours but to do and die.'

For the banks cannot, without penalty, continue a practice which for generations has been a fundamental part of sound banking. Indeed, from the very beginnings of joint-stock enterprise, loans on stock collateral have been regarded as the safest and most liquid of loans. They have always been treated as such by the member banks themselves. More than that, 'Borrow and Buy Bonds' was the slogan of the United States Government in the most extensive campaign of education in finance ever conducted. Thus the people of the nation were taught that it is good business to borrow money on collateral and sound banking to lend the money.

The virtual order of the System in regard to this long-established practice is the most drastic peace-time interference of the Government with business in our generation. It is almost as though the Government had said to the railroads: 'You cannot have any more rails. Run your trains some other way. We have no idea what other way there is. Find one if you can.' Both in itself and as precedent, such interference on the part of the Government is fraught with unknown consequences. Indeed, in our complicated mechanism of business, upon the smooth operation of which the happiness of a hundred million people largely depends, it is doubtful if anybody knows enough to tell how far-reaching may be the future effects of this sudden reversal of fundamental banking policy.

#### IV

Whatever the future effects may be, one immediate effect is a destruction of

property values. Millions of investors have bought stocks with the knowledge that call loans, based on such stocks, are and long have been the safest and most liquid of all loans. These investors have acquired this property, therefore, in good faith, with the confidence based on long-established custom that they were buying acceptable collateral for bank loans. Suddenly, however, the Federal Reserve Board, without for a moment questioning the soundness of loans on such collateral, arbitrarily decides to penalize any bank which does not obey orders concerning the reduction of such loans. This discrimination against loans on one particular kind of property constitutes a destruction of property values, and therefore an infringement of property rights.

This discrimination, moreover, puts the Board in an untenable position. Borrowing money on stock-exchange collateral is banned; but borrowing money on buildings or on commodities is not. If you own one tenth of the Equitable Building, the Board decrees that you should not be allowed to obtain bank credit on that property, since your equity happens to be represented by a stock certificate. Loans on such pieces of paper are called dangerous. But if you own precisely the same property, and the evidence of your ownership happens to be a different kind of certificate, that makes all the difference between black and white. In that case, your share in the building is satisfactory collateral. Similarly, if you own a shipload of bananas, you should be allowed to borrow money on the bananas; but if you own United Fruit Company shares, of the same market value as the bananas and supported by equal stocks of bananas, you should not be allowed to borrow money on those shares.

Again, the Board approves expansion

of credit in order to enable a man to buy, on installments, a part of a co-operative apartment building; but not to enable him to buy, on installments, a share in the telephone company for which he works; although in the first case he buys for consumption, and in the second case he buys for investment. In the condemned case, moreover, he buys a right to dividends which he can use in paying off his debt. In the opinion of the Board, one of these practices is safe and sound; the other is not. To the safest and soundest of bankers and business men, however, that distinction is meaningless.

The announced ground for this drastic interference with business is that the Board desires to reduce the amount of credit used for the purchase of stocks. But this is another complete reversal of policy. From the beginning of the Federal Reserve System, bankers and business men generally have understood that control of the *volume* of credit is a proper function of the Board, but control of the *uses* of credit is not.

On this point, the Federal Reserve authorities, themselves, are explicit. Mr. W. Randolph Burgess, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in an authoritative book on the Federal Reserve System, says: 'A reserve bank cannot tell from the nature of its loans what the money will be used for. . . . It is thus impossible for a reserve bank to dictate how its credit shall be put to employment. It cannot, for example, restrict loans on the stock exchange and at the same time encourage loans to the farmer. Reserve bank loans to a farming community bank may, and often do, find their way promptly to the stock-exchange money market. The specific use of credit is the business of the individual member and nonmember bank; and the Reserve System is no substitute for sound banking practice.'

This was the position also taken by the late Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and Governor Strong was the outstanding leader in the whole Federal Reserve System. Indeed, this was the position firmly held by the Federal Reserve Board itself until the past year. It has now executed a right-about-face.

If the Board, in defense of such a change, asserts that the Reserve System was not established to create bank credit for speculation, the Board should be reminded that the System was not established to create bank credit either for speculation or for any other purpose. Bank credit is not, and never has been, created by the Reserve Board. It is created by the joint act of solvent borrowers and solvent banks. For what purpose the credit shall be created is not for the Board to prescribe.

In attempting to prescribe the uses of credit, the Board has reversed its policy, stoutly maintained with one or two unfortunate exceptions from the very beginning, of noninterference with prices. It is now trying to control stock prices. For the Board to reply that it is merely trying to reduce the amount of credit used in the stock market is childish. There is no difference between controlling the price of securities and controlling the money available for the purchase of securities.

By this change of policy, the Board takes upon itself a difficult task, for how can the Board be sure that stock prices are too high? Consider these facts. The chief function of the Reserve System is to maintain an ample supply of sound money for all responsible borrowers, so that producers may go forward confidently on a stable commodity price level. For several years the Board served that purpose well — exceedingly well. The Board cannot achieve that purpose, however, without increasing *real* wages, *real*

profits, *real* capital values, — in short, *real* prosperity, — thereby increasing the *real* values of common stocks.

Real values are much higher than they were a few years ago. Nobody doubts that. How much higher? And how much too high are stock prices? How much too low were stock prices in 1921? Again, how much of the money which is now being borrowed represents inflation, and how large a volume of brokers' loans is necessary to promote a wholesome growth of business?

All these problems are quantitative. All are questions of 'How much?' They cannot be answered by opinions.

Three years ago many people were sure that stock prices were too high. What do they think now? What will the Reserve Board itself think about present prices a year from now? What, after all, is the proper basis for the capitalization of present earnings and prospective earnings? Nobody knows.

All these quantitative problems call for measurements. We do not argue concerning the pressure of steam; we consult a gauge. We do not take a vote concerning the number of cases of smallpox; we count them. Yet on fundamental questions of finance, which are just as susceptible of measurement, we receive from the Federal Reserve Board nothing but opinions.

Even if it were possible for the Board to prove that stock prices are too high, the question would still remain whether the regulation of stock prices is a proper function of the Board. Nearly everybody agrees that the System should not attempt to regulate the prices of anything else. What can justify discrimination? It cannot be the large profits made by speculation in stocks. For, if that is the basis of action, why not restrict the credit available for speculation in real estate? Or, for that matter, in copper? The possible rate of profit through speculation in

copper during the past year has been higher than the average rate in the stock market. Why, then, should the Board seek to regulate the prices of securities and of nothing else? Is it not just as sound a policy to regulate prices of wheat, pig iron, shoes, and rent?

Once, however, any board goes into the price-fixing business, it will be overwhelmed with problems which the wisest body of men could not solve. Yet the Reserve Board, through its recent shift of policy, is already a price-fixing body; for regulating the credit available for any one business is the chief way of regulating prices in that business.

## V

The Board has also reversed its policy in connection with the purchase and sale of securities in the open market. Under the law, the Reserve System is permitted to invest its funds in government securities and in bankers' acceptances. Until within the past year, the Reserve System, quite properly, used that power as one means of controlling the total volume of credit. Elsewhere we have explained at length how the wise use of this power helped to stabilize the commodity price level, steady the markets, and thus enable the country to prosper at a safe rate. In pursuit of this policy, the Federal Reserve banks lowered money rates when there was a scarcity of credit, and advanced money rates when there was a superfluity of credit. They used their open market operations to put money into circulation or take money out of circulation, thus helping to make their rates effective.

This action was based on facts, not opinions.

Few people have any idea of the enormous power which the Reserve System exerts over banking, and con-

sequently over business, through these open market operations. The extent of this power can be shown by a single illustration. A few years ago, the Reserve System, in order to make a market for bankers' acceptances, acquired acceptances to the value of about half a billion dollars. In this way the System created potential bank credit of, let us say, about seven and a half billion dollars; for under our present system a reserve of one dollar sometimes makes possible bank credit of about fifteen dollars.

Recently, however, the Federal Reserve System, in connection with its new policy of controlling the *uses* of credit, has reversed its policy regarding bankers' acceptances, and has reduced its holdings to less than one hundred and fifty million dollars. Within a year the reduction has amounted to over two hundred million dollars. This has reduced the available bank credit by about fifteen times that amount, which is more than three billion dollars.

If such a reduction had been made under conditions like those which prevailed early in 1923, when commodity prices and other measurements of business conditions showed dangerous inflation, the restriction of the total volume of credit would have been in accord with established and approved Federal Reserve policy. It would have been warranted by the facts. The facts of the present sound situation, however, do not warrant such action. The present action of the Board is based on opinions.

The credit stringency of the past few months has been created, deliberately and artificially, by the Board itself. When, on the other hand, international exchange is allowed to operate in a normal way, high interest rates draw gold from abroad. This gold serves as a basis for the expansion of bank credit, and thus tends to bring down interest

rates and check the imports of gold. The Reserve Board has prevented the world forces of supply and demand from operating in the usual salutary way. The gold which flowed into this country just prior to April 25 would have been used by the banks, but for the interference of the Reserve Board, in such a way as to prevent the shortage of funds and the rise of call rates to 20 per cent; but member banks were forced by the Reserve Board to use much of this gold to pay off loans instead of using it to prevent credit stringency.

Thus the Reserve Board has so obstructed the operation of an admirable system as to bring down upon the business world the very evils which the System was designed to prevent.

The member banks, in giving up their independence and relying on the reserves of the central banks, were assured that any solvent bank could at all times make loans freely to its customers, and yet maintain a liquid position, through rediscounting with the reserve banks, according to law. The moment any doubt arises concerning the freedom of rediscount, there is a complete change of attitude of the banks toward their customers. The banks can no longer pursue a courageous policy toward solvent borrowers. They can no longer freely encourage the development of sound business enterprises, because they may find that the paper which they take from their customers, and which they had supposed was always eligible for rediscount, is no longer eligible, because of an entirely new interpretation of the word 'may' in the Federal Reserve Act.

The Federal Reserve Act says that central banks 'may' rediscount paper. It is our conviction that the word 'may' was used to protect the banks from insolvent borrowers. We feel sure that

this provision was not intended to give any body of men power to decide, on the basis of opinions, to which of the solvent banks presenting eligible paper the rediscount privilege should be denied. But whether or not we are right in this conviction, there can be no question about the danger of granting such an option to any body of men. The efficient system which we have built up for financing business simply cannot function if a few men are allowed to deny credit to a solvent bank solely on the basis of their opinion concerning who should, and who should not, be allowed to borrow money of that bank.

## VI

The effort of the Reserve Board to reduce stock-market loans involves another reversal of policy; for it is an attempt to restrict the freedom of individuals in the investment of their own savings. The Board does not seem to be aware of this fact, but it is none the less a fact.

Hitherto, the world over, central banking authorities, including the Federal Reserve Board, have had no concern over an increased flow of capital into security markets, as long as that capital represented savings. Quite the contrary. As a matter of fact, such a flow of capital is one of the best measures of the growth of real wealth.

Now it is private funds of this sort — genuine savings — which account largely for the recent increase in the volume of stock-market loans. This is evident from the figures published by the Reserve Board itself. These figures show that the *bank* funds which have been used for stock-market loans during the past year have increased hardly at all. Loans 'from others,' however, have risen over one and one-half billion dollars; and these loans are made up

almost entirely of the capital savings of individuals and corporations.

These savings belong in an entirely different category from credit which is created by the joint acts of banks and borrowers. Control of the volume of such credit has always been considered a proper function of the Reserve Board. Such control is necessary if the Board is to succeed, as it has succeeded notably for several years, in preventing inflation of commodity prices. But control of private savings and the uses of savings is wholly unnecessary. Savings cannot cause inflation.

Quite properly, therefore, the Federal Reserve Board formerly did not attempt to tell individuals how they should invest their savings. But that is virtually what the Board has done during the past year; for the chief aim of its tight-money policy, according to its own announcements, has been to check the increased flow of money into the call market; but this increased flow has been made up almost entirely, not of bank credit, but of private savings.

Incidentally, the fact should not be overlooked that this flow of private savings into the stock loan market, which appears to worry the Board, has been caused by the Board itself. For when the Board deliberately sterilizes our more than abundant gold reserves, and mops up surplus funds as fast as they become available, thereby creating rates of 10 to 20 per cent on the safest and most liquid loans in the world, at the same time repeatedly expressing its fear that security prices are too high, it is no wonder that many people invest their savings in call loans rather than in stocks or bonds.

## VII

In the past, the Federal Reserve Board, acting upon facts, as does the

Bank of England, won the aggressive and almost unanimous support of business men. Recently, by acting on opinions, it has undermined their confidence and undone much of the constructive work which it had performed, throughout the world, in support of stable money and the gold standard. By the lack of a consistent policy, by undertaking the new task of controlling the uses of credit, by employing its open market operations for that purpose, and by alternate vague warnings and reassurances, the Board has kept business men in a state of nervous apprehension. At the same time, it has provided professional speculators with many opportunities to reap profits at the expense of small investors.

When the Board first took its changed course, we remarked that there was one way, and only one way, whereby the Board could succeed, for more than a little while at a time, in its efforts to stop the rise in stock prices —namely, by injuring business. Indubitably the Board has injured business. How severely, nobody can yet tell; for not all the depressing effects of arbitrary restrictions of credit supply appear promptly. Usually there is a lag of several months.

But already there has been a marked decline in construction activities, especially in home building, directly caused, as the Board admits, by its own arbitrary advance of interest rates. As a result, there has been an increase of unemployment in the building trades and a consequent decrease of consumer income. In addition, a large number of sound, constructive business developments have been postponed solely because, the Reserve System having ceased to function in the established way, these projected enterprises cannot be financed by the sale of stock. Partly for these reasons, there

has been a decline in the commodity price level which cannot long continue at this rate without doing further injury to business.

This is a serious matter for all of us. The difference between hard times and prosperous times, as we have explained at length elsewhere, is largely the difference between times in which extensions of private and public capital are adequately financed and times when they are not. We can prosper to-day only by getting ready to prosper to-morrow.

The action of the Board has also complicated foreign exchanges, aggravated the problem of maintaining employment and the gold standard in foreign countries, and thereby hampered the growth of foreign trade. At home, as well as abroad, there is paralyzing uncertainty among business men as to whether the Reserve Board will allow that expansion of bank credit without which such prosperity as we have had in recent years simply cannot last. In short, the Board has created a state of mind which breeds business depression.

Yet the injury which the Board has already done is insignificant compared with the injury which the Board may

do in the future, if it is allowed to make further radical reversals of policy based, not on facts, but on opinions. If the Board has power to lay down the decree, subject to review by no authority whatever, that the resources of the only monetary system we have shall not be available to any bank which lends money on stock securities, what is to prevent the Board from refusing to accommodate any bank which lends money on wheat? What is to prevent it from discriminating in this way, whenever it sees fit, against any bank which lends money on real estate? And if the Board can destroy certain property rights, why not other rights? What, indeed, is to prevent the Board from doing anything it takes a fancy to do?

The greatest need of the industrial world is one more right-about-face on the part of the Federal Reserve Board. It should go back to the policies under which it aided powerfully in creating the greatest era of sound and widely diffused prosperity which this country, or any other country, has ever enjoyed. No change in laws is needed. All that is needed is such widespread understanding of the seriousness of the present situation that never shall it happen again.

## THE PROFANE INVASION OF HOLY BOKHARA

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

### I

THE cities of ancient Turkestan have each their endearing adjectives; to mention a city without its adjective is inelegant. Thus Fergana is 'em-pearled Fergana,' circled as she is by cotton fields. Shahri-sabs, birthplace of Tamerlane, and just now the hot centre of land confiscation, is 'Town of Beauty.' Samarkand is always 'the ancient,' or else 'green-curled Samarkand,' an allusion to the trees of her irrigated district. But Bokhara has three adjectives: 'high, holy, divinely descended Bokhara.'

It is also said of the cities in an ancient verse, 'Samarkand is a jewel on the face of this earth, but Bokhara is the heart of Islam.' And again the proverb runs, 'Whoever says Bokhara's walls are not straight, he is cast out of God.'

Such was the reverence offered to that holiest stronghold of the Mussulman faith, into which I trudged one dusty morning in November to study the profane invasion of the past few years. For Bokhara has a new reputation since the Emir fell to the Soviet Republic. Its women unveiled themselves last year more spectacularly and with more resultant murders than anywhere else in Central Asia. Bokhara is to-day Soviet Bokhara; and, whatever else the Soviets may claim, they make no claim to holiness or divine descent, but quite the contrary.

It must at once be admitted that godliness has no relation to cleanliness

anywhere in the East. The streets of Old Bokhara, through which I passed that morning, are narrow alleys of thick dust which the winter rains change to heavy mud. There have, it is true, been notable street improvements in the passionate modernization of Soviet days. Rough cobbles have been laid in the main bazaar streets, and, whereas it was formerly necessary to traverse their deep mud on horseback, they can now be walked, albeit somewhat filthily, at all seasons. The few pale electric street lights, which make a dim dusk of the crooked alleys, are also a late contribution to the Soviet religion of electrification, and were turned on for the first time amid appropriate ceremonies, while women shrieked and sophisticated men applauded. They have brought about a decrease of the picturesque night murders for which the city was famous. I learned also that the Institute of Tropical Medicine, a recent organization, has drained the malarial swamps which once were permanent within the very walls of the city, and which formerly offered to Bokhara's dwellers a frequent transit to that paradise from which the city itself is divinely descended. No Western newcomer, however, without this information, would imagine that Bokhara could ever have been any dirtier than now.

None the less, or perhaps all the more, Bokhara was truly holy, filled with many ancient mosques and madresses (religious academies) to which aspiring students came from the plains

of Kazakstan or the irrigated lands of the Uzbeks to study the Koran. Old Bokhara was so holy that no Jew was permitted to ride in its streets. Millionaire merchant he might be, — and rumor made all Bokharan Jews famous and wealthy merchants, — but he still might not escape Bokharan mud or dust by sitting even on a donkey; he was obliged to walk, wearing always around his middle a little rough rope, in token of slavery. To-day, Jew and Mussulman, Russian and Uzbek, are equal citizens in the streets of the city. Only the merchants and the clergy are down-trodden — they who once made the fame of Bokhara.

As I passed through narrow dusty alleys from the massive gate which once was shut at sundown and is now open continuously for the autobus line to Kagan, the high, unwindowed earthen walls behind which lay the homes of the Uzbeks, with their separate quarters for men and women, began to be broken at the base by shop fronts. Sellers of meat, bread, rugs, silks, and silver sat on carpeted floors a little above street level and invited would-be buyers to sit also, quaff tea, and begin bargaining. Shopping in the East is no mere business, but a leisurely pastime. Between the shops walked the Bokharan water carriers bearing large goatskins filled with water, from the necks of which they deftly expelled a scattering shower to lay the dust of the streets. I later learned that the profane invaders have put all these water carriers into trade-unions, with working clothes and vacations on pay provided by the householders who employ them.

As the alleys opened into a dusty square I saw the source of the water — the Holy Pool, surrounded by mosques and medresses and tea houses, with stone steps on all four sides down which the water carriers trudge to fill their

goatskins. There are other pools in Bokhara visible through stone archways, some dark, some sunlit, but all of them stagnant. The Holy Pool, also unmoving, is the largest, the 'Father of Waters.' Its water is brought by ditches from the distant river to serve as drink for the Bokharans. Boiling it for tea is insufficient to disguise its taste — only strong coffee makes it drinkable; and after consuming this coffee I had trouble with my digestion.

Only one change has the profane invasion yet made in Bokhara's water system. The Institute of Tropical Medicine, an admirable institution dating from 1924, has forbidden the water carriers to enter the pool with bare feet, and has thus brought under control a loathsome parasitic worm which burrowed in long curls under the skins of the city's dwellers and was transported by the water. The water carriers still enter the pool, but they now wear shoes; thus civilization advances! Other changes are under way; a new waterworks, hailed as a modern triumph, is even now approaching the city. Lest unthinking Westerners envisage actual water pipes laid in dwellings, let me explain that the water will be delivered at three places in the city and there will be no resultant unemployment of water carriers.

But neither the water, with the continuous resultant indigestion, nor the bare hotel room, which lacked even the grace of this water to wash with, sending me to a common bucket on the verandah of the court, nor yet the dust, which rose in special clouds when the city's cattle came home at evening, and lay like a London fog obscuring the sunset — none of these things could prevent Bokhara from being a constant thrill of joy. Here is the most colorful bazaar of Central Asia, running for miles under covered streets. Every

corner, every shop front, is crowded with gorgeous pictures; old bearded Abrahams and Noahs from the Sunday School cards haggling over ancient silks, or roasting succulent mutton over an open fire, or preparing hot meat-filled crusts of such tempting odor that one again imperiled internal peace by indulgence. From deep in the shops came the sound of music, monotonous throb of tambourine and *baraband* or the wailing of a variety of stringed instruments in native strains which cannot be reduced to European notes. The method of writing this music was lost five hundred years ago, but has now been revived from ancient manuscripts. Meanwhile the melodies themselves have passed from musician to musician through the ages. The Central Asians are so devoted to them that they sit even in the dust of the streets with their backs against a shop front and their legs thrust out under the passing donkeys, thrumming their musical instruments in oblivious contemplation — the same look with which the old men in the *chai-khanas* (tea houses) watch the centuries roll by them.

## II

To-day, however, in the very midst of the amusing donkeys and their serious human freight, in the swirl of camels, under the very shadow of the Tower of Death whence former emirs cast enemies to death in the market place — everywhere in Bokhara are signs of a new and unholy invasion which makes no truce with the picturesque life of bazaar and medresse and Holy Pool. Right across its waters I see a great red banner waving 'Welcome to the Regional Congress of Trade-Unions.' Beneath that sign is a large clubroom with ugly instructive placards about tuberculosis, the industrial loan, the unveiling of women,

venereal diseases — everything at once that is new and scientific. On the floor above is a crowded cinema, displaying a feature film made in old Tashkent by the Uzbekistan State Motion Pictures — 'The Second Wife,' a propaganda tragedy of polygamous marriage. I visit the film and enjoy its picturesque Uzbek interiors, but conclude that Central Asian audiences resemble the Russians at least in this — they can take their tragedy undiluted for three hours. This clubhouse and motion-picture theatre are housed in a former medresse.

Many other old medresses have been turned to secular uses. Above one I note, 'Dormitory of Construction Workers Union'; above another, 'People's Club and Red Tea House.' The largest medresse of all, overlooking the Holy Pool, is being remodeled for a women's club — what greater profanation than this, for women to meet here in public? Into still another medresse I come by chance, to witness what may have been the legal death of the last religious academy of Bokhara.

A pale-faced clerk, local representative of the Committee on Ancient Monuments, faces a group of sullen, swarthy sons of Allah, Kazaks from the desert, Kirghiz from the eastern steppe, who have come to enter a course of religious study announced to reopen, after many years' interruption by war and famine, in the most holy medresse Mir-Arab, the favored medresse of the deposed Emir. It is clearly an attempt of the Mohammedan clergy to try out the Soviet Government, and most predictions are that they will succeed. 'Have we not religious freedom and are these not adult students?' The young clerk of the Committee on Ancient Monuments informs them, however, as he refers to lists in his large black ledger, that all rooms in the medresse

have been apportioned to other uses and that none are available for their residence. Thus neatly he cuts the ground from under their expectations, without the slightest mention of religion, though all know this is his reason.

They make no loud protests, though any one of the desert sons could have felled the slight clerk with a hand touch. They only stare bitterly and file out.

'They will protest,' says the clerk wearily, 'to the government at Samarkand.'

'And what will be the outcome?' I ask him.

'How do I know?' he answers. 'I merely obey orders.'

'To what extent does the local population support you?' I ask, curious to learn how religious, after all, is Holy Bokhara.

'It is hard to tell,' he confesses, 'but I think they are indifferent as to what happens to the clergy.'

'And if the clergy try to arouse them against you?'

'They did try,' he answers briefly. 'It was liquidated.'

He alluded, of course, to the Bash-mach movement, the 'Holy War' against the Bolsheviks, last and most persistent of all the armed attacks on the Soviet Union. It sprang up when the Emir of Bokhara fell; it was given form by Enver Pasha's political disappointments and by the military-religious ambition of Ibrahim, a would-be Genghis Khan of the hill tribes. Though beaten as an important foe in 1924, it dragged its way through bandit raids of the two following years, and the echoes of it still survive in occasional murders of unveiled women and young Communists in distant villages.

The late and unlamented Emir of Bokhara, who still survives as a whole-

sale caracul merchant in Kabul, was one of the last of the theocratic despots who once ruled all of Central Asia. The Emir's officials had both civil and religious authority; the courts were church courts, with the Koran as law code, liberally interpreted by those in power. The schools were church schools in which small boys squatted on rugs to recite the Koran, learned by rote in an alien language. In its treatment of Jews, and peasants and workers, Old Bokhara was of the early Middle Ages. Not even the industrial capitalism of Russia had touched it; the first factory ever known in this ancient city is a silk mill opened recently by the Soviet Government.

### III

The tale of the Emir's fall and flight and of the Holy War thereafter has passed into legend, cunningly embroidered by all the Eastern tellers of tales. My story comes from the Emir's adjutant via an Armenian journalist, and I do not guarantee anything except its picturesqueness. It may quite well be true; it carries the flavor of ancient Asia and contradicts no facts elsewhere reported.

In 1920, when the revolutionists set fire to the castle, said my informant, Emir Said-Alim-Bahadur-Khan fled away to the hills of Eastern Bokhara, where is now the Republic of the Tajiks. He left his wives to the number of a hundred, but took a few of his best-loved boys, who could travel faster and pleased him better. With him went also three thousand of his clergy officials. The Uzbeks, through whose territory he passed, had been heavily taxed and hated the Emir, so they systematically stole baggage and killed stragglers. And a whisper ran through all the peoples that 'Emir Said-Alim rides covered with black

dust'—omen of death or ultimate disaster.

From time to time, at weary stopping places, the Emir got out his English letter of credit, indicating that fifty-four million gold rubles cannily deposited by his father in London were still available. He remarked dismally: 'If England does n't pay, there is no hope, even in the next world.' To improve immediate finances, since the London banks were very distant, the Emir sold high titles, a method of raising money which grew more effective as he neared Dushembe by the borders of Afghanistan, where the people are especially religious.

Weary with his journey, Emir Said-Alim desired to rest awhile with Avliakul-Bek, a high official of his own creation. To refuse hospitality is a thing that is not done in the East. But Avliakul, mindful of the high cost of entertaining an emir, who might remain many days, whispered abroad the rumor that the Reds were close behind in the hills. This caused Said-Alim to hurry on. At Dushembe he was well received, and rested many weeks to replenish his harem with girls brought as presents from the countryside.

More adequate means of financing his campaigns now appealed to the Emir. There were in Dushembe many wealthy Jewish merchants of Bokhara. The Emir accused them of bringing the Bolsheviks into the land; he beheaded them and took their fortunes. Thus he acquired sixty lakhs of silver, three quarters of a million dollars. The deceitfulness of Avliakul was also discovered at this time, when a reconnoitring party found no trace of Reds in the hills. So the Emir beheaded Avliakul also, annexing twenty-five lakhs of silver and all of the deceiver's wives.

Worthy of the *Arabian Nights* is the

tale of Ibrahim, who rose from the post of bandit chief among the Lokei tribes to be Commander of the Holy War against the Reds. Ibrahim it was whose daring raid through the hills in search of Bolsheviks first disclosed the deceitfulness of Avliakul. For this service the Emir wished to enoble the young chieftain, and, searching for a post which demanded the least book learning, since Ibrahim was illiterate, he fixed upon the title, 'Keeper of the Royal Stables.' To this, however, the Emir's advisers objected, saying that Ibrahim was by profession a horse thief, and to give him such a post would rouse nothing but mirth in all Islam. On this the Lokei tribe to which Ibrahim belonged declared their tribal honor attacked. Were they not all professional horse thieves, and honorable followers of the Prophet? The matter was settled, and the too conservative city-bred advisers discarded. Ibrahim secured the post of honor and rapidly rose to others, especially after the Emir himself left the discomforts of the hills and took up residence in Kabul.

Many are the tales reported of this young brigand of the hill tribes. Of his love for Dona Gul (the Unique Rose), a wealthy widow, and how she disdained to marry a horse thief, but answered his entreaties: 'Come to me when you are Bek, and I will marry you.' Of how he sent for Dona Gul on the day when forty thousand horsemen paraded before him, one thousand armed with rifles and the rest with mountain weapons—and married thus the bride of his choice, who is still his one wife in Afghanistan, for the men of the mountain tribes are not like the city emirs.

Of how he dealt with Enver Pasha, that famous Turk, who tried to use the Bolshevik Congress of Eastern Peoples in Baku for a Pan-Turk movement,

and, being rebuked by Zinoviev, fled away into Central Asia to organize the Holy War against the Reds. Enver was armed with the holiest relics of Moslem tradition, but his outward form was too European for the mountain warriors. So Ibrahim feigned to think him an impostor and imprisoned him in a cave, with a watermelon rind as his only drinking cup. This the Emir heard in far Kabul, and wrote a sharp letter addressed 'To the Lokei Tribe and all known and unknown thieves.'

While yet the messengers were some days from his stronghold, the news of this letter reached Ibrahim by the subtle telegraphy of the hills. So he set Enver free and made his excuses, and secured from Enver a signed paper stating that he had been treated with all courtesy. Thus, when the Emir's envoys arrived with their letter of denunciation, Ibrahim was able to reply calmly, 'My Lord the Emir is deceived; no one has arrested Enver Pasha; lo, here he sits in honor!' And Enver himself sat silent, hoping to unite all forces and lead the Holy War.

However, it fitted not with Ibrahim's plans that Enver should be leader, so he undermined him by the craft of the hills, leading him into difficult positions where the Bolsheviks beat him and his authority was lessened. So at last Enver Pasha was killed by chance in an encounter with a Bolshevik reconnoitring party, and lay many days dead before it was known that he was Enver. Then the Red soldier who had stolen the shirt from the dead body found in its pocket a gold-bound Koran, sacred gift from the Sultan, and thus was the death of the famous leader made known. After Enver's death Ibrahim secured the title 'Ghazi,' Commander of the Holy War, and kept it till the people, weary of strife,

forsook him, and he also fled away to Afghanistan, where he still remains.

Such was the tale I heard of the Emir's fall and the Holy War — a tale of an ancient Asia that has vanished in four years' time so completely that its high priests obey the low-voiced order of a pale clerk in charge of Ancient Monuments, and disperse their last religious school.

#### IV

The modern voices in Old Bokhara are startlingly different. In the city palace of Emir Said-Alim, a hideous fortress shattered by bombardment, I saw in the rooms above the ancient dungeons the secretary of the Regional Executive Committee receiving delegations of peasant women. The women came unveiled, bringing petitions. In the worn stone halls were antituberculosis posters, placards of the State Fire Insurance, of the State Savings Bank, of the co-operatives, agricultural placards proclaiming the benefits of tractors, village libraries, and sanitary stations. The People's House of Old Bokhara advertised a benefit opera 'for the funds of the united Red Cross and Red Crescent.' Another poster in red showed a gigantic workman and peasant standing guard over a factory and a university — twin shrines of the new régime.

Among the picturesque shop fronts and the haggling Abrahams and Noahs are the signs of the Workers Co-operatives, of the Uzbek State Trading Company, of the branches of the State Savings Bank. I note on an ancient arched door the sign of the 'Gusar People's Library,' and know that the inhabitants of this street, or 'Gusar,' have established a library of their own. How many of them, one wonders, could read four years ago? In the large shop of the Government

Publishing House below my hotel I can even buy ribbons for my portable typewriter.

Just outside the ancient gate which once was shut at sundown, and where all travelers were searched before they were permitted to enter or leave the holy city, is Bokhara's first factory, a silk filature mill, employing five hundred workers. As befits the first shrine of the new religion, it tries to be a model factory, with day nursery, new workmen's dwellings, a dining hall, a club, a radio, a motion-picture machine, and a wall newspaper. Its young director sees in it no commonplace mechanism for producing silk thread, but civilization itself descending on Old Bokhara. He tells me how, in selecting employees, they apportioned them to as many villages as possible, 'so that all might share the cultural stimulus of factory life.' How the first remark of the Labor Exchange was, 'Veiled women cannot work in factories' — and at this the veils began to come off in even the darkest villages. The large dusty space around the factory buildings is destined, he assures me, to become a recreation park. Turning from him, I read in the wall newspaper, written by employees in both Russian and Uzbek, the new evangel: 'Forward to industrialize the land.'

In rooms once devoted to learning the Koran by rote under the long pole of chastisement with which the watchful teacher stimulated attention, I saw 'new style' schools, where Uzbek boys engaged in the evening in 'collective study' — without a teacher, but with grave discipline explaining next day's decimal and geometry problems to each other. In the Mothers' Consultation I saw a procession of Uzbek mothers cutting the long sleeves from their baby's cramping clothes under the instruction of a Russian woman physi-

cian, and when I marveled that they should accept advice so obediently the doctor answered, 'That woman has buried her first ten babies. The eleventh comes to the Consultation — and lives.'

No wonder the dazzled native woman hearkened willingly to the magic that had wrought this wonder.

And yet, for all the saving of life by the new health measures, the population of Holy Bokhara has fallen. Not by death, but by exit. Once a trading town and a sacred capital, it is now a mere regional centre under a government which disbelieves not only in God, but even in private trade. The clergy have moved away to more and more distant villages, high renowned *mudaris* contenting themselves with the post of lowly rural mullah so that they may still denounce the accursed Bolsheviks and secure tribute from believers. Even into the hills the profane invasion pursues them; the radio and the movie penetrate. In spite of the fact that drama and photography are anathema to all good Moslems, the traveling cinema has a wild success in the villages, and has led to a new proverb in Central Asia: 'Curses don't work against the movies.'

Competing with the old *chai-khanas* of Bokhara, where the tea devotees squat forever in genial converse, and passively contemplate the march of empty time down the ages, there arise the 'Red *chai-khanas*,' filled with placards and instruction and statues of Lenin.

Is it indeed possible that the East may lose its leisure, and that even tea cannot be quaffed unmixed with propaganda? In the rooms above the tea houses are classes in the Latinized alphabet, in Marx, and in stenography. The young musicians of the Uzbeks, even while they scoff at the European music scale, are humming new songs to

the ancient melodies — songs in praise of the factory.

In a small stone court, flanked by tiny cells where once lived religious students, I attended the meeting of the local Gusar, or street assembly. Men, women, and children from some sixty households came together in what is to-day the lowest unit of Bokharan city government. Women sat shyly removed from men, but they were unveiled and took vociferous part in the proceedings. Discussion turned on using this ancient court for a modern school; on the fortnight's vacation due the street water carrier by trade-union rules; on the collection of subscriptions to the new government loan. As the meeting began there sounded from the mosque across the street the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Some of the group assembled looked uneasy and turned their heads;

but none arose from his seat or answered the summons to pray.

Even as the mullahs and muezzins have fallen on evil days, so have the once-famed traders of Old Bokhara. For all its gorgeous color, the ancient bazaar is not so wealthy as it once was in rugs and silver and silks; as a would-be purchaser, I even found it shabby. The local merchants sadly bewailed its decline, blaming the rise of village co-operatives, which have carried trade out of the towns to the rural districts.

A one-time millionaire, introduced to me as 'a very famous merchant of former days,' hastened to disclaim the title; he substituted for it 'a former revolutionist.' Very typical this of the evil repute that has come upon private traders. Can even the centuries-old bazaar of divinely descended Bokhara prove mortal?

## OUR SIDE OF THE TRANSFER DILEMMA

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

### I

WE have heard so much about the Transfer Question during the past ten years in connection with the discussion of reparations that we have come to regard it as something peculiarly, if not exclusively, related to the problem of extracting reparation payments from Germany. The difficulty of transferring millions of marks every year to Germany's reparation creditors has been emphasized again and again since the end of the war. The problem was officially considered in 1924 by a special

committee of experts, whose findings were given wide publicity; and it has recently come up for reconsideration at the hands of another special committee. No other transfer question has risen to such dignity or, if recognized at all, has been given more than passing notice. That there could be a second transfer question comparable in magnitude or importance with the one which has commanded the attention of the world's experts is a possibility that has received scant recognition in the public press or in the utterances of our official spokesmen.

Yet it is a fact that we too have a transfer question to face, involving far larger sums of money than are involved in reparation payments. Where Germany is required to provide a reparation annuity of approximately \$600,000,000 during the current year for transfer to her creditors, we are scheduled to receive payments, on account of the interest and dividends from our foreign investments, of almost twice that amount. The outstanding difference, of course, between our situation and that of Germany, other than in the amount of the yearly sums involved, is that we are to *receive* payments, while Germany is to *make* them. It is probably for this reason that we have shown so little concern about our own problem. We take it for granted that, inasmuch as we are to receive, the yearly transfers will be made, and we need feel no responsibility in the matter.

There is no deep mystery in the methods by which payments are usually transferred between debtor and creditor countries. The transfer problem is one that ordinarily solves itself without formal plan. The record of international transfers in pre-war days clearly shows that whenever one country was required to make payments on the outside, say, on account of interest obligations on its foreign borrowings, the mere effort put forth in meeting these obligations called into operation certain economic forces which caused the exports of the paying country to increase or its imports to diminish; while the imports of the receiving country tended to increase or its exports to diminish. By exporting more than it imported, the debtor country was able to build up cash balances, somewhere beyond its own borders, on which drafts could be drawn for the payment of foreign interest charges. The whole mechanism of effecting

transfers between nations through the shipment of goods worked automatically. There was no transfer question to be dealt with.

We should not be bothered with transfer questions at the present time any more than in pre-war days were it not for the tremendous sums to be transferred and the general antipathy on the part of creditor countries toward receiving their payments in the form of imported goods. What nation, for example, wants to receive its share of German reparations in goods? And what chance would a candidate for election to the highest office in this country have if he suggested that we should arrange to collect the enormous payments due us by opening our markets to foreign products? The situation is wholly unlike that which obtained in pre-war days when industrial countries invested capital in remote and undeveloped parts of the world and then took imported raw materials in payment of interest charges. It is no longer the simple matter of transferring coveted raw materials from the newer to the older countries. On the contrary, it is a question of transferring large payments between nations that are essentially industrial and strongly opposed to the importation of manufactured products which might have a prejudicial effect upon their own trade and industry.

## II

Before considering the transfer question which directly concerns us as a great creditor nation, it will be well to note briefly some of the special problems in the German transfer question, affecting Germany herself, which made it necessary to set up special transfer machinery.

At the time the Dawes Committee undertook to deal with this matter,

the German economic system seemed hopelessly disorganized. The national budget was unbalanced, and the new currency of the country, though temporarily stable, was wholly unfitted to serve the needs of a prosperous trade. The inflation of the old paper mark had destroyed confidence in money as a storehouse of value. More than that, it had literally stripped the nation of its working capital. A part of the nation's great productive equipment, to be sure, was still on hand — there were the famous factories, railroads, and other fixed properties in more or less workable condition. But stocks of raw materials and consumable goods had been virtually used up in the inflationary process.

It was at once obvious that it would be physically impossible to extract reparations from a country which had nothing on hand to offer. If reparations were to be obtained at all they must come from the products of industry. And it was an essential to the restoration of German industry that the country be made reasonably safe for the investment of foreign capital and for the repatriation of German capital which had sought refuge in other parts of the world. With these considerations in mind, the immediate task of the Committee lay in devising means that would stabilize the currency, balance the national budget, and restore confidence.

In taking the next step, — namely, that of providing for reparation annuities, — the Committee was forced to recognize a distinction between two related issues: first, the amount of money that Germany could raise for reparation purposes; second, the amount that could be transferred to her creditors. There was no question whatever about the ability of the German nation to make large sums of money available out of tax revenue for

transfer purposes, especially after industry once got on its feet. But there was a question as to how much could be transferred. On this point it was finally conceded that, irrespective of the amount of reparations to be provided for in the national budget, the maximum amount that could be transferred was limited to the economic surplus arising out of the nation's activities. The evidence seemed conclusive that the transfer of reparation annuities over a period of years could be effected only out of the cash balances which Germany might build up in foreign countries from the sale of her goods and services. She must have an excess of exports over imports.

Considering the depressed state of German industry, the absence of any economic surplus or foreign balances, and the insistent demand on the part of some of the creditor nations for reparations, it would have been fatuous to assume that the transfer question would take care of itself automatically in pre-war fashion. There was no getting away from the fact that, without ample safeguards during the period when an economic surplus was being built up, forced transfers of mark payments into the money of other countries would upset the exchanges, destroy currency stabilization, and imperil the whole future of reparations. Accordingly, it was arranged to make transfers only as conditions permitted, and to relieve Germany of all transfer responsibility. Once she had turned over to the Agent General for Reparations the prescribed annuity, the task of effecting a transfer would then devolve upon the Agent General. It was further arranged that the annuities should be graduated in amount, small at first, and rising to a peak of \$600,000,000 during the fifth reparation year. The whole plan was well conceived to take the reparation

problem out of the field of speculation and to bring about the transfer of the largest payments consistent with German industrial recovery and progress to the creditor nations.

A review of the practical operation of the plan during the first four years shows that, while transfers were effected promptly in accordance with the Dawes schedule, they did not come out of any economic surplus. They were made possible only because of the foreign cash balances which Germany acquired through external borrowing. For example, during the four Dawes years ending August 31, 1928, the total transfer for reparations account amounted to a little more than 5,000,000,000 marks. During the same period the volume of long-term foreign borrowing by the national, state, and municipal governments and by German industries exceeded 6,000,000,000 marks. When allowance is also made for the enormous volume of short-term loans which have been granted to German industry by outside lenders, it is safe to conclude that Germany's external borrowings during the four-year period took care of all reparation transfers and gave her a substantial supply of working capital besides. The transfer question, therefore, is almost as far from a settlement as it ever was. The fundamental problem remains to be dealt with.

Germany, still short of capital, must now face the prospect of extracting large sums from her taxpayers in order to provide the reparation annuities. The extraction and transfer of these sums — the exact amount for the sixth and succeeding years is unsettled at this writing — should tend automatically to create a void in her capital market, to attract funds from abroad at high interest rates, and to provide the foreign cash balances needed to effect further reparation

transfers. But how long will it be possible to carry on in this manner? The continued growth in the volume of foreign loans will mean that larger and larger sums must be transferred to pay both reparations and foreign interest charges. Somewhere there is a limit to the amount that can be borrowed, and the use that can be made of foreign loans for effecting transfers. Eventually, exports of goods or services must be forthcoming for this purpose. Will Germany be able to increase her exports to the point where interest on foreign loans as well as reparations can be transferred in goods? If so, who is going to take the goods? With fresh tariff barriers everywhere to contend with, and with no colonial markets under her control, one cannot help wondering by what legerdemain Germany will be able to accomplish her task.

In one respect, at least, the situation of the reparation creditors is more hopeful. To the extent that they are able to sell to private investors their reparation rights, they will collect their reparation claims in cash. It should be observed, however, that the flotation and sale of reparation bonds in the investment markets of the world would not settle the question. The burden of collecting payments from Germany would merely be shifted to the shoulders of individual investors.

### III

The American side of this question might be described as the reverse side, on the ground that we are scheduled to receive indirectly a substantial part of the reparation payments. During the present year, for example, we shall receive from our European war debtors — who are, in fact, the principal reparation creditors — more than \$200,000,000 in principal and interest, or

one third of the total reparation anuity.

But there is a much larger aspect to our side of the transfer question. During the past fifteen years our private investors have advanced to foreign borrowers more than \$15,000,000,000, on which we expect to receive upward of a billion dollars in interest and dividends every year. It is here that our real problem emerges. It might not be a difficult matter to collect the interest and principal on our war loans, but how are we going to get the interest payments due our private investors? If the transfer of \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000 a year out of Germany presents a problem for the experts, what about the transfer of twice that amount into this country? Our side of the question makes the German side seem small by comparison. And yet we confidently assume that our payments will be forthcoming in the regular way — automatically, without the aid of any special transfer machinery.

We should have no difficulty in getting all these payments if we showed a disposition to take them in the ordinary commercial way — that is, if we adopted a more reasoned attitude on tariff policy and allowed foreign countries to send goods to our markets. The importation and sale of foreign goods would immediately create dollar balances within this country which foreign debtors could transfer to their American creditors in settlement of interest claims. A stroke of the pen is all that would be needed to effect a transfer of the money once it was deposited in our banks.

Our opposition to this mode of settlement is proverbial. We have served repeated notice on the world since the end of the war that we meant to resist the importation of foreign goods. Fearful lest the war debts be repaid to us in the form of goods, we

made haste to put through the Emergency Tariff Act in 1921. This was followed by the Fordney-McCumber Act in the following year, which contained a 'flexible provision' empowering the President to raise any prescribed duty by as much as 50 per cent whenever it was established by investigation of the United States Tariff Commission that an increase in the duty was needed to equalize the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. In some twenty-odd instances to date, the flexible provision has been used to advance import duties. And, not content with these results, we have again thrown the tariff question into the Congressional arena, where there is always the danger of getting a general upward revision of import duties in accordance with time-honored principles and precedents — 'You vote for my schedule and I'll vote for yours.'

Truly we are a high-protectionist country. The extent to which high-tariff doctrine has attracted and captivated the average voter is nothing short of phenomenal. It would seem that practically everyone has become convinced of the efficacy of high tariffs. Even the Democratic Party at the Houston convention definitely abandoned its traditional stand on the tariff question, and boldly proclaimed its support for a tariff that would maintain a high standard of wages for American labor.

It must come as something of a shock to those who would try to look below the surface of our industrial activity to note how the phenomena of high wages and high standards of living are everywhere attributed to the beneficence of a high tariff, when, in point of fact, it is only through the interchange of products that we prosper at all. One has only to realize the significance of the free interchange of

products within our own borders, and what national loss the abandonment of that policy would entail, to appreciate how costly is our policy of restricting trade with other countries, and how fallacious the high-wages argument for protective tariffs. It is through trade that we prosper and pay high wages, not through the imposition of insurmountable trade barriers.

There are, indeed, sound arguments that could be advanced in support of a protective tariff under certain circumstances. These arguments — they are not heard to-day — all rest upon the obvious truth that restrictions on trade are costly, and upon the assumption that there may be times when it is worth while to pay the cost. For example, a good case could be made for the protection of infant industries which hold promise of vigorous growth if it is fully understood that the tariff will be removed gradually but surely when the industry has passed beyond the infantile stage. Then there is a specious military argument which holds that a nation should develop a good measure of diversification in its industries, or it should tax food imports and keep its farms under tillage so that it would be able the better to supply the minimum of its needs in time of war, independently of other nations. Finally, one might propose the argument that we should maintain a high tariff because business has grown up to it, has become dependent on it, and serious consequences would follow for the whole industrial structure if we reduced it.

There is an element of respectability in all these arguments, particularly in the last one. We have had a number of experiences in the past with general tariff reduction, and they have all had unfortunate results for labor and industry. Experience has shown that a high tariff cannot be reduced in the

twinkling of an eye without disrupting employment, destroying capital values, and provoking a period of trade depression. Possibly it is this fact in our experience which has so popularized current protective doctrine. Sound arguments against hasty tariff reduction have come to be used wrongly as arguments for an increase in tariff duties. At the present time no sound argument can be advanced in support of an increase in the tariff, nor could one find any economic justification for the succession of tariff increases since the end of the war.

Notwithstanding the size of the foreign payments that are scheduled to come our way, there is every indication that we shall maintain a scale of high tariff duties for many years to come, and that the trend in our rates of duty will be upward. The two major political parties are committed to the dangerous principle that import duties should be approximately equal to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, which means that we should have virtually an excluding tariff on all goods capable of being produced in this country. And so strongly rooted is this doctrine in the popular mind that no argument can shake it. The suggestion that we shall have to take goods from the outside if we are to collect the interest on our foreign investments meets with practically no response.

#### IV

If the foregoing analysis is correct, and we adhere to a goods-exclusion policy, raising the present scale of duties higher and higher as the occasion requires in order 'to protect our high wages and living standards,' how will our side of the transfer question be settled? What will be the outcome of this dilemma?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let us note how payments are coming to us at the present time. An examination of our trade balance with foreign countries discloses an extraordinary relationship between exports and imports of goods. Instead of finding a yearly excess of imports over exports, as would befit the status of a great creditor country, we find exactly the opposite. Year after year our exports have exceeded our imports by a substantial margin, and during the year 1928 our 'favorable balance,' so called, amounted to more than \$1,000,000,000. The explanation for the persistence of these favorable balances seems to be that the tariff keeps goods from coming into the country, while our mass-production methods, combined with our facilities for financing foreign countries and industries, enable us to sell abroad an increasing proportion of manufactured articles at prices below those of our most efficient competitors.

Now the question arises, What becomes of the yearly credits we build up in foreign countries out of our excess of exports? Specifically, what became of the net cash balance of \$1,000,000,000 which must have been credited to our account in foreign banks during 1928 as the result of our large export trade?

Questions of this kind cannot be answered absolutely. Foreign cash balances are not, as a rule, earmarked for a special purpose. It is generally known, however, that we have to make available in foreign countries every year a net cash balance of about \$1,000,000,000 in order to provide cash for American tourists, to pay foreign shipping companies for their services in transporting our ocean freight, and to turn over to foreigners the cash remitted to them by our immigrant population. These are all 'invisible' imports. They are services

we have to pay for out of our foreign cash balances. Generally speaking, we obtain these cash balances by exporting more goods than we import.

One of the large invisible items for which we must receive payment is the interest due our private investors on foreign bonds, together with the interest and principal installments growing out of the war-debt settlements. Roughly, these combined items amount to about \$1,200,000,000 a year. And how do we collect this enormous sum? The fact is, we do not collect it. We take promissory notes for it. Where we should be importing goods which could be sold and converted into cash balances so that foreign debtors might pay us, we are 'importing' their bonds and other pieces of paper on a grand scale. It is true, of course, that these foreign bonds are sold in our investment markets and cash balances are created, but in effect the cash is borrowed cash — the real settlement is only deferred.

There is thus a striking resemblance between our position and that of the chief reparation creditors. It has already been shown that reparations are received by these creditors only because Germany is able to borrow the money to pay them; and now it appears that our investors are getting interest payments from foreign debtors in precisely the same way. In neither case is any real transfer taking place. If we used to be appalled at any cry of 'Borrow and buy,' what are we to think of the form it has taken to-day — 'Borrow and pay'?

In considering the ultimate outcome of our predicament, there is only one thing of which we can be absolutely certain — namely, no matter how far we carry the goods-exclusion policy, there will still be a balance between our total exports and total imports when full account is taken of the invisible

items. Visible and invisible exports together must be equal to the combined total of visible and invisible imports. There is always a balance in these accounts. While a particular policy may affect the manner in which the two sides are balanced, it cannot possibly prevent a balance. How, then, may the balance be affected by the policy of excluding competitive goods?

If we start with the premise that tariff rates will be readjusted as often as may be necessary to exclude the competitive products of foreign countries from our markets, — and this appears to be our determined policy, — then there are only four possibilities in our situation to be considered. A change in some or all of the following factors along the lines suggested will be necessary to maintain the balance: —

1. Further imports of gold
2. An increase in the imports of non-competitive goods and foreign 'services'
3. A material decline in our exports
4. Default and repudiation by foreign debtors

There are no other possibilities to be considered under the conditions as stated. While it is probable that we shall continue to buy vast quantities of foreign securities, — an invisible import which looms large in our present balance, — it is obvious that the accounts cannot be balanced in this way for an indefinite period. The interest accumulation on our foreign holdings is being compounded — it is growing larger and larger every year. And it can be only a question of time until there will not be a sufficient supply of sound foreign securities to discharge the annual interest payments due us. Some other way must be found whereby interest can be paid. No merchant can continue long in business if he gets only promissory notes from his customers.

There is always one mode of settlement open to our foreign debtors, and that is to send us gold — a commodity on which no tariff duty is levied. It would, of course, be impossible for them to pay us in full with gold — there is not enough gold in the world to serve that purpose. But by sending us a little gold from time to time as new gold becomes available at the mines, or as foreign banks permit a portion of their gold reserves to be released for export, our debtors could contribute that much toward the balancing of our accounts in real goods.

We have already acquired vast quantities of the metal in this way over the past fifteen years. We have had flood after flood of foreign gold. Its intelligent purpose in coming to us was, first, to maintain a balance in the two sides of our account, and, second, to inflate our prices so that foreign goods could come in over the tariff wall. Thus far we have succeeded in thwarting the inflationary purpose of gold imports in the commodity markets, but inflation in the security markets has run riot.

Recent financial experience clearly shows that excess gold is a trouble maker. With nearly one half of the world's stock of monetary gold still in our possession, it is recognized by the banking authorities that further imports of gold should be prevented if possible. A few also recognize that only through a liberal credit policy on the part of the Reserve banks can gold imports be prevented over the years immediately ahead. Little wonder that astute speculators in the security markets during the past year have refused to be perturbed by high money rates.

With reference to the second factor which may come into the picture, — namely, an increase in the imports of noncompetitive goods and foreign 'services,' — it is hoped and believed by

many observers that as time goes on we shall increase our imports of dutiable luxury articles like furs, diamonds, Oriental rugs, and so forth, and of duty-free products such as rubber, coffee, works of art, hides, raw silk, newsprint paper, bananas, and the like; furthermore, that we shall pay out more and more abroad on account of our tourists' expenditures, ocean freight charges, and immigrant remittances. As a matter of fact, if our tariff policy is any criterion at all, we are trusting blindly that we shall buy on the outside a sufficient quantity of luxuries, non-competitive goods, and services to balance our account without the aid of any other factor.

Surely no one questions our ability to take larger quantities of these goods and services. It is to be presumed as a matter of course that we shall import more and more rubber, more luxury goods in general, and that we shall have to provide larger foreign balances to pay for foreign services. But by what flights of fancy can it be assumed that such imports will be sufficient in themselves to effect the transfer of interest? There is no ground whatever for this assumption. It completely overlooks the fact that interest payments due us are being compounded from year to year, and that no such progressive rate of increase in the imports of special goods or services is possible. There is a limit to the amount of help we can expect from these items, and besides there are other available sources of help which must contribute their share to the common cause.

A decline in our export trade would improve the transfer situation for the simple reason that it would reduce the net amount foreign countries must pay us. It is probable that we shall witness a marked decline in this trade over the next few years. All are agreed that the recent great expansion in our export

trade could not have taken place had we not put money into the hands of foreigners, through the purchase of their securities, with which they could pay our exporters. From this it follows that any curtailment in our purchases of foreign securities must operate to produce a corresponding diminution in our exports. Nations will not and cannot continue to buy from those to whom they cannot sell. Tariffs can be invoked in retaliation against those who impose them. And, on the strictly economic side, it becomes unprofitable to buy in markets where trade is artificially restricted, either because production costs and prices are too high or because the means of payment cannot be made readily available through the normal process of exchanging goods for goods.

In the case of agriculture there are stock examples of how a high tariff restricts exports. Since 1921, American agriculture has had a surplus problem to contend with. In part, the surplus production of our farms has been only a reflex of the shortage of purchasing power in European countries. These countries, unable to restore their pre-war productivity by manufacturing goods for sale in our markets, have been obliged to restrict their purchases from us, particularly of those products which could be obtained elsewhere. They have found it possible to obtain larger and larger supplies of wheat, pork products, cotton, tobacco, and other raw materials from newer sources, with the result that the surplus-production problem of our farms has been aggravated.

In time, the same tendencies are bound to appear in our export trade in finished products — when new sources of supply have been developed or when our foreign customers are forced by a shortage of purchasing power to economize in their buying. Equipped as we

are for mass production, we need the widest possible outlet for our goods in foreign markets if we would attain the maximum of prosperity. Yet, by restricting and threatening still further to restrict the importation of foreign goods, we are bent on narrowing the foreign outlet for our products. The only compensating feature in our programme is that the automatic restriction of our exports will afford some relief to the foreign debtor who owes us money.

Finally, foreign debtors themselves might contribute something to the balancing of our account through sheer inability to pay us — that is, through default, if not complete repudiation. This is not a possibility that one likes to contemplate, yet it is a factor to be reckoned with. In times past, nations, states, and municipalities have been known to repudiate under stress; and many large business corporations, including most of our own railroad companies, have at one time or another had their capital structure relieved of the burden of excessive debts at the hands of a court of equity. It is only logical to expect that some of our foreign loans, carelessly made in a burst of optimistic sentiment, will give a bad account of themselves under normal circum-

stances. And under the special circumstances we are imposing it is certainly to be expected that losses on foreign loans will be well above the average. While wholesale repudiation is both unnecessary and unlikely, heavy losses would seem to be inevitable.

One of the unfortunate by-products of our tariff policy is the fact that credit and banking policy must be kept in line. Our creditor position in the world is such that Federal Reserve policy cannot be determined independently of credit conditions in other countries. We have encouraged foreign countries to return to the gold standard in order that they might absorb some of our excess gold and stabilize their currencies, thereby ensuring the continuity of the gold standard and an improved foreign market for our products. We cannot now retrace our steps by imposing on these countries credit conditions which would undo all that has been accomplished. In reconciling credit policy with a tariff policy over which they have no control, our banking authorities have a difficult problem to face; and not the least of their difficulties will be to meet the criticism aimed at their credit policy, when it is tariff policy that is fundamentally at fault.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### SHALL I RETIRE?

I AM in the late forties; I am married and have two children, two moderate-priced motor cars, and a comfortable home in the semicountry a few miles from one of the largest cities in North America. My private income from conservative investments is about \$2000 per year. In my business I earn an average of \$6000 annually, while my wife receives something over \$10,000 each year from her estate. The total, therefore, we will say, is \$18,000.

Our expenses are the usual ones common to the typical American family — taxes, mortgage interest, wages, schools, clubs, contributions, amusements, and the general upkeep of a family of four. We dress very well, and entertain better and oftener than the average (we are told). We save next to nothing.

Each and every morning, after an early and hurried breakfast, during which takes place a hectic discussion relative to the most satisfactory methods of transportation to our respective destinations, I conclude to walk (or run) to the station, while the children are motored in great haste to another station or direct to schools (private). I take a seat in the train beside another 'business man' and appear as happy, important, and conventional as possible while I read my morning paper. It is vital that I turn eagerly to the financial page, because everybody else does. I am then submerged in a seething mass of human protoplasm which presently scatters itself to every conceivable corner of this North American city. And the fight is on.

In a close, steam-heated office my day is given over to frantic pursuits which involve the dictation of letters, telephoning, calculations, and discussions. Both within the office and without, the noise is constant, the movement continual — and the fight eternal. When the formality of the day's routine is over, I rush homeward by another route, having learned by telephone that I am to entrain and be met, or extract a car from some distant garage, or linger on a windy street corner to be collected by my wife or someone. Finally I reach home. I am tired, nervous, depleted, almost unclean. It is difficult to be agreeable. Casual conversation irritates me. My remarks annoy the family. I am useless, a burden, a poor investment. Sometimes a bath or a cocktail or both revivify me for a time, but usually, with great effort, I pull myself together and go in to dinner, resorting to neither. If the evening is to be spent at home, it is sure to be a brief one. If we 'go out,' I pray for decided inspiration or wild excitement. And, in either case, tomorrow I pay. My home is bulging with dusty books; my musical instruments are stored in the attic; my pen is used to write checks; my garden is full of weeds, and the thrushes come and go before I know it. 'The world is too much with us.'

On that fatal morning, some twenty years ago, when I embarked on the turbulent stream of business apprenticeship, I felt an indescribable sensation of reluctance. I was conscious, somehow, of taking the wrong step. My evenings, for the most part, were spent in studious pursuits removed as

far as possible from the sphere of the business I was entering — or any business, for that matter. But there was the fine opening for the young man, and I was persuaded to fill it. And now, after nearly a quarter of a century of business endeavor, I show earning power of \$6000 per year! Good proof in itself that I am no business man!

Several college contemporaries of mine are farmers, naturalists, psychologists, and the like — and I am sure that they would have limped helplessly into the arena of business life and out if they had not shown the courage of their convictions. Their talents, with which they are peculiarly blessed, are nurtured and caused to flourish. They appear happy, calm, healthy, hard-working, and successful — and earn little or nothing. They are well able to avoid the madding crowd — and likewise am I, and you perhaps.

Among my acquaintances is a man, ten years my junior, who receives from his inherited estate an annual income of \$20,000, I should judge. (The exact figure, of course, I don't know, for if there is one secret which is assiduously kept sacred, it is the extent of one's wealth.) In his business he too earns about \$6000. (This I happen to know.) He could readily retire — more readily than I. But he won't, — at least until infirmity overtakes him, — because he has no outside interests. All his eggs are in one basket. He would be like a fish out of water. He is happy — and let him stay where he is. Our cases are not similar.

If the college undergraduate whose open letter to his Alma Mater appeared recently on the front pages of several daily papers was sincere in saying, 'I have existed in your civilization now for twenty years. I have existed merely as a spectator. You have forced me to do certain things and I have done them — reluctantly, always inwardly

rebeling. Now I have decided to give expression to my nature and to try whether it be possible to live humanely,' I heartily sympathize with him, though we must consider his subsequent action a little drastic. His rebellious attitude is splendid. He apparently is not intended for the struggling activities of this world.

If release is possible, it is difficult for me to believe that a man should cling to the apron strings of a business in which he is not in the slightest interested. He continues to cling, perhaps, for protection, and to avoid ridicule, for if he lets go at middle age or before (provided he is in good health and in possession of his faculties) he is forthwith considered a loafer or rich — and perhaps is neither. Nor can I believe it is fair and fitting that his natural aptitudes should be continually cramped and crippled; that his lifelong effort must be in pursuit of something he really does n't need or want; that he should be prohibited, so to speak, from satisfying his precious interests; that he should be forced to associate with people not of his own choosing, people who are perhaps uncongenial.

Sometimes I liken myself unto the reckless driver, who crowds his car between and past others and races along the public highways at a cruel speed, and who is sure to injure himself and his vehicle sooner or later. And unless he slows down he will one day die at the wheel. I am not fond enough of reckless driving to jeopardize my whole existence. The pace is too rapid for safety.

Why should I be made to take a violent interest in the policies of the Nippissing Oil and Supply Corporation of Arkansas when the whole idea of the thing appeals to me not in the least? What difference does it make to me if the Farmers' Mortgage Trust and Loan Company is inclined to rearrange its

stock and 'give four for one'? There are plenty of people who delight in following these fascinating interests. Let them 'strain and sweat' over the ticker. Some eager broker or my trustee can well look after my diminutive affairs. I prefer to give my time and energy to other matters.

Somehow I don't feel ashamed to record frankly that business as I know it — business for its own sake — is continually an exasperation to me. It all seems commonplace, impersonal. There is no chance for a man to show his own propensities, his personality, his soul. Our inveterate men of business use the same terms in conversation, keep the same office hours, eat with each other at lunch clubs, think the same commercial thoughts, and even smoke with the same mannerisms.

If a traveling salesman ever again offers me a cigar and asks, 'What is your line?' — I think I shall scream. A stockbroker, a merchant, a clerk, an automobile salesman, I can invariably spot. And I can also spot a naturalist and an artist!

The first question asked among men in reference to a passing individual is, 'What does he do?' — which means, 'What *business* is he in?' That is the vital point! There is little or no interest in knowing anything concerning his personal qualities. Whether he is a scholar, a botanist, or an Episcopalian is of little consequence. On our tax returns and legal questionnaires in general we are required at the outset to state address of home and address of business. It is evidently taken for granted that we maintain both, and sometimes by the documentary phrasing I wonder whether both may be obligatory. More than once I have been tempted to fill in the second space with the words, 'My business address is the Maine Woods.'

I don't mean to be critically cynical

in these observations. The position I take is indeed a serious one. I am fully aware of the importance of continuous business in all its intricate departments. It is certain that someone must attend to these jobs. There is no dearth of laborers — and pay in plenty for the competent and earnest ones. Schools and colleges annually turn out hordes of trained workers intent on business careers. They doubtless love their work and the money they make. Splendid. They are welcome to both. I am interested in neither. And I have no right to occupy space that could be filled by someone who would be happier and more successful than I.

If, then, I step bravely to the side lines of this business game, instead of \$18,000 we have \$12,000 a year. And if we save nothing on eighteen thousand, it's not likely we can on twelve. But for the time being I am not treating of the accumulation of wealth. Do I *need* two servants and two cars and four clubs? Do my children *need* to go to expensive schools? Do I *need* to entertain so well and so often? At all events, it now appears that we Americans are swept on, unconsciously perhaps, by this conventional current. It is evidently not customary to drift calmly aside into still waters. We are doing the traditional thing. We are pretending. We are afraid to slow down. We don't dare to resign.

My reading, my music, my writing, and my study of nature are investment securities which I have sold each year for a mere \$6000. Public opinion gave me to understand that I should be happier and better off if I parted with these interests for cash. The cash has come in handy, to be sure, but think of what I have been made to forfeit! These investments were invaluable. Someone has said, 'Life consists in what a man is thinking all day.' Through all the distasteful routine of the office, if my

thoughts continually turn to a poem, a melody, a fancy, a thrush, then my business is not my life. I am acting one rôle and living another.

'When my time comes, I want to die in the harness,' I have heard active, hard-working people remark.

It seems a pretty and courageous declaration — but if the harness has irritated for nearly twenty-five years, who wants to die in it?

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#### THE ROAD

HERE is a dead road through the depth of the Connecticut forest. Like the mortal remains of some animal, which season after season shrink to smaller semblance of species until nothing is left but a few scattered ribs and vertebræ, so the dead road has diminished, now displaying only its hardiest principles even to a careful eye: the stone-slab bridge over the brook, the deep wheel ruts, and an occasional patch of decayed corduroy, the whole shrouded in briars and bordered by the dooryard maples of long-vanished homesteads. It is an ancient highway. If it stretched back into time as into the dark wood, measured not by miles but by years, we should be able to walk beyond history.

Our first lap would take us back into coaching days, when this was the post road between Hartford and Boston. Unless the engravers romanticized their period — and few artists so treat their present — we should find ourselves in a jolly countryside. On each side of the road the forest has been pushed back to the hills. The sun pours over a plateau checkered with the varying greens of oats, rye, barley, and maize. Comfortable farmhouses are surrounded by orchards, where the grass is kept like a lawn by grazing cows which soon, when apples are ripe, will be exiled to less intoxicating pastureage. The dooryard maples, planted

by grandsires early in the eighteenth century, are not yet fully grown.

But not everyone here tills the soil. We see a small mill for the making of spindles. For some time along the road we have heard the bawl of the mill race rushing between walls of Cyclopean masonry. The spindlery has a few more years of prosperity ahead of it, for thus far Mr. Whitney has kept his cotton gin to himself. (Would that he and other inventive souls, especially that high priest of Ahriman, the inventor of the gasoline motor, had continued in obscurity.) If neither farming nor the making of spindles pleases us, we can doubtless find a humble place in the excellent coaching inn which we reach at the turn of the road. Here also is the cemetery of this highway village, facing the tavern like the skull at an Egyptian feast. . . . No, that is not quite just. The juxtaposition is unpremeditated and casts no grim cloud over the minds of the voyagers. Our fathers entertained their dead more casually than we; sometimes they tucked them in within a few yards of their house. Many an old dwelling is surrounded by headstones rather more decorative than the cast-iron deer of a later generation.

We turn again beyond the tavern, and, since we are traveling through time instead of space, we are not surprised as the trees close in upon us, darker and darker, until we stand on a footpath amid virgin forest. To-day New England has no such trees; long struggle against axe and fire has exhausted the breed. The road — or the Connecticut Trail, as it has now become — is silent. Yet there are travelers, many going and coming like shadows, single warriors furtively moving from tree to tree, tribes on the march toward the south, war parties so hideously painted as to slay with fear before their tomahawks are out of their

belt. Along this trail we could find paths leading everywhere, to Canada, to the swamps of the South, the Western prairie, and the isles of the sea.

But if we go on we shall push farther than any of these places or any point of the compass, for we journey through time, and the road goes farther back than the Connecticut Trail. Until the age of railways, roads were the most ancient of all man-made things. A son might wish a more splendid house than his father's, but he would never dream of changing a road. It was not his to change, and besides, human feet most naturally tread where others have gone before. Our feet are our most conservative members, the quickest to note the change of an angle, the last to desist from protests against clothing. We may bewail the demolition of an old house or the construction of a new one, but even in these mobile days we more heartily bewail the opening or closing of a street. Not presidential years or threats of war so move a town meeting to frenzy as the project of a new road.

We may suppose, then, that this road is older than the Connecticut Trail. Who traveled it then? We may take a scholar with us (one at a time, please, for the sake of peace) and turn over theory as we turn over a stone with our walking stick — the one as grubby as the other. Or we may go with a poet and be

as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other.

But I strongly advise following the road in solitude. In the known we kneel to the gods of the known, but when we proceed into conjecture, let us, without benefit of anybody, create the universe best pleasing to us. A man must share facts; his ghosts are his own.

However far back we journey, we

shall at last find the road very much as it is now. For to-day, unless we search carefully, we shall discover few traces of its past liveliness. As if to make up for lost time, the short New England summer attacks the hills with the vegetable fury of a jungle. Were it not so, what Connecticut pasture would show forth so much as a thistle? The fern leaps from the ground unfastening its frond as it goes, like a belated guest tearing off his overcoat as he hurries through the front door. The briars spring at each other, joyfully wrestling into impenetrable thickets. No crack is too fine to escape the eye of the twirling seed, and the rocks are split asunder by the roots of trees. From the wild geranium of early summer to the last blue succory pinched half open by the October frost, riots of frivolous bloom sweep into every gully and field. Without doubt it was their invincible and offensive beauty which drove the sturdier Puritan out of New England to the more congenial austerities of Iowa, Kansas, and the like. To such eager growth the conquest of the ten-thousand-year road was not even sham warfare. It was a dress parade.

Yet, if we have soft soles to our shoes, we may still feel out the course of the wheel ruts. If we are equipped with steel nippers or the hide of a rhinoceros, we shall be able to force our way through to the cellar holes of the farm-houses and the tavern. Great trees stand on the fireless hearths. The stone bridge still spans the brook, and the graveyard, though most of its stones have been overthrown or cracked, may still be found in the middle of the forest. If we would see these things, and perhaps meditate on them, we must hurry. The road was an ancient way and it was a good way, but it will not be found by our children. It is traveled no more.

# WHITEOAKS OF JALNA<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel*

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

## XIX

WAKEFIELD scented excitement in the air from the moment when he first opened his eyes. There was something in the way the window curtains swelled in the breeze that made him think of the bellying of sails. There was something unusual in the smell of the air, as though it had come from a long way off, a different country, full of strange adventure.

He thought he would see what time it was, for he did not wish to spend too much of his day in meditation. He went to the dressing table where, among Renny's rather meagre toilet articles, lived the alarm clock. It was twenty minutes to ten. There would be little left of breakfast to tempt one of wayward appetite. He opened Renny's top drawer, and there, among the neat rows of ties and mounds of handkerchiefs, he discovered a small tin box marked 'Chest and Lung Tablets.' These were richly flavored with licorice, and, while not large in bulk, might be counted on to stay one until something more intriguing than half-cold porridge and tepid tea turned up.

He laid one on his tongue, and, when he had got into his clothes, dropped a few more into a pocket of his knickers. His ablutions were a miracle of producing the most pleasing effect with the least effort. However, he spent a good deal of time on his hair, for he had found that its sleekness invariably produced a favorable impression on his elders, with the exception

<sup>1</sup> A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — Editor

of Piers, who took delight in rubbing it the wrong way.

He was about to go downstairs when he heard the peculiar bubbly cooing by which young Maurice was wont to express his pleasure in the morn. He glided to the door of Pheasant's room and looked in. No one was there save the infant, sitting on a quilt on the floor, sucking something out of his bottle. When he saw Wakefield he kicked convulsively and took the bottle from his lips, a waggish smile widening his mouth, showing all his pearl-like teeth.

'Nug-nug! Ee-ee! Nug-nug!'

'Hello, Mooey!' returned Wakefield, kindly. 'Glad to see your old uncle, are n't you?'

'Nug-nug! Brrrr!' bubbled Mooey, and replaced the nipple in his mouth. He sucked energetically, the muscles in his lip quivering, his eyes turned slightly toward his nose.

Wakefield took him under the arms and raised him to his feet. Mooey stamped his bare soles energetically on the quilt, but the bottle fell from his grasp and a shadow troubled his pink brow. His motto was 'One thing at a time, and that done thoroughly.' This promenading in the middle of a drink confused him.

'Ba!' he declared, trying to see his uncle's face. 'Bub-bub-bub!'

Wakefield walked him the length of the room between his knees. 'Nice walk,' he said, dictatorially. 'Bad old bottle.'

But Mooey was of a different opinion. There, on the quilt, lay his bottle, still half full of delicious sweetened water, and here was he, leagues away, held by two vise-like hands, while tweed-knickered legs and

leather brogues imprisoned him on either side.

'Ha-ha-ha-ha!' he cried, but his 'ha' was of lamentation, not mirth.

'Hush,' said Wakefield, sternly, 'or you'll have your mother fussing about! What's the matter with you? Why don't you step out and learn to walk when I'm taking all this trouble with you? Do you know what's likely to get you, if you're naughty? Well, a big wolf is, and gobble you right up.'

Happily Mooey was unable to take in the import of this dire possibility, but when he threw back his head, and looked up into Wakefield's face, he saw something in that smooth, alive visage that brought tears welling into his eyes, and made him raise his voice in a despairing wail. Wakefield propelled him to the door and balanced himself on one leg while he shut it with his foot. He then returned Mooey to his quilt, on which he dropped him so precipitately that the infant's faculties were occupied, for the moment, in recovering his balance.

Wakefield picked up the bottle and shook it. He removed the nipple and tasted the insipid fluid. At this sight, an expression so outraged came into Mooey's wet eyes that Wakefield was moved to reassure him.

'Can't you trust your uncle?' he asked. 'You're very much mistaken if you think I want any of this beastly stuff. And if you were n't such a little fathead you'd never let them put you off with it! Now I'm going to give you something really nice. And it's good for you, too, 'specially as you sound sort of wheezy.'

Mooey made noises indicative of a broken spirit, and watched Wakefield fascinated as he took two of the Chest and Lung Tablets from his pocket and dropped them into the bottle. He placed his palm on the opening and shook the bottle vigorously. It took the tablets some time to dissolve, but at last the water took on a dark, rather poisonous color, and Wakefield assumed that sufficient of the medicinal quality of the tablets had been absorbed. He replaced the nipple and put the bottle into the outstretched hands of his nephew.

'There you are, my boy!' he said, heartily, and a benevolent smile curved his lips

as he observed the gusto with which Mooey returned to his drink.

He was not a Boy Scout. He had not the physical strength to take part in Scout enterprises. However, he liked the idea of beginning each day with a kind act. He was one whom it would be impossible to hamper by sectarianism, but who, nevertheless, was willing to take something of good from any creed.

He descended the stairs lightly.

In the hall below he was interested to see that Rags had just let someone in at the front door. It was Mr. Patton, Grandmother's lawyer. He carried his brief bag, and, as Rags divested him of his coat, he gave Wakefield a pleasant but rather nervous smile.

'Good morning,' he said, 'and how are you?'

'Thank you, sir,' answered Wakefield, 'I'm as well as can be expected, after all I've gone through.'

He had heard Aunt Augusta make this same remark to Mrs. Fennel the day before, and he saw no reason why a remark so fraught with mournful dignity should not serve for any member of the family.

Mr. Patton looked at him sharply. 'H'm,' he said, dryly. 'I suppose so. Well, well.'

Aunt Augusta appeared in the doorway of the sitting room. She held out her hand to Mr. Patton, and Wakefield saw that almost all the family was gathered in the sitting room. Uncle Nicholas sat in an armchair in a corner, filling his pipe; Uncle Ernest was by a window, nervously rubbing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other. Piers and Renny stood together talking, and Mr. Patton was barely inside when Meg and Maurice arrived. Meg was carrying her infant daughter, Patience. Wakefield was consumed by curiosity. He was also humiliated to find that a family conclave had reached such a point as this without his knowledge.

Finch came along the hall, rather more sheepish than usual, and he too made toward the door of the sitting room. Wakefield caught his arm.

'What is it?' he asked, eagerly. 'What are they up to?'

'The will. Patton's going to read the will.'

"The will? Oh! Then we'll know who's going to be the heir, shan't we?"

"Shut up," whispered Finch, and pushed past him.

But Wake was not to be put off so easily. He followed Finch into the sitting room and drew up a chair beside Mr. Patton where he sat at the square table, with some papers spread before him.

Mr. Patton looked at him over his glasses.

"I don't think the child should be allowed to stay," said Aunt Augusta.

"Of course he should n't," agreed Piers.

"Wake, darling," said Meg, joggling Patience on her knee, "run along and feed your rabbits."

Wakefield did not demur, but he hitched his chair a little nearer the table and pushed Aunt Augusta's bottle of smelling salts within reach of Mr. Patton, in case of need.

"Put that child out," growled Nicholas from his corner, pointing at Wake with his pipe. "I don't see—" began Renny, but Piers took the little boy by the arm and put him into the hall.

He stood there ruffled, like a young robin pushed from the nest, looking at the door so inexorably shut against him.

"I wonder how long it will take," he said to Rags.

"It'll take some time," replied Rags, dusting the mirror of the hatrack; and he added sarcastically, "I expect you'll 'ave time to order yerself a new touring car, in case you're the old lidy's heir."

"There is n't any "in case,"" said Wakefield, on a sudden impulse. "I am."

"Of course you are!" jeered Rags. "Sime as I won the Calcutta Sweepstakes! We'll go aroaund the world on a tour together."

"It's all very well to laugh," returned Wakefield, gravely, "but it's the truth! She told me so herself, not long before she died."

Rags gaped at him, duster in hand. He could not help being impressed. "Well, if wot you s'y is true, them in there will get the surprise of their lives."

"Yes," agreed Wakefield, "and they'll feel meaner after shutting me out and all."

"I wish I knew if you're telling the truth."

"You'll know soon enough."

Wakefield went out into the morning.

He sauntered along the flower border, brilliant with marigolds, zinnias, and asters. Bright cobwebs veiled the cedar hedge where the sun had not yet struck. A birch tree was letting fall little yellow leaves into the moist green of the lawn.

What should he do to pass the time until the reading of the will was over? This was an important hour in his life, he felt, and should be spent in no trivial fashion. He began to feel qualms of hunger, but the thought of re-entering the house was intolerable to him. The blue and gold of the morning, the little breezes that skipped about like young lambs, the spaciousness of open air, were necessary to his mood. He strolled, hands in pockets, to the back of the house, and there came upon a tub set beneath an eave, full of rain water. He squatted beside it, peering at his reflection, darkly bright in the water. So looked the heir to the Whiteoak millions! He lengthened his face, trying to make his nose into a Court nose, and when it began to ache from the strain he eased it with a hideous grimace or two.

The sight of these grimaces reflected made him burst out laughing, and a tiny cockerel, which had followed him, responded with a boastful crow.

"What have you to crow about?" asked Wakefield. "If you were me, you might crow. What are you heir to, I'd like to know? A dirty old nest, and a worm or two. Do you know what I am? I'm heir to the Whiteoak millions, and it'll pay you to crow when I tell you to, and not before!"

The cockerel looked at him so hard that it turned its head almost upside down. Its bright amber eye glittered with greed.

Then in the rain water Wakefield discovered a black beetle half-drowned, lying on its back, only a feeble kicking of the legs showing it to be still alive. He picked a blade of grass and with it steered the beetle round the tub. A dear little boat making a tour of the world. He made it call at various ports — Gibraltar, Suez, Ceylon, Penang. How he loved these names in his geography lessons with Mr. Fennel! Lucky, lucky beetle!

Alas! Just as they reached Shanghai, it sank. Rather ungrateful of it. Not many

Canadian beetles had a chance to go to Shanghai!

He peered down at it, lying on its back in the depths of the tub. It must be rescued. He pushed up his sleeve and put his slender brown arm into the water, found the beetle, and laid it right side up in the sunshine. He lay down beside it, watching with satisfaction the slow but sure return to life. It was his second kind act that morning!

His cup was full. But not his stomach! It seemed hard that he, heir to the White-oak millions, should go empty.

He crouched before a window of the basement kitchen and peered down into the twilight depths below. He could see Mrs. Wragge kneading dough, her large red fists pounding it so vigorously that one could not help wondering whether it might not hurt the dough. Bessie, the kitchen-maid, was paring vegetables in a corner, her hair in her eyes. Rags, cigarette in mouth, was cleaning knives, dipping the cork first in a little puddle of water on the knifeboard, then in a small mound of Bath brick, before he angrily furbished the blades. Rags was always angry when he was in the basement. No matter how cool his temper might be above, it rose to boiling point as he clattered down the stairs. No, Wakefield did not want his breakfast from that galley!

He ran across the fields, climbed the sagging rail fence, and was on the road. Soon he was opposite the door of the blacksmith shop, between its tall elms. John Chalk, the smith, was shoeing a gray farm horse. He glanced at Wake from under his shaggy brows, and went on hammering the shoe.

When he dropped the hoof, and straightened his back, Wakefield remarked, 'My pony's cast that last shoe you put on her.'

'That's queer,' said Chalk. 'Are you sure it was that one? She'd no right to cast that one so soon.'

Wake looked at him dubiously. 'Had n't she? I had my doubts of it when you put it on. I thought it was a very queer-looking job.'

Chalk glared. 'I like your cheek! There was never a shoe better put on than that shoe, and I'd like you to know it!'

Wakefield folded his arms. 'I don't want,' he said, 'to take my custom from you.'

'You and your custom!' bawled the blacksmith. 'You and your one little pony that I could pick up under my arm like a sheep! Take it away, and be darned to you. I guess I can make ends meet without it!' He wiped his brow with a blackened hand.

'Well,' said Wake, 'if it only *was* one pony you might be snifty! But it'll likely be a whole string of race horses before long. You see, I'm the heir to the — my grandmamma's money.'

'A likely story,' jeered Chalk. 'The old lady 'ud never leave it to a little whipper-snapper like you!'

'That's just why she did it. She knew I needed it — what with my weak heart and all. I've known it for a long time, but the family's just finding it out this morning.'

Chalk regarded him with mingled admiration and disapproval. 'Well, if that's true, and you've got the old lady's money, I pity them, for of all the high-cockalorum, head-up-and-tail-over-the-dashboard young rascals I ever set eyes on, you're the worst.' He began to hammer so loudly on his anvil that further conversation was impossible. Though fast friends, their intercourse was often stormy.

Wakefield let the smith feel the weight of his gaze for a few moments, before he moved on with dignity along the straggling street. At the Wigles' cottage he stopped. Muriel, as usual, was swinging on the gate. He brought it to a standstill so abruptly that the little girl fell off. Before she could begin to cry, Wakefield took her by the hand and said, 'Come along, Muriel. I'm going to take you with me for a treat.'

The door of the cottage opened and Mrs. Wigle stuck out her head.

'Muriel!' she called. 'Don't you dare leave the yard! Come back here this instant moment!'

'But he'th taking me out for a treat!' whined Muriel. 'I want to go out for a treat!'

'Treat nothing,' retorted her mother. 'The last time he took you out for a treat you came home in rags and tatters. Treats may be fun for him, but he ain't going to take my daughter to 'em!'

Wakefield listened to this tirade with a reproachful air.

'Mrs. Wigle,' he said, 'it was n't my fault that Muriel fell in the stream, and the old sheep tossed her about, and the burrs got in her hair. I did what I could to save her. But I'd forgotten the sheep's name, and she won't come for any other name but her own. You see, all our animals have names, we make such pets of them.'

Mrs. Wigle came down the path, her arms rolled in her apron. She looked somewhat mollified.

'Where did you plan to take her this morning?' she asked.

'Only to Mrs. Brawn's shop to buy her something nice to eat.'

'Well, fetch her straight back here afterward. And there's one thing I wish you'd tell me. Have you ever heard your brother say aught about mending my roof? It leaks into the best room like all possessed every time it rains.'

Wakefield knitted his slender black brows. 'I've never heard him say a single word about it, Mrs. Wigle. He does n't seem to mind what roof leaks so long as the stable roof does n't. But I'll tell you what I'll do — I'll mend your roof myself!'

'Bless the child! As though you could mend my roof!'

'I mean, I'll have it mended for you. You see, I've inherited all my grandmamma's money, and I'll be wanting to do all sorts of nice things for ladies that have been kind to me. Come along, Muriel.'

Mrs. Wigle was dazed before the splendor of it. A little boy with all that fortune! Beautiful to see him holding her Muriel by the hand! She followed them, rolling her arms tightly in her apron, into Mrs. Brawn's shop. She did not give him time to tell his news to fat Mrs. Brawn. She poured it out for him, and the two women stood, wrapped in admiration, while he scrutinized the contents of the window.

'I was so excited,' he murmured, half to himself, 'that I could n't eat my breakfast. "Air," I said, "I've got to have air." . . . I think I'll have two currant buns, a little dish of custard cakes, and three bottles of orangeade. Muriel, what would you like?'

He stood before the counter, slender,

fragile, the toe of one crossed foot resting on the floor, his dark head bent above the bottle from which the lovely drink ebbed through two straws into his throat. Before him stood the unopened bottles, the custard cakes, a currant bun. He held the other bun, soft, sticky, warm from the oven. At his shoulder was the tow head of Muriel, her eyes raised adoringly to his face as she munched a bun. She would have followed him to the ends of the earth.

## XX

In the hall Wakefield almost ran into Mr. Patton, who was putting on his coat. Mr. Patton had the uncomfortable expression on his face of one who has eaten something that has disagreed with him. The expression on the face of Renny, who was accompanying him to the door, was even more uncomfortable. He said, 'You're sure there's no doubt of her sanity?'

Mr. Patton puckered his lips. 'None whatever.'

'Well, she had a right to do what she liked with her own money, but — it's rather hard on my uncles.'

'Yes, yes. . . . Yes, indeed.'

'And so entirely unexpected. She never seemed to care especially for him. She was much more partial to Piers.'

'You never can tell.'

'With women — I suppose not.'

'Nor men, either. It's extraordinary what some of them will do.'

Mr. Patton picked up his brief bag, and looked into Renny's eyes with some embarrassment. 'It's hard on you, too. Particularly as in most of the former wills —'

Renny scowled. 'I'm not worrying about that. How many wills did you say there have been?'

'Eight during the twenty years I have looked after her affairs. Some changes, of course, were only minor. In most of them you —'

They became conscious of the little boy's presence. He was staring up at them inquisitively. Renny saw a question coming, and took the back of Wakefield's neck in a restraining hand. Mr. Patton's lips unpuckered into a smile.

'He's looking pretty well,' he remarked.

'There's no bone to him. Just gristle. He's got no appetite.'

The lawyer felt Wake's arm. 'Not very firm! Still, his eyes are bright; but then, your family runs to bright eyes.'

'Who — ' began Wakefield, and Renny's fingers tightened on his neck.

He and Mr. Patton shook hands. The lawyer hurried out to his car.

'But who — ' began Wake again.

The master of Jalna took out a cigarette, struck a match on the underside of the hat-rack, and, after its flare had lighted the cigarette and been reflected in his eyes, threw it into the umbrella stand. He turned then toward the fantastic silence of the sitting room. Wakefield followed.

This was the strangest room he had ever been in. The drawing-room had seemed strange when Grandmother lay there in her coffin with the lighted candles about her and the presence of death making the air heavy, but this was stranger still. For, though the air was heavy as death, it was pregnant with the life of battling emotions.

Nicholas still sat in the corner with his pipe. He held it in his teeth, and stared at Renny and Wakefield as they came into the room without seeming to see them. He stroked the back of Nip, his terrier, with a large trembling hand, and seemed to be unaware of his presence also.

Ernest was rubbing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other, as though he had never stopped, but now he did stop, and began to tap his teeth with them, as though all the polishing had been leading up to that. Augusta looked more natural than the others, but what disturbed Wake was that her eyes, fixed on Ernest, were full of tears. He had never seen tears in them before.

The eyes of Piers, Maurice, and even the infant, Patience, were on Finch, and Finch looked more miserable than Wakefield had ever seen anyone look in all his life. Certainly he had not fallen heir to a fortune!

'But who?' Wake entreated, in his penetrating treble. '*Who?*'

All the eyes, dark and light, intense and mournful, turned on him. Words froze on his lips. He began to cry.

'No wonder the child weeps,' said Aunt

Augusta, regarding him gloomily. 'Even he is conscious of the outrage of it.'

Nicholas took his pipe from his mouth, tapped it over the hearth, then blew it out with a whistling sound. He said nothing, but Piers broke out, 'I always knew he had a yellow streak. But how he accomplished this — '

'My mother,' declared Augusta, 'must have been demented. Let Mr. Patton say what he will — '

'Old ninnymouse,' said Piers, 'to allow a woman of that age to play ducks and drakes with her money! It's a case for the courts. We must never stand for it. Are you going to let yourself be done out of what is really yours, Renny?'

'Really *his!*' cried Augusta.

'Yes, really *his!* What about those other wills?'

Augusta's glazed eyes flashed away the tears. 'What of the will in which all was left to your uncle Ernest?'

Ernest suddenly seemed to feel weak. He sat down and twisted his fingers between his knees, and his underlip between his teeth.

'That was years ago!' retorted Piers.

'She was sane then. She *must* have been *quite mad* when she made this will.'

Ernest held up his hand. 'Don't! Don't! I can't bear to hear Mamma spoken of so!'

'But, Ernest, the money should be yours!'

'I can do without the money.'

Piers glared at Augusta. 'I don't see why the blazes you insist that the money should come to Uncle Ernest! What about Uncle Nick? What about Renny? Renny's had the whole family to keep for years!'

'Shut up!' growled Renny, savagely.

'How dare you insult us?' cried Augusta. 'This is my brothers' home! I have been here to look after my mother. What could she have done without me, I should like to know?'

'Kept up an establishment of her own! She'd plenty of money!'

Nicholas pointed with his pipe at Piers. 'Say one word more!' he thundered. He struggled to rise, but could not. Ernest sprang up, trembling, and went to him. Grasping his brother's arm, Ernest pulled him to his feet. Augusta also went to him,

and the three stood together facing the younger generation.

'I repeat what I said,' said Piers.

Renny interrupted, 'It does n't matter what he says! I've never grudged —'

Nicholas exclaimed, sardonically, 'Well, now, that's handsome of you! Very handsome of you! You have n't grudged us a roof! Our meals! We ought to feel grateful. Eh, Augusta? Eh, Ernest?'

Renny's face went white. 'I don't understand you. You purposely put me in the wrong! For God's sake, be fair! Have I ever acted as though I did n't want any one of you here? I have always wanted you. I always wanted Gran!'

Piers burst out, 'That's the trouble! Renny's been too generous. And now this is the thanks he gets!'

'You to talk!' snarled Nicholas. 'You who brought your wife here, when everyone was against it!'

'Yes, and who was she?' thrust Augusta.

Nicholas proceeded, 'And what did she do? Made a little hell here!'

'Eden would have been all right,' cried Ernest, 'if she had only let him alone!'

Piers strode toward them, his hands clenched, but Meg interrupted: 'Everyone talks so selfishly! As though his side of the question was the only one. What about me? Put off with an old India shawl and a big gold watch and chain no one ever carries the like of now!'

Augusta cried, passionately, 'My mother's watch was a valued possession to her! She thought you, as the only granddaughter, should have it, and those India shawls are priceless nowadays!'

'Yes! I've seen Boney make his bed on this one!'

Piers was trying to shoulder himself from Renny's restraining hand. 'Do you expect me,' he muttered, 'to let them say such things about Pheasant? I'll murder someone before I've done.'

Renny said, with composure, though he was still white, 'Don't be a fool! The old people are all wrought up. They don't know what they're saying. If you care a straw for me, Piers, hang on to yourself!'

Piers bit his lip and scowled down at his boots.

Meg's voice was heard again. 'When I

think of the lovely things she had! I could have borne her giving the ruby ring to Pheasant, if she'd treated me fairly afterward. But a watch and chain — and a shawl that Boney'd made a nest in!'

'Margaret!' thundered Augusta.

Meg's face was a mask of obstinacy. 'What I want to know is who the ruby ring really belongs to!'

'Belonged to, you mean, Meggie, before your grandmother gave it away,' corrected Maurice.

'I think,' said Ernest, 'it was the one she intended for Alayne.'

'As though Alayne needed one of my grandmother's rings!' Meg's mask of obstinacy was broken by temper.

Renny said, with a chest vibration in his voice, 'Each grandson's wife is to have a piece of jewelry, or the grandson a piece for his prospective wife. As I understand the will, Aunt Augusta and I are to make the choice. Is n't that so, Aunt?'

Augusta nodded, judicially. 'Pheasant already has her bequest.'

'She has nothing of the sort!' said Piers, vehemently. 'The ruby ring was a present entirely outside the will.'

'I agree,' said Renny.

A sultry lull fell on the room for a moment, in which could be heard the ticking of the clock, the heavy breathing of Nicholas, and the loud tap of a woodpecker on a tree near the open window. The momentary silence was broken by Augusta's contralto tones.

'The whole situation is disgraceful,' she said. 'I've never known such insensibility. Here I and my brothers are put off with not very valuable personal possessions of my mother's, and expected to be content while all the squabbling goes on among the rest of you over her jewels.'

Nicholas added fuel to the flame: 'And the memory of our mother is insulted by one nephew who says she sponged on Renny —'

'And we too,' put in Ernest.

Nicholas continued, gnawing his gray moustache, 'While another nephew benevolently tells us that he's never grudged us shelter and our meals!'

'If you're going to bring that up again,' Renny exclaimed, despairingly, 'I shall get out, and that's flat!'

Maurice Vaughan said, heavily, 'What we should all do is to get down to brass tacks, if possible, and find out why your grandmother did such an extraordinary thing as to leave all her money to Finch.'

Augusta reared her head in his direction. 'My mother was deranged — there is no doubt of it.'

'Have you anything to go on?' asked Vaughan. 'Had she been acting strangely, in your opinion?'

'I've noticed a difference.'

Meg asked eagerly, 'What sort of things, Auntie?'

'For one thing, I overheard her several times talking to herself.'

Talking to herself! The phrase produced a strange tremor in the room. Those in the corners appeared to draw toward the centre, as though their intense individualism were about to be merged.

'Ha!' said Vaughan. 'Did you notice anything singular in what she said? Did she ever mention Finch's name?'

Augusta pressed her finger to her brow. 'M—yes. Yes, she did! She muttered something once about Finch and a Chinese goddess.'

Nicholas leaned forward, clasping his gouty knee. 'Did you ask her what she meant?'

'Yes. I said, "Mamma, whatever do you mean?" and she said, "That lad has guts, though you might n't think it!" . . . I did wish she would not use such coarse expressions!'

Vaughan looked at the faces about him. 'I think that is sufficient proof. Do what you like about an appeal, but I think no one who was sane would ramble like that.'

Nicholas rolled his gray-crested head from side to side. He growled, 'That's nothing. If anyone could hear my mutterings to myself, I might easily be considered insane.'

Piers flashed, 'You may be, but the rest of us are n't! It's a case for the courts!'

'Yes, indeed!' chimed Meg. 'We might easily arrange to have the money divided equally.'

Augusta cocked her Queen Alexandra fringe. 'If it could be done — it's really the just way out of the difficulty.'

Ernest raised his long face from gnawing

his forefinger. 'It seems to me,' he faltered, 'that I've never known Mamma brighter than she was that last day.'

Meg exclaimed, ironically, 'If you call it *bright*, giving away her most valuable ring on a mere whim!'

'For the Lord's sake,' shouted Piers, 'try to get your mind off that ring! One would think it represented a fortune!'

'It quite probably does,' returned his sister suavely. 'What can you know of the value of jewels — you, a crude boy who has been nowhere, seen nothing!'

Piers's eyes grew prominent. 'I should like to know what you've seen and done?' he inquired, sarcastically. 'You spent nearly twenty years trying to make up your mind to marry your next-door neighbor.'

Meg burst into tears, and the baby, hearing her mother cry, put her kid slippers in the air and wept with all her might.

Above the noise Maurice called to Piers, 'I won't have you insulting my wife!'

'Make her let my wife alone, then!' retorted Piers.

Augusta boomed, 'Is it our duty, I wonder, to make an appeal? To settle the matter in court?'

'What's that you say?' asked Nicholas. 'I can't hear you for the noise they're all making!'

'I said I wondered if we should go to law about it.'

The sound of crying ceased as suddenly as it had begun. All the heads in the room — they seemed to Finch, sitting guiltily on his ottoman, to have swollen to the size of balloons — turned, as though drawn by a magnet, facing Renny. It was one of those volcanic moments when the entire family shouldered all responsibility upon him. The faces, which had been distorted with emotion, gradually smoothed out as though each had inhaled some numbing incense, and an almost ceremonial hush fell on the room. Renny, the chieftain, was to speak. Goaded, harried, he was to give expression to the sentiments of the clan.

He stood, his hands resting on the table, his red hair raised into a crest as though distraught, and said, in his rather metallic voice, 'We shall do no such thing! We'll settle our affairs in our own way without any intervention from outsiders. I had rather

give up Jalna than take Gran's will into court! As to her sanity — sane or insane, her money was hers to do what she liked with! I believe she was perfectly sane. I think I never knew a better brain than hers. All her life she knew what she wanted to do — and did it. And if this last act of hers is a bitter pill for some of us, all we can do is to swallow it, and not get cockeyed fighting over it. Imagine the newspaper articles! "Descendants of Centenarian at War over Will"! How should we like that?"

"Horrible!" said Ernest.

"No, no, no. It would never do," muttered Nicholas, indistinctly.

"Newspapers! And outsiders gossiping!" Augusta gasped. "I never could bear that!"

"But still —" wavered Meg.

Piers said, "You are the one most concerned, Renny. If you're willing to take it lying down —"

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair and looked sombrely at Piers. "I can't see why you persist in regarding Renny as the one chiefly concerned. It's very irritating. It's impertinent."

Renny broke in, "That's beside the point, Uncle Nick! The point is that we can't go to law over Gran's will, is n't it?"

Nicholas gave a proud and melancholy assent. No, they could not go to law. The wall about them must be kept intact. Their isolation must not be thrown down like a glove, to challenge notoriety. Bitter as the disappointment was, it must be borne. The Whiteoaks would not supply a heading for a column in any of the tawdry newspapers of the day. Gossip for the neighborhood! Their affairs settled by a court! They were a law unto themselves.

The temporary breach in their protective wall closed up, knitting them together, uniting them against interference. Renny had spoken, and a sigh of acquiescence, even of relief, rose from the tribe. Not one of them — not, in his heart of hearts, even Piers — wanted to go to law over the will. That would have been to acknowledge weakness, to have offered submission to a decree from outside Jalna.

Even Maurice Vaughan felt the hypnotic spell of the family. Impossible to fight against it. Knuckle under and bear with them, that was all one could do. They

raised Cain, and then they took hands and danced in a circle around the Cain they had raised. They sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind, but they wanted no outside labor to help garner that harvest. . . . Maurice took his baby daughter and dandled her. She was the image of her mother. He wondered if she would have her mother's nature. Well, she might do worse. Meggie was almost perfect. He was lucky to have got her. And the baby, too!

Piers was standing with his back to the mantel, looking at Finch with narrowed eyes. "There's one thing I think we should find out," he said.

He got no further, for at that moment a tap sounded on the folding doors, they were drawn apart, and the dining room was discovered, with the table set for dinner.

Rags said, addressing Augusta, "The dinner has been ready for some time, Your Ladyship. You seemed so occupied that I thought I 'ad better not disturb you before." His eyes flew about the room, his impudent nose quivered, scenting trouble.

Augusta rose and passed her hands down her sides, smoothing her dress. She said to Renny, "Shall you ask your sister and her husband to dinner?"

He thought, "She's punishing me for what Piers said about her and the uncles stopping here so long. She won't take it on herself to invite Meg and Maurice to dinner. Lord, as though there were n't enough trouble!" Well, he would not give her the satisfaction of appearing to notice anything. He said, "Of course you two will stay to dinner."

"There's Baby," said Meg.

"Tuck her up on the sofa. She's all but asleep."

"Oh, I don't think I had better!" Her tears overflowed again.

Nicholas hobbled up, stiff after sitting so long in one position, and tucked his hand under her arm. "Come, come, Meggie, stop your grizzling and have a good dinner," he rumbled.

Even with old Adeline gone, they retained the air of a procession as they moved into the dining room. Nicholas first, holding by the arm plump-cheeked Meg; next Ernest, struggling against self-pity, comforted by Augusta at his side, full of pity for him.

Then Piers, Finch, and Wakefield. Finch looked as though he did not see where he was going, and when Piers jostled against him in the doorway he all but toppled over. Maurice and Renny came last.

Maurice said, grinning, 'So you're to have the old painted bedstead! What are you going to do with it?'

'Get into it and stay there, if this sort of thing keeps up,' returned the master of Jalna.

He sat down at the head of his table and cast his sharp glance over the clan. Still a goodly number, even though Gran and Eden were missing. After a while young Mooey would be big enough to come to table. . . . But Pheasant was not there. He frowned. Just then she entered timidly, and slid into her place between Piers and Finch.

'Where have you been hiding all morning?' asked Renny.

'Oh, I thought I was superfluous,' she answered, trying to appear sophisticated, entirely grown up, and not at all nervous.

Piers pressed his ankle against hers. She trembled. Was it possible that he was signaling her — telling her that Mooey was the heir? Her eyes slid toward his face. No jubilation there. A grim, half-jocular look about the firm, healthy lips. Poor little Mooey had not got the money. Then who had? Her gaze, sheltered by long lashes, sought one face after another, and found no answer. Had there been a mistake? Was there perhaps no fortune after all? Under cover of the voices of Maurice and Renny, discussing the points of a two-year-old with determined cheerfulness, she whispered to Finch on her left, 'For goodness' sake, tell me, who is the lucky one?'

His voice came to her in a sepulchral whisper: —

'Me!'

She whispered back, 'There may be thousands who would believe you, but I can't.'

'It's true.'

'It is not!'

Yet, looking into his eyes, she saw that it was. She began to laugh, silently, yet hysterically, shaking from head to foot. It was too much for Finch; he too shook with soundless mirth, very near to tears. The

eyes of all at the table were turned on them in shocked disapproval or disgust. Finch — an indecent young ruffian. Pheasant — a hussy.

Augusta saved the moment from tragedy by declaring, sonorously, 'They're mad! They must be mad.'

The meal proceeded. With decisive movements of his thin muscular hands Renny cut from the joint portions to the taste of each member of the circle — for Nicholas, it must be very rare, with a rim of fat; for Ernest, well done, not a vestige of fat; for Augusta, well done and fat. For all, generous pieces of Yorkshire pudding. For Wake alone fat, when he hated fat! 'See that he eats it, Aunt!' And — 'Wakefield, you must, or you won't grow strong!' Then the usual slumping on his spine until Meg transferred the despised morsel from his plate to hers.

To a family of weaker fibre such a scene as the one just passed in the sitting room might have ended all appetite for dinner. It was not so with the family at Jalna. The extravagant and wasteful energy of their emotions now required fresh fuel. They ate swiftly and with relish, only in an unusual silence, for they were still oppressed by that empty chair between Nicholas and Ernest, and into their silence was flung, every now and again, the sharp memory of the harsh old voice, crying, 'Gravy! I want more gravy! Dish gravy, please, on this bit of bread!'

Ah, how her shadow hung on them! How the yellow light, sifting through the blinds, threw a sort of halo about her chair! Once Ernest's cat crept from his knee to the empty chair, but no sooner was she seated there than Nicholas's terrier leaped to drag her down, as though he knew that empty seat was sacred.

Renny fed his spaniels with scraps from his plate. He shot swift glances at the plates of his aunt and uncles. He urged their replenishment, but they steadfastly refused. He set his teeth. They were remembering, he was sure, what Piers had said; out of hurt pride they were refusing second helpings.

When a steamed blackberry pudding came, with its syrupy purple sauce, deep melancholy settled on them. It was the

first pudding of this kind they had had since her death. How she would have loved it! How her nose and chin and cap would have pressed forward to meet it as it advanced toward her! How she would have mashed the pudding into its sauce, and dribbled the sauce on her chin! Ernest almost found himself saying aloud, 'Mamma, must you do that?'

They ate the pudding in heavy silence. Finch and Pheasant were barely able to restrain their insane laughter. Wakefield's eyes were bright with admiration as they rested on the tall silver fruit dish in the middle of the table. From its base sprung a massive silver grapevine, beneath the shelter of which stood a silver doe and her fawn. It was heaped with glowing peaches and ripe pears. Aunt Augusta had had it brought out on the day of the funeral, and it had remained. Wakefield wished it might remain forever. He wished he had been placed opposite it instead of at the far end, so that the nearness of the darling little fawn might take his mind off the terrible silence. He knew now quite definitely that he had not inherited Grandmother's money, and he did not so very much mind. He had had a nice morning pretending that he was the heir, and he did not see why the others could not accept their disappointment as he did. . . . Funny to think of Finch. . . . Would Finch take Gran's room now and sleep in the painted bed? He pictured Finch propped on the pillows with Boney perching at the head. Finch, in a nightcap and teeth like Grandmother's! Wakefield was rather frightened by this picture. He put his head to one side and reassured himself by the sight of Finch looking wretched, beyond the fruit dish. A queer grayish color over Finch's face made him remember something. He puckered his forehead, winked fast, and then broke the silence.

'Renny,' he questioned, with great distinctness, 'was Finch born with a *caul*?'

The steaming cup of tea halfway to the lips of the master of Jalna was suspended; his eyebrows shot upward in astonishment.

'A *caul*!' he snapped. 'A *caul*! What the devil — what put that into your head?'

Meg broke in. 'I think it is too bad of you, Renny, to swear at Wake! He was only asking a natural question!'

'A natural question! Well, if you call *cauls* natural, I'll be —'

'There you go again!'

'No, I don't.'

'Only because I stopped you! Really, you can't *speak* without swearing!'

Piers asked, 'But was he?'

'Was who?'

'Finch. Born with a *caul*.'

'Yes, he was,' answered Meg, stroking Wakefield's hair.

'Extraordinary!' said Nicholas, wiping his moustache and staring at Finch. 'I had never heard of one in the family.'

Meg said, 'His mother kept it in a little box, but after she died it disappeared.'

Ernest observed, 'It is supposed to be a good omen. To bring luck.'

Piers laughed. 'Aha! Now we've hit it! Good luck! It's the *caul* that did it!' He laughed into Finch's face. 'Why did n't you let us know about it before? We might have been on our guard. Gosh, you're a dirty dog, Finch, to go sneaking around with a *caul* on your head, rounding up all the ducats in the family!'

Finch pushed back his chair and rose, shaking with rage. 'Come outside with me!' he said, chokingly. 'Only come outside with me! I'll show you who's a dirty dog! I'll —'

'Sit down!' ordered Renny.

Nicholas thundered, 'Have you no sense of decency, you young ruffian?'

Everyone began to talk at once. Wakefield listened, astonished yet not ill pleased, as one who had sown the seed of a daisy and raised a fierce, thorny cactus. A *caul*. To think that one little word like that should raise this storm.

Finch sat down and rested his head on his hand.

Ernest looked across at him not unkindly. 'You need never be afraid of the water,' he said. 'One who is born with a *caul* is never drowned.'

Augusta asked of Wakefield, 'But, my dear, however did you hear of such a thing?'

'Finch told me himself. I wish I'd got one!'

'So do I!' said Piers. 'It seems a shame that Finch should have all the luck.'

Pheasant could remain in doubt no longer. 'But what *are* they?'

'One does n't explain them,' replied Aunt Augusta, looking down her nose.

Renny regarded Finch with no good eye. 'I don't like your telling the youngster about such things. I don't like it at all. I'll have a word with you about this. Another cup of tea, Aunt, please.'

Good appetite had attended all the Whiteoaks at dinner, but Finch had eaten as though famished. In spite of the fact that he was in acute disfavor, looked upon with suspicion and reproach, something inside him was ravening for food. He felt that if he could appease that something he might not feel so light-headed. But he rose from the table unsatisfied. . . . If only he could escape and hide himself in the woods! Press his hot forehead against the cool earth and his breast upon the pine needles! He made a stumbling effort to go into the hall instead of returning to the sitting room with the others, but Nicholas laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

'Don't go away, boy. I should like to ask you a few questions.'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, on his other side, 'I should like to find out something of the inside of this affair, if possible.'

Finch returned, as between jailers, to the torture room. He heard the clock on the landing strike two, and this was echoed in a silvery tone by the French clock in the drawing-room, and in an abrupt metallic voice by the clock on the mantelpiece of the sitting room. Nicholas took out his large hunting-case watch and looked at it. . . . Ernest looked at his nails. . . . Meg hung over her baby. . . . Maurice dropped into a comfortable chair and began to fill his pipe with his active hand, the disabled one lying, unmoved and smooth, on the leather arm of the chair. Finch, seeing it, felt a sudden morbid envy of it. It was hopelessly injured, neglected, let alone. . . . Renny took the muzzle of one of his spaniels in his lean brown hands, opened it, and examined the healthy white teeth. . . . Piers, in a corner, laughed at Pheasant. . . . Augusta produced a piece of crochet work from a bag, and a long, stabbing crochet hook. . . . Finch saw them all as torturers.

There was Rags, closing the folding doors upon them, seeming to say, 'There naow,

I leave you to your own devices! Whatever you may gaow through, it's all the sime to me!'

But not yet were they to settle down. A voice came from Grandmother's room, crying, 'Nick! Nick! Nick!'

Ernest clapped his hands on his ears.

'Boney!' ejaculated Nicholas hoarsely. 'God, what has come over the bird?'

'He has made up his mind,' said Augusta, 'to torture us.'

Ernest cautiously removed his hands from his ears. 'It is unbearable! I don't know what we are going to do about it.'

Maurice suggested, 'Perhaps it would be better to put him away, as he seems to be out of sorts and all that.'

Every blazing glance in the room branded him as an outsider.

'He will be all right,' said Renny, 'as soon as he's done moulting. He ought to have a few drops of brandy in his drinking water. I remember Gran used to give him that for a tonic. Fetch him in here, Wake. He needs company.'

The parrot was brought in, squatting glumly on his perch, and placed in the middle of the room beside the ottoman on which Finch had uncomfortably disposed his lanky form. Boney ruffled himself, shook his wings, and three feathers drifted to the floor.

'It's uncanny,' muttered Nicholas, 'that he should have forgotten his Hindu, and should say only my name.'

'It's dreadful,' said Ernest.

'I think,' declared Augusta, 'that there's something portentous about it. It's as though he were trying to tell us something.'

'He looks strangely agitated,' said Ernest.

Everyone looked at Boney, who returned melancholy stare for stare out of cold yellow eyes.

After a silence, Nicholas heaved himself in his chair and turned to Finch. 'Did my mother ever give you reason to believe that she was going to leave her money to you?'

'No, Uncle Nick.' Finch's voice was scarcely audible.

'Did she ever speak to you of the disposal of her property?'

'No, Uncle Nick.'

'Did she ever speak to you of having made a new will?'

'No — she never spoke of any will to me.'

'You had no faintest idea that her will was in your favor?'

'No.'

'Then you would have us believe that you were as much surprised as we were this morning when Patton read the will?'

Finch flushed deeply. 'I — I was terribly surprised.'

'Come, come,' put in Piers, 'don't expect us to believe that! You never turned a hair when Patton read the will. I was looking at you. You knew damn well what was coming.'

'I did n't!' shouted Finch. 'I did n't know a thing about it!'

'Stay!' said Nicholas. 'Don't get bluster, Piers. I want to untwist this tangle, if possible.' His eyes, under his shaggy brows, pierced Finch. 'You say you were as astonished as the rest of us by the will. Just tell us, please, what in your opinion was my mother's reason for making you her heir.'

Finch twisted his hands between his knees. He wished some tidal wave might rise and sweep him from their sight.

'Yes,' urged Ernest, 'tell us why you think she did such a thing. We are not angry at you. We only want to find out whether there was any reason for such an extraordinary act.'

'I don't know of any reason,' stammered Finch. 'I — I wish she had n't!'

He did himself no good by this admission. The words coming from his mouth, drawn in misery, made him the more contemptible.

Nicholas turned to Augusta. 'What was that about Mamma's talking to herself? Something about a Chinese goddess.'

Augusta laid down her crochet work. 'I could n't make it out. Just some mumbled words about Finch and the goddess Kuan Yin. It was then she said that he had more — you know what. I prefer not to repeat it.'

'Now, what about this Chinese goddess, Finch? Do you know what my mother meant by coupling your name with such a strange one?'

'I don't see why she should have,' he hedged, weakly.

'Did she at any time mention a Chinese goddess to you?'

'Yes.' He was floundering desperately. 'She said I might learn — she — that is, she said I might get to understand something of life from her.'

'From her?'

'Yes. Kuan Yin.'

'This is worth following up,' remarked Vaughan.

'It sounds as though Gran and Finch were both a little mad at the time,' said his wife.

'At the time,' repeated Nicholas. 'Just how long ago did this conversation take place?'

'Oh, quite a bit ago. At the beginning of summer.'

Nicholas said, pointing at Finch with his pipe, 'Now, tell us exactly what led up to this conversation.'

Ernest interrupted him, nervously, 'The little Chinese goddess Mamma brought from India! Of course. I have not seen the little figure for some time. Strange I did n't miss it! Have you noticed it lately, Augusta?'

Augusta tapped the bridge of her nose sharply with her crochet hook, as though to stimulate her faculty of nosing out secrets. 'No — I have not. It is gone! It is *gone from Mamma's room!* It has been stolen!'

Finch burned his bridges. 'No, it has n't. She gave it to me.'

'Where is it?' demanded Nicholas.

'In my room.'

'I was in your room this morning,' said Augusta. 'I thought I smelled something strange. The goddess was not there! I should have noticed instantly!'

Finch cared for nothing now but to have this cross-questioning done with. He said, with weary contempt for the consequences, 'You did not see her because she is hidden. I keep her hidden. The stuff you smelled was incense. I was burning it before her at sunrise. I forgot to shut my door when I came down.'

If Finch had suddenly produced horns on his young brow, or hoofs instead of worn brown shoes, he could scarcely have

appeared as a greater monstrosity to his family. The monotonous pressure of their various personalities upon his bruised spirit was violently withdrawn. The recoil was so palpable that he raised his head and drew a deep breath, as though inhaling a draft of fresh air.

They drew back shocked from a Whiteoak who had risen at sunrise to burn incense before a heathen goddess. What sort of abortion had the English governess — young Philip's second wife — produced? That they, Courts and Whiteoaks, — gentlemen, soldiers, 'goddamming' country squires, — should come to this! A white-faced, wincing boy who did fantastic things in his attic room while his family slept! And to this one had old Adeline, toughest-fibred of them all, left her money!

Their invincible repugnance toward such a deviation from their traditions caused a tremor of bewilderment to shake their tenacity. Finch, slumping on his ottoman, seemed a creature apart.

But this spurious advantage was soon past. The circle tightened again.

Nicholas, his chin gripped in his hand, said, 'When I was at Oxford there were fellows who did that sort of thing. I never thought to see nephew of mine . . . And you expect us to believe that you hoped to gain nothing by my mother's will, when in secret she was giving you valuable presents?'

'I did n't know it was valuable.'

Meg cried, 'You must have thought it was very strange that she should be giving away things she had treasured all these years! The goddess — the ruby ring!'

'What motive had you in hiding the present?' probed Nicholas.

'I dunno.'

'Yes, you do know. Don't lie. We're going to get to the bottom of this!'

'Well, it was hers, I thought. I did n't think — I knew she would n't want it mentioned.'

'And what else?'

'I thought I'd get into a row.'

'Just for having a present given you? Come, now!'

Ernest interjected, 'But why should she have given him anything? I can't make it out!'

Piers grinned sarcastically. 'Look at him, and you'll understand. He's such an intriguing young devil. I am always longing to give him something.'

Renny spoke, from where he sat on the window seat. 'Cut that out, Piers.'

Nicholas continued, 'Were you often alone with my mother? I don't remember ever finding you together!'

Finch writhed; his chin sank to his breast. He set his teeth.

Renny said, 'Make a clean breast of it, Finch! Hold your head up.'

The boy was intolerably miserable. He could not bear it. Yet he must bear it. They would give him no peace till they had everything out of him.

'Buck up!' said Renny. 'You did n't steal the goddess, or the money either. Don't act as though you had!'

Finch raised his head. He fixed his eyes on Augusta's crochet work, which lay on her lap, and said in a husky voice:

'I've been going to the church to practise on the organ at night. Once, when I came in very late, Gran called me. I went into her room and we talked together. That was the night she gave me the goddess. After that I went often — almost every night.' He stopped with a jerk.

There was a sultry silence while they waited for him to go on.

Nicholas nudged him, almost gently. 'Yes? You went every night to my mother's room. You talked. Would you mind telling me what about?'

'I talked about music, but not much. She did most of the talking. The old days here — her life in India, and about when she was a young girl in the Old Country.'

Ernest cried, 'No wonder Mamma was drowsy in the daytime! Awake half the night talking!'

Finch was reckless now. They might as well have something to rage about. 'I used,' he said, 'to go to the dining room and get biscuits and glasses of sherry, and that made her enjoy it more. It helped keep her awake.'

'No wonder she was drowsy! No wonder she was absent-minded!' cried Ernest, almost in tears.

Augusta said, with dreadful solemnity, 'No wonder that for the last month her

breakfast trays have come away almost untouched!"

"I saw her failing day by day!" wailed Meg.

Nicholas cast a grim look at those about him. "This has probably shortened her life by years."

"It has killed her!" said Ernest, distractedly.

"He's little better than a murderer!" said Augusta.

Finch could look them in the eyes now. They knew the worst. He was a monster, and a murderer. Let them take him out and hang him to the nearest tree! He was almost calm.

Their tempers were surging this way and that like waves driven by variable winds. They were all talking at once, blaming him, blaming each other, desperately near to blaming old Adeline! And the voice of Uncle Nicholas, like the voice of the seventh wave, was the most resonant, the most terrible. It was the voice of the wronged eldest son.

Presently the voice of Piers, full of malicious laughter, disentangled itself from the others. He was saying, "The whole thing is a tremendous joke on the family. We thought Finch was queer. A weakling. But, don't you see, he's the strongest, the sanest, of the lot? He's been pulling the wool over everybody's eyes for years. Poor, harmless, hobbledehoy Finch! Well-meaning, but so simple! I tell you, he's as cool and calculating as they make them! He's had this under his hat ever since he came back from New York!"

"Rot!" said Renny.

"You'd stand up for him, Renny! Why, he's fooled you all along! Did n't he trick you into thinking he went in to Leigh's to study, when he was up to his eyes in play-acting? Did n't he trick you nicely over the orchestra? He was supposed to be studying then, and he was playing the piano in cheap restaurants, and coming home drunk in the morning! And now he's tricked you out of Gran's money!"

The laughter had died out of his voice — it was savage.

Enraged, Finch cried out, "Shut up! It's a pack of lies!"

"Deny that you ever set out to deceive Renny!"

"What about you? You deceived him when you got married!"

"I was n't *cheating* him out of anything!"

Finch rose to his feet, his arms rigid at his sides, his hands clenched. "I'm not cheating Renny! I don't want to cheat anyone. I don't want the money! I want to give it back! I won't take it! I won't take it — I won't take it —"

He burst into despairing tears. He walked up and down the room, wringing his hands, entreating Nicholas — entreating Ernest to take the money. He stopped before Renny, his face broken into a grotesque semblance to that of a gargoyle by devastating emotion, and begged him to take the money. He was so distraught that he did not know what he was doing, and when Renny pulled him on to the window seat beside him he sank down bewildered, dazed by his own clamorous beseechings. His throat ached as though he had been screaming. Had he been screaming? He did not know. He saw them looking at him out of white, startled faces. He saw Pheasant run from the room. He saw Meggie clutching her crying baby. He heard Renny's voice in his ear, saying, "For God's sake, get hold of yourself! You make me ashamed for you!"

He put his elbows on his knees and hid his face in his hands. Against his cheek he felt the roughness of Renny's tweed sleeve, and he wanted to rub against it, to cling to it, to cry his heart out against it like a frightened little boy.

In a heavy undertone the talk went on and on, but no one addressed him. They were done with him now. They could not or would not take the money from him, but they would let him alone, and they would talk and talk, till from afar off the tidal wave he had been praying for would come roaring and sweep them all into oblivion. . . .

The tidal wave came, and it was Rags; the oblivion, tea.

(To be continued)

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

**Francis Bowes Sayre** is a professor of law in Harvard University. As adviser in foreign affairs to the Siamese Government from 1923 to 1925, he negotiated treaties with a variety of Powers, great and small, which freed Siam from the burden of extra-territoriality. **Henry Williamson**'s name may one day rank with W. H. Hudson's. Both men deal with nature and both have a deep feeling of the innate cruelties of life; but the work of each is individual, and one could never be mistaken for the other. △ No person from Porlock interrupted the recording of **James Norman Hall**'s extraordinary dream. **Albert Guérard** is a professor of French literature in Stanford University. He has published in France an extensive volume, *L'Avenir de Paris*, discussing in detail the problems of which he writes so pleasantly in his paper. When his book appeared, Professor Guérard received a letter from Abbé Ernest Dimnet, author of *The Brontë Sisters* and *The Art of Thinking*. Abbé Dimnet wrote in part: —

I finished yesterday your *Future of Paris* and wrote at once to Madame Guérard. The book, I told her, is capital, and its programme persuasive.

I was astonished by its erudition, for I was not aware that you have been interested in these matters for twenty-five years. As for your general trend, I am delighted with it. 'Greater Paris the savior of old Paris' in a country more awake than ours would quickly become an irresistible slogan. Your ideas about my own street and quarter are just those that my own annoyances suggest. I am glad that you are brave enough to let your imagination take in possible reforms and to speak of them.

The book, surely, will make a powerful assault on our national apathy.

**Ruth Pitter** makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic* with an ode which we print with particular pleasure. **Monica Shannon** writes of the lighter side of Mexican revolution. **Sir John Campbell** concludes with his third paper the remarkable pictures of life in India which he preserved in his diary.

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**Ian Colvin**, literary critic and chief editorial writer of the *London Morning Post*, speaks as follows of Sir Denys Bray, whose reconstruction of Shakespeare's sonnets he outlines in his appreciative paper: 'Sir Denys Bray is Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, and has been busy rescuing foreigners from Afghanistan. If he were permitted, could he unravel the tangled skein of King Amanullah's fortunes as he has done with William Shakespeare, I wonder . . .' **Sylvia Townsend Warner** is known as the author of such small but inimitable volumes as *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* and *The True Heart*. **Homer Henley** has found art and morals less indifferent to each other than some aesthetes would have us believe. **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** builds her sonnet on the lasting foundation of the classics. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** is the military critic of the *London Telegraph* in succession to Colonel Repington, and is an accomplished biographer as well. The war diary of Rudolph Binding, which Captain Hart interprets with illuminating comment, is published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company under the title, *A Fatalist at War*.

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In a letter supplementing her strange account, **Nina A. Ley** writes: —

An uncle of mine who, as a metallurgist, spent much time some years ago in Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico, often heard accounts of moving armies of ants, though he never happened to witness one.

The Mexicans seemingly welcomed the moving ant colonies if they did n't come at night. For, straight and exact as their march always was, when they entered a house they went all over the walls and ceiling, into every chink and crack. Thus, when they left, the shacks were rid of all the cockroaches and other insects which infested them — which the Mexicans could not get rid of in any other way.

To Northerners living in the Ozarks for the first time the ants were just one of the amazing and unusual things that happened.

**Hans Zinsser** is a professor of bacteriology in the Harvard Medical School. His paper is the substance of an address delivered at the Annual Commemoration Service in St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday, January 7, 1921, in memory of those who during their lifetime advanced the honor of Columbia University. **William Trufant Foster**, director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, and **Waddill Catchings**, manufacturer and banker, have for several years conducted a vigorous campaign for economic principles by which they believe permanent prosperity to be assured. President Hoover himself has paid their ideas the compliment of his expressed sympathy.

**Anna Louise Strong** is one of the two or three foreign correspondents who have been allowed to visit Soviet Central Asia in the last five years. **George E. Putnam** has served as a professor of economics at several colleges, and acted at one time as special expert to the United States Tariff Commission.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's "White-oaks of Jalna"** we print a brief synopsis:—

Alayne Archer, a manuscript reader in a New York publishing house, marries Eden Whiteoak, a young poet, and goes with him to live at Jalna, his family's Canadian estate. Within a year Eden disappears, as the result of a brief affair with Pheasant, the wife of his brother Piers. Alayne returns to New York, but not before a strong attraction has sprung up between her and Renny, Eden's oldest brother, the virtual head of the Whiteoak family.

Eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak, struggling to pass his examinations for college and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, quarrels with his brothers and runs away to New York, where Alayne befriends him. There he accidentally discovers Eden, seriously ill. Renny goes to New York to bring both his brothers back to Jalna, and Eden succeeds in persuading Alayne to return with them to nurse him through his sickness.

Finch, after his return home, finds unexpected sympathy from his grandmother, who, over a hundred years old and venerated by the whole family, inspires him with her flickering spirit, until it is suddenly extinguished by death.

Charles D. Stewart's pen has been kept active answering letters of comment upon his paper, 'The Tree as an Invention,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic*. Two, in particular, of the letters which he has received and forwarded to us are so interesting that we cannot forbear quoting them.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

DEAR SIR, —

If I understand you, the men of science are more or less in doubt as to what force is sufficient for getting water up the tree from the roots. But there is another problem associated with this. How does the tree contrive to get the starch content produced in the leaves and manufactured by sunlight out of the carbon dioxide of the air, all the way down even to the roots, and change the tender walls of the cells into solid wood substance or lignin? This is all accomplished between spring and fall. There must also be a current both ways. Have your botanists worked out this problem? You see I am hungering for *mehr Licht*, as Goethe did in his last hour. And I shall have to get it soon if I get it in this world, for I was ninety on Easter day just passed.

A. B. HERVEY

The experimenter caught in the act.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR SIR, —

I have just been reading your fascinating article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on 'The Tree as an Invention,' and was particularly interested in your résumé of the explanations offered for the ascent of the sap in trees.

I notice that no mention is made of the phenomenon of electro-osmosis, and it occurs to me that a suggestion in this direction—if it be not presumptuous—might be of interest. This phenomenon, I need hardly inform you, occurs when a difference of electric potential is maintained between the opposite sides of a porous membrane immersed in a liquid. In such a case it will be found that the liquid will travel through the membrane from the region of low potential to the region of high potential.

About eight years ago I was preparing a thesis on this subject (for my degree), and among the experiments were some in which I took small square sticks of wood, about six inches long, into which, at one end, I fastened ordinary brass electric-wire terminals. These sticks of wood were placed with one end in a dilute solution of common salt, and the other end was attached (by means of the brass terminal) to a source of potential of 2000 volts approximately. Of course a slight current flowed from the wood to the

solution, and it was found that the salt solution would rise from twenty to fifty times as rapidly by this means as it would by ordinary capillary attraction alone. This, of course, suggested to me that possibly the sap rises into a tree by some such action as this. As is well known, the static potential of the atmosphere increases at the rate of about 100 volts per metre, owing to the increasing concentration of free ions, as we rise above the surface of the earth. And it is also well known that if a large kite be sent up into the air, it will collect a sufficient charge to be detected. Now a tree is provided with an excellent mechanism, in its spreading branches and leaves, provided with points in many cases, for the collection of electric particles. So why should there not be a small electric current flowing toward the ground through the twigs, branches, and trunk of a tree, which would very materially assist in causing the sap to flow upward from the ground? I understand that the rise of the sap is greatest on clear, bright days, which is the very time when the production of ions by the actinic rays of the sun is greatest.

I mentioned these points in my thesis, but I must confess I was unable to detect any stir in the scientific world on their account. I have always intended to come back to this matter, and make some quantitative experiments, but unfortunately have never had the time or the opportunity.

A. M. WRIGHT

Mr. Stewart replies:—

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

DEAR MR. WRIGHT, —

Of a number of letters I have received, yours is one of the most interesting, the reason being that it takes certain scientific facts and states them in a way that makes at least a tangible theory. It is worthy of notice, if not as an explanation of the rise of sap to great heights, then anyway as one of the forces that may be affecting plant life.

Like a true scientist you say that you have been intending to make some 'quantitative experiments.' Let me confine my reply to making certain suggestions.

Regarding the experiment you have already performed, you say that the capillary flow was 'twenty to fifty times' as great under the electric influence as without it.

You know that water or other fluid will not rise in a stick of wood, or a lamp wick, or other such conductor, and *overflow the top* in any degree at all. Whether the stick or the wick is ten inches high or ten feet, the liquid will rise exactly to the top and there come to a stop without overflowing. If this were not so, we should have perpetual

motion at once, and the world's power problems would be solved.

Three years ago this spring I was walking through the woods near my house, where a maple tree had been cut down in the fall; and now, as the sap began to rise in the spring, a solitary bee, the first I had seen, was at work on the top of the stump, filling up on the bountiful supply of sweetness. The sap not only wet the top of the stump, but overflowed on the bark and dampened the soil and leaves at the base with a liberal and continuous flow. Being then interested particularly in bees, I stopped to look at this early worker; but at once I found even more to interest me in that overflow of sap. Anyone who had not some primary notion of physics would naturally suppose that this was capillary attraction, the mere lamp-wick principle, working in the upward grain of the tree. But this was not the true case; this upward flow was due to root pressure — to osmosis acting through the osmotic membrane that surrounds all the roots of a tree. Capillary attraction can never cause a liquid to overflow the top of a tube or a collection of fine tubes; it can only raise the water to the top — and that to a limited height. And the reason that a lamp wick has a continuous upward flow is that the oil is continually being removed from the upper surface or end of the wick; and this is replaced by more from below.

As to future experiment, you evidently intend to put such dead sticks of wood to further tests. That is correct. Biologists, in their effort to solve the secrets of the upward flow, have been at pains to kill completely all living cells in the trunk of a tree, throughout its thickness, leaving the upper parts alive; and the result was that the sap flowed upward the same as ever. This was satisfactory proof that the rise of the sap was not due to any live or heartlike action in the cells of the tree — that the tubes were in fact mere inert tubes of cellulose.

Now let us ask what the nature of your future experiment shall be. You want to determine not simply whether the upward capillary flow is freer and greater in quantity under the electric influence than without, but whether that results in raising the water to greater height. What could be simpler then, for such experiment, than to take a very long stick of wood — one reaching beyond the limits of unaided capillary attraction — and conduct the test with that? A wire extended upward for a hundred feet or two and connected with the end of the stick with electric terminals would give you the difference in potential between the upper air and the ground without any resort to an artificial source of electricity, and thus duplicate the tree's natural state of existence. Then find if it works.

I might here add that biologists do not con-

sider the tubes in a tree as an osmotic membrane in making their calculations. The osmotic membrane is that which surrounds each little root of the tree; and it is this which makes the osmotic pressure which forces water to a certain height under certain conditions. Therefore, to duplicate the natural conditions of a tree, I should say that the end of your stick ought to be covered with an osmotic membrane of greater or less extent.

I conceive it to be a virtue in a writer not to be too sure of things on which he is not absolutely and finally posted; and so I merely venture the opinion that if actual power could be obtained by uniting the atmosphere at a moderate height with the ground, we should have the practical equivalent of perpetual motion.

However, in any proposal to put a theory to practical test, — the scientist's last resort if not his first, — mere mental effort can afford to set aside its usual procedure and throw all responsibility on the outcome.

CHARLES D. STEWART

#### A condensed bibliography of Prohibition.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In view of the comments concerning the telegram from the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University as reproduced in the Contributors' Column of the April *Atlantic Monthly*, the following statement seems warranted. The 200 copies of the February *Atlantic Monthly* were ordered for distribution among the freshmen because of President Lowell's article entitled 'Reconstruction and Prohibition.' The freshmen concerned are enrolled in a course called the Introduction to Responsible Citizenship. The purpose of this course is to arouse interest and develop insight into current social situations of a controversial character; that is, such situations as confront the intelligent citizen to-day. The method is to bring to the students' attention readings which, taken altogether fairly, illuminate the problem from various significant angles. In the discussion of Prohibition the readings included a general treatment of the Prohibition Movement from 1915 to 1924, by Dr. Herbert Shenton, the reprint of Senator Borah's speech before the United States Senate on 'Obedience to Law,' an article by Dr. Haven Emerson on 'Prohibition and Public Health,' and one on 'Prohibition and Prosperity' from the *Survey Graphic*, by an anonymous economist. This series was written by writers who are favorable to Prohibition. On the other side were included the following titles: An International Survey of Conditions under Prohibition by the Moderation League, the annual report of the

Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, President Lowell's *Atlantic Monthly* article, entitled, 'Reconstruction and Prohibition,' and a series of articles criticizing the operation of the law, printed in various issues of the *Outlook*. Although the above readings fall far short of an exhaustive survey of the Prohibition situation, it is believed that they offer a fair basis for assessing current conditions and for raising the question in the students' minds as to what should be the intelligent citizen's attitude with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

WILLIAM E. MOSHER, *Director  
School of Citizenship and Public Affairs*

#### Further parallels.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Analogy is not always convincing, but they are often interesting and sometimes illuminating. The one drawn by President Lowell between present conditions under Prohibition and those of Reconstruction days after the Civil War suggests others between the present struggle against the liquor traffic and that against the slave power in that earlier day.

In both instances the issue was forced by an institution which threatened to control the politics of the country. The slave power began the war because it saw the political power it had wielded beginning to fail. The liquor traffic forced the issue of Prohibition by its arrogant resistance to war-time prohibition, which was aimed to prevent the diversion to its purposes of an enormous share of the nation's food supplies at a time when whole peoples were starving. In both instances the nation was struggling to free itself from the strangle hold of institutions swollen with power which threatened the whole civil fabric.

In both instances the enemy found its sympathizers mainly in the aristocratic element of society. The Copperhead faction then, like the wet faction now, prided itself upon its superior social standing, and with equal unctuous quoted Scripture in defense of its position. The slogans then were States' rights and property rights, and now they are States' rights and personal rights. The common people in both conflicts have stood by the government. In only one particular does the analogy fail. The immigrant population was heartily antislavery, while now it is as ardently pro-liquor. The wet states are those that combine inherited wealth and immigrant population, while the states of native population and moderate wealth are dry. Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which so distinguished themselves in the recent campaign, while reckoned among the old

states, are in point of population the very newest states in the Union, and at the same time they have their full quota of pedigrees.

But if our analogy fails in this particular, it promises to hold good in the final and most significant phase. In each case the government seemed to win. Emancipation and Prohibition were both enacted and victory was celebrated, while in both cases realization has lagged far behind the proclaimed decision. Emancipation, as President Lowell makes clear, is far from complete sixty-five years after, and Prohibition is proceeding with leaden feet. No doubt both have been retarded by the aggressiveness of many genuinely patriotic and philanthropic partisans who lacked patience to await the gradual process. But they have been retarded also by those who insist that equality of opportunity for the colored race is impossible in white man's country, and by those who insist that Prohibition can never be enforced in a thirsty land. Now, as then, the fanatical pros and the fanatical antis unite to hinder progress. Democracy always must muddle through.

But in both instances it becomes increasingly clear that the nation must ultimately see the thing through or surrender to an insidious and relentless foe to democracy. In both conflicts the light is breaking. The colored man is coming into his own, and there is little doubt that some day the antislavery and anticaste amendments will come into full effect.

And in the later issue, the President's appeal to good citizens to quit playing into the hands of criminals is certain to bear fruit, while the highly significant benefits that President Lowell concedes to Prohibition are gaining recognition in the public mind. The automobile is making the menace of the liquor habit plain even to the wayfaring man, and so justifying in his eyes the personal inconvenience the law puts him to.

He must soon see that the real issue is only secondarily one of personal habits, but primarily is between the people and the organized traffic of which speak-easies and blind pigs are and always have been as characteristic as the saloon, a traffic always unscrupulous, corrupt and corrupting, defiant of all law, and allied with vice and crime.

WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

The defense rests.

CHICO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No doubt the article bearing the title 'A Study in Still Life' in the Contributors' Club of your

magazine for April caused much amusement to your readers.

It also served to demonstrate that the writer is no kin to Lucy. You remember the article closed with the witty sentence: 'Certainly not too bright!'

When I read the article I vividly recalled a scene in my mother's kitchen nearly sixty years ago. My mother wore a brown calico dress. She was sitting in a sunny window embroidering. With some effort, — for I was very small, — I luggered a large book to her and begged her to read to me. She read in her beautiful way, 'We Are Seven.' I had just lost a brother and sister, and the poem made a deep impression on my childish mind.

When I was a bride of eighteen someone gave me a book of poems. It lies open before me as I write, ragged and worn-out, like the old poems that nourished us in our childhood. In the book is a beautiful woodcut of the man and the moron, Lucy, and candor compels me to confess that curls are, indeed, clustering around her head. Well, I loved the poem and I love the picture, though I know now, thanks to your contributor, that I should n't have had any joy of them during the long years. I'm not bright, but I'm not too old to learn.

How did it happen that the writer omitted the two lines: —

But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me?

Those two lines should have made a good subject for brightness to try its wit upon.

C. M. M.

We are enabled to reproduce exactly as it reached us the following copy of verses by a granddaughter of A. Edward Newton, through the kindness of her father, E. Swift Newton.

#### SHEEP

Audreyswift  
Newton

Some sheep on a hill  
White as white can be  
Jo and Bobby called them  
clouds.  
Carol did n't see,  
Of coarse I knew they were n't  
a cloud,  
All tho' I did n't tell them so,  
Alowd  
age 8½  
Saturday April 20, 1929



# The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

## The Books of Mary Webb

THE death of Mary Webb put an end to the development of an extraordinary gift for which 'talent' is a tepid name. Her art is no perfect thing; its limitations and flaws are obvious. But it is 'a door to new worlds in the brain,' for unquestionably she had something her own to give to the world. Her passion for the earth and its beauty was a fire, and the fineness of her observation, the sensitiveness of her responses, must be a revelation to many a reader who has fancied his own eye and his own heart quick. 'The love of nature,' she writes in *The House in Dormer Forest*, 'is a passion for those in whom it once lodges. It can never be quenched. It cannot change. It is a furious, burning, physical greed, as well as a state of mystical exaltation.' She was free, however, from the sentimentalism into which the lover of nature may so easily fall. She saw an earth terrible as well as beautiful; but she loved it with an insight of passion that makes dearer to the reader what is already dear to him, or wakes him to some beauty unperceived.

Mary Meredith, later Mrs. H. B. L. Webb, was born, and lived much of her life, in Shropshire, and her work is steeped in the spirit of that enchanted land, where in the lonely places the sense of the ancient past and of some presence not seen is like a touch. The name of a greater magician is so linked to that of Shropshire that it is impossible to think of the region as treated in art without thinking of him; and the fact that one can have in mind that stern power and that matchless swift conjuring of beauty, and still own the gentle wizardry of Mary Webb, is the highest tribute to her power and her originality.

As a novelist, she matured slowly. To compare the earlier tales with those finer pieces of work, *Precious Bane* and the unfinished *Armour Wherin He Trusted*, is to guess regretfully at what she might yet have done. Nevertheless the earlier novels have qualities that hold the reader absorbed. In *The House in Dormer Forest* it is true that the author's philosophy is less implicit; her reflections upon human life are not lightly touched in, as in the other novels, but half the tale here and there, sometimes with a slightly didactic effect. But they reveal the more pungent parts of her mind: her keenness in distinguishing the shadow from the substance, her scorn of herd thinking, her hatred of tyranny by stupidity. *Seven for a Secret*, though its climax would be hard to match for preposterousness, has an agreeable crispness and briskness; and in the most

mystical of the novels, *The Golden Arrow*, it is as if, from time to time, a sweet elusive air were played on a harp far away. In all of these tales can be found examples of an almost childish ingenuousness in characterization, psychology, or incident. But all have a strong vitality, and a skill in the portrayal of relationships that surpasses their portrayal of character; all have the half-poetic, half-comic charm of the dialect; and the lyric beauty of what cannot be called the setting, for it is rather the essence and the soul of each book.

*Precious Bane* is the strongest and best-rounded of the pastoral novels. Story and background are more perfectly welded; there is less insistence upon the power of natural beauty, but the whole book is a hymn to earth. The technique has attained new firmness. The theme, the destruction of young Gideon Sarn by avarice, as a field is ruined by a noxious weed, is treated with a sternness of simplicity; and the climax, the burning of the barley-ricks that are the fruit of all Sarn's hardness to himself and to others, is the high-water mark of Mary Webb's power in narrative. It is told, as all the story is told, in the words of Sarn's sister Prue, the girl with the 'hare-shotten lip,' who is the most fully drawn of Mary Webb's characters. Prue's story of the fire is a lyric cry. 'There was no barley,' she says. 'Where it had been were two great round houses made of white fire, very fearful to see, being of the size and shape of the stacks. . . . I looked at those two abodes of demons . . . and remembered the barley, oh, the sweet barley, rustling in the wind of dawn! I called to mind the ploughing for it, in such good behopes, and the sowing of it . . . a thing I dearly loved to see. For reaping, though it is good to watch as be all the year's doings on a farm, is a grubbing and a grabbing thing compared with sowing.' In the judgment that Prue pronounces upon her dead brother there is the same eloquence of simplicity: 'Though he was wrong, and did evil, and hurtid folks by his strength, yet he never did meanly, nor turned out bad work, nor lied.'

*Armour Wherin He Trusted*, left unfinished at the writer's death, is an experiment in a wholly different manner. In this tale of Sir Gilbert Polrebec, who left his love Nesta to go crusading for the love of Christ, she has wrought a rhythmical archaic style that wraps the story in enchantment. For its rich weaving of beauty, this romance has inevitably been likened to a tapestry. But in the simile is no suggestion of the smell of the forest, the glancing of sunlight, or the wetness of dew on Long-mynd. The book has a May freshness that brings a swift sense of



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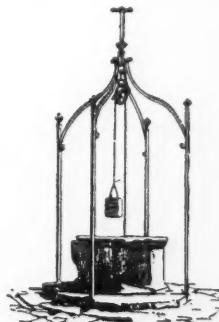
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From "Spanish Gardens"

## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Chaucer. 'God bless the thorn!' sings young Sir Gilbert as he rides 'in the fair green weather.' And he says, 'I mind how at Pontesford above the mill was a great may-tree like the mercy of God, spread everywise, and doubled in the pool.' That Mary Webb was finding narrative in the first person her best method of characterization is perhaps a hasty conclusion. But it is certain that the portrait of the young knight, lusty, unregenerate, and devout, has, like that of Prue Sarn, a most engaging reality; and it adds vigor and humor to the poetry of the lovely fragment.

The subjectivity of the poems and of the essays entitled *The Spring of Joy* reveals more minutely the original and intensely living personality that is felt behind the novels. The essays, written as they are for a special class, those who need the comfort that earth can give, are frankly selective. They are in different keys, but all deal with the beauty yielded by sky, wood, and meadow, or the healing mirth provided by the comedies of animal life. 'The little creatures of earth are the court jesters of those that dwell in the hall of sorrow,' says Mary Webb. And she pictures the accusatory stare of the two baby owls on the beech bough across the moon, the madness of the baby hedgehogs rushing in circles in the moonlit field, with the same deft hand that sketches in the novels the drolleries of farm animals. Other essays, dealing with the joy of form, of motion, of color, unite an extraordinary fineness of observation with a mystical sense of beauty. But from all is excluded the dark aspect of earth and of human life that the author acknowledges elsewhere. Her power of construction is best shown in this book, for in it she lays hold upon the spirit of rhapsody and moulds it into pure form without brushing the least radiance from its wings. But in the poems, technically less even, the whole of her is found. They speak her ever-renewed worship of beauty, her gloating glee — almost as of an imp in hiding — in her sequestered country life, her kindness spiced with humor, her depth and frankness of emotion. But her philosophy of life was based on no facile, all-simplifying faith. A sense of cosmic sadness underlay her instinctive joy; and sombre depths are sometimes revealed, now in the gossamer delicacy of 'Like a Poppy on a Tower' and now in the grimness of the rather terrible little lyric called 'The Door.'

In the poems can often be heard a momentary echoing, far from conscious imitation, of other poets. The faint, half-familiar cadence floats past, sometimes too swiftly to be grasped, adding an elusive grace without destroying individuality. Many verses have a curious charm, not easily analyzed but lingeringly felt, as these from the little lyric describing a thought: —

I whisper to the mole,  
And the cold fish in the sea,  
And to man's wistful soul  
God sendeth me.

But of all the poems 'Viroconium' is the most memorable in its austere simplicity and its spaciousness, and in its distilling of that impalpable thing, a quiet that is haunted. The solemn and beautiful verses move enchanted by the spell that was Mary Webb's own — the spell that she learned in the lonely Shropshire hills.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The following volumes by Mary Webb have already been published by E. P. Dutton and Company: *Precious Bane*, *Seven for a Secret*, *Gone to Earth*, *The House in Dormer Forest*, *Armour Wherin He Trusted, Poems and The Spring of Joy*. *The Golden Arrow* is announced for publication during the autumn. Each volume, \$2.50.

**James Ford Rhodes, American Historian,**  
by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York:  
D. Appleton & Co. 1929. 8vo. vii+376 pp.  
Illus. \$3.50.

ONE of the many difficult problems for the biographer is to settle the gain and loss in an intimate personal acquaintance with his subject. There is a peculiar insight into character and motive, an appreciation of ideal and effort, which only personal friendship can afford. On the other hand, the biographer has to recognize frankly, though he can never altogether discount, the danger of bias in judgment and statement which inevitably accompanies personal association and regard. In dealing with Rhodes, Mr. Howe has met this problem with his usual tact, restraint, and skill. He has taken every advantage which a long and intimate friendship could give him, and at the same time he has treated his subject with an impersonal and judicial detachment which makes the reader feel perfectly safe in his hands. But it must be confessed that with Rhodes the advantages of personal contact were greater and the dangers less than they might be in many similar cases. For he was a man who gave himself at all points with charming, intimate, alluring frankness, and while he had obvious limitations, there are few men whose excellent qualities are less obscured by weakness and defect.

Only those who have worked long in such material can appreciate the pains and skill shown by Mr. Howe in preparing this book. Rhodes had a very extensive correspondence with many important people, but it has not been always easy to recover his letters and he was not himself a sufficiently distinguished letter writer to make his own part in the exchange always very significant. It was necessary to choose what would bring out essential traits without long-windedness or tediousness, and this has been done with judicious forethought and success.

The full revelation of Rhodes's labor as a historian was of course to be looked for. There is the long, conscientious, assiduous self-training, there is the patient, indomitable industry, there

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

is the unfailing desire to get at all sides of a question, to give all theories and all contestants a fair and sympathetic hearing, whatever the final verdict might be. Every page of this book amply justifies the claim of Rhodes's great work to an enduring place in the records of America.

What is less expected, what is really quite surprising, is the general evidence of Rhodes's larger intellectual activity and interest. He may not have been always a profound thinker. It is clear that he was always an intensely active and interested one. Not only in politics, but in science, in religion, in literature, even in art, he was curious, inquiring, anxious to get at the point of view of others and to establish a point of view of his own, which should at least be independent.

But the personal qualities with Rhodes are even more winning than the intellectual, and though there is nothing in the revelation of him here that will surprise those who knew him intimately, they will carry away from Mr. Howe's portrayal a deepened and strengthened impression of the social traits which won and held them for so many years. There was the infinite simplicity combined with a keen intellectual acuteness. It cannot be denied that Rhodes liked and sought the best society and made it an effort of his life to mingle in it. But he was utterly unspoiled by it, and remained to the end as candid, as straightforward, as absolutely and spiritually honest, as he was at the beginning of his career.

It is probable that the qualities of the man and the qualities of the historian were at one in Thucydides, in Tacitus, in Clarendon; they certainly were at one in Rhodes. And it is patent from this book that he wrote an honest, a broad-minded, a tolerant, a human history, because he had a candid and a human soul.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

**Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys.** New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. 12mo. 2 vols. 966 pp. \$5.00.

A NOVEL of such serious pretensions as Mr. John Cowper Powys's *Wolf Solent* may not appear more than once in several years. It is a perverse and haunting piece of work, beautiful and yet ugly, crisscrossed with shafts of glancing light and strange, irrelevant shadows. Essentially, it is the story of one consciousness — that of a highly endowed, imaginative young man, who returns to his native Dorset village and there lives in a growing struggle with reality amid the savage complexities that make up life. Wolf Solent's consciousness, within which the thousand pages of the story are contained, is a consciousness turned in upon itself, pondering its own problem of good and evil, fostering the rich growth of its secret life, its private 'mythology,' and attuned to a mystic feeling for nature outside. This subjective sort of pantheism provokes the loveli-

est passages in the book, which is strewn with green hills and hawthorn hedges, bird song, charmed sunsets, and meadows of buttercups — all the rain- and sun-washed beauty of the English countryside.

But in contact with life this consciousness of Wolf Solent's is beset by obsessions. First he is torn between a positive, living mother and a pagan father who is under the earth; then he is blown from the fleshly love of Gerda, whom he marries, to a cerebral passion for the wistful Christie; he is tormented by the forces of evil about him; challenged by pain and suffering among men; frightened by the threat of the machine age against his individualism; and played over, as by a sultry breeze, by the ambiguous affection of his friend Darnley Otter. We follow him through the course of a year, buffeted by the impact of people and facts, and we finally see the hard crystal of his secret life evaporated and released, the private 'mythology' surrendered to reality. It is an incomplete surrender, made at the expense of peace and almost at the expense of sanity. But the individual remains, and with its motto 'Endure or escape' it can hope to survive.

Wolf Solent's character is imagined and presented with an unparalleled richness. We learn all the subtle complexities of his teeming interior life and the flickering world that reaches him through his senses. His major preoccupations, the duel between his mother and father and the duel between Gerda and Christie, give his character an importance, a dignity, that make it akin to that other uneasy consciousness, Hamlet — as he himself is half aware. The two love episodes are treated with touching effectiveness and complement each other perfectly. But beyond this circle, in the outer spaces of imagination through which it moves for most of its great length, the novel falls to a much lower plane. The other influences to which Wolf's long-suffering consciousness is submitted are a bedlam rout of fantasies, a collection of leering shadows and moral chimeras too grotesque to have any meaning. It is as if the author had decided that every possible vice or complication must somehow be represented. He brings on a parade of superstition, adultery, incest, perversion worse confounded, and mortuary horrors that make the gorge rise; and we are not even allowed to know which are meant to be real and which are the twisted creations of Wolf's morbidity. As symbols of life in a problem of human adjustment they count for nothing.

In departing from the universal to the special, and in making Wolf merely a neurotic introvert beset by delusions, Mr. Powys has set limitations on his work which prevent it from being considered among the great novels of character. Within its own rank it stands with the highest; its excellent prose and the fertility of its fancy deserve to be remembered long after its tricks and pretentiousness are forgotten.

MARSHALL A. BEST

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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

**The Philippine Islands.** by W. Cameron Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 8vo. 2 vols. xiv + 620 + 636 pp. Illus. \$12.50.

THIS massive work is intended, not for the tired business man, but for the scholar and the statesman. The author was responsibly connected with the Philippine government for nearly ten years, serving under President Taft as Governor-General. He kept copious journals during his period of service, and in the preparation of the present work had the assistance and co-operation of many competent hands.

After a brief sketch of the natural conditions and resources of the Islands and of the Spanish period of proprietorship, Mr. Forbes gives a detailed account of the American trusteeship, first chronologically and then topically. It is a method of treatment which involves considerable repetition, but the record elaborately set forth is one of solid achievement, highly creditable to the two peoples immediately concerned and discreditable only to the former Spanish owners. The cultural leap since 1900 can be no better illustrated perhaps than by the fact that when the Americans arrived insular life was essentially mediaeval in character, whereas to-day the moat about Manila has been filled as a public-health measure and the area utilized as a golf course and athletic fields. Politically the policy of the United States has been gradually to change a government of Americans assisted by Filipinos into a government of Filipinos assisted by Americans, with insular independence as an indefinite future goal. The speed and good faith with which this programme has been carried out have proved a constant source of criminization and recrimination.

Despite obvious efforts to deal fairly with those who have criticized the Philippine policy of the Republican Party, the bias of the author is too strong to be kept firmly in leash. The 'campaign of misrepresentation and detraction systematically conducted by the Anti-Imperialistic League in Boston' is blamed for many of the difficulties experienced by the colonial administrators. The movement to terminate American ownership is ascribed partly to the machinations of American tobacco and sugar-beet interests. America's management of the Islands, on the other hand, is characterized as 'this great altruistic experiment,' with no recognition of the tremendous economic pressure in the United States which has sanctioned and supported it. Though grudging praise is later accorded certain features of the Wilsonian period of control, the author's successor as Governor-General is introduced to the reader as 'Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, member of Tammany Hall . . . the first to be appointed without having had any previous experience in the Islands to equip him for the manifold and complicated duties he was to undertake.'

While such lapses show that the treatment is not a wholly objective one, these two handsome

volumes will serve for many years as an invaluable reference work for the student of American colonial policy.

A. M. SCHLESINGER

**Young Mrs. Greeley.** by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. 12mo. 205 pp. \$2.00.

MR. TARKINGTON's new novel will conceivably be appraised by too many readers as merely a light and entertaining story of feminine jealousy. Entertaining it is, but not light, if by light we mean negligible. In the characters of Aurelia Hedge and Stella Greeley he has drawn a type of modern woman who is so familiar that we should never suspect her of having overtones; yet he has made her overtones sound on every page. It is too much to hope that these two rather merciless portraits will be recognized by the kind of women who sat for them; or, if they are, the Stellas and Aurelias will be ready, doubtless, with a rationalizing defense.

To call it a story of jealousy seems not quite to reach the author's real purpose. Rather, he has dramatized the mess that a silly wife can make when she sets out to 'help' her husband in his business. 'The N. K. U. depends,' says Mr. Cooper, Bill Greeley's employer, 'upon the wife of every man in its forces to second her husband's efforts' — and Stella is forthwith pushed a little further on the campaign that her friend, Aurelia Hedge, has prompted. For, though the book takes its title from Stella, it is Aurelia who is the *fons et origo mali*. Both are shallow, idle, socially ambitious. They live in the Warwicke Armes, their apartments identical in Olde Englysshe Style, their husbands working for the National Kitchen Utensils. The story opens as Bill Greeley is made factory manager over Henry's head. Henry's wife submerges her resentment in infecting Stella with two notions — that Bill is likely to succumb to the charms of his new secretary, Miss Nelson, and that his promotion sprang from Mr. Cooper's susceptibility to Stella's beauty. Unsuspected by their husbands, the two launch a campaign that is to defeat Miss Nelson and push the interests of both men. Its tragi-comic collapse leaves Stella humiliated, and — for once — pretty clearly aware of her cheap futility.

For the most part Mr. Tarkington lets his people reveal themselves, but his three pages on Aurelia form a miniature classic in character description. Her limited, egocentric preoccupations, her indolence and vanity, her pretentiousness, are each important in their effect on Stella and Bill. That Aurelia has an infinite capacity for making trouble never occurs to Stella, and she has few misgivings as she yields to Aurelia's bear-leading. 'She had a momentary impulse to set up some sort of defense for the offending William. He was her husband, not Aurelia's; and she felt if he was to be defamed, the defamation was her own affair, not any other woman's.'



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## THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

But it is in his mass scenes that the author triumphs — the banquet at which the N. K. U. celebrates Bill's promotion, and the Sunday high-tea at the 'Coopers', which Stella anticipates as the stage for her captivation of Mr. Cooper, and which, instead, brings her downfall. For here, with irresistible humor not untinged with sympathy, Mr. Tarkington has set the over-dressed and vapid Stella against the "society" she hopes to enter — simple, natural, cultivated folk who discuss Bach and Brahms and Picasso, and to whose courteous efforts to include her she can only reply, with a coy giggle, 'Is n't he the highbrow cut-up, though? I'll tell the world!'

TERESA S. FITZPATRICK

**Gestalt Psychology.** by Dr. Wolfgang Köhler. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. 8vo. x+403 pp. \$4.00.

To the numerous ramifications of psychological theory which derive from the works of men like Wundt, Freud, and Watson there must now be added a 'new' psychology of *form* or *configuration*. It is well to remember that not only is psychology a relatively young and immature science: it is a field of inquiry which presents, in many directions, the most stubborn resistance to scientific method and proof. Moreover, where exact data are lacking, speculation will rush in to fill the gaps. Psychology still offers a picture of men quarreling over interpretations, hypotheses, and theories, for the simple reason that the facts are too few and insecure to settle the arguments once and for all.

In the first two chapters of his book Köhler argues that the opposition between introspection and behavior ought to disappear as soon as it is clearly realized that ideas, thoughts, and emotions do not belong in a totally different world from reflexes, movements, and actions. Both sets of data are matters of direct observation and experience and, as such, are suitable objects for psychological investigation. In addition, however, to casting aspersions upon each other's cherished objects of study, both introspectionists and behaviorists alike share the onus of having assumed that their data, whether they be the movements of the organism or the ideas of consciousness, are built up out of simple, invariable elements.

It is the elaboration of this theme which constitutes at once Köhler's vigorous polemic against older types of psychology and his significant contribution to a new point of view. Sensations and reflexes: these tended to be looked upon in traditional psychology as elementary invariants of consciousness and behavior which, when bundled and welded together by the mechanics of association and conditioned responses, formed perceptions and habits, purposive thought and directed action. Against the strongholds of this view Köhler turns his heaviest guns. He maintains with considerable coercive

power that the objects of mind, as immediately presented to direct experience, come as complete unanalyzable wholes, as *Gestalten* which cannot be split up into parts. Any statement about a whole in terms of its parts must rest on artificial analysis, for any item which is examined as though it were the part of a previous whole has secured for itself, by virtue of its isolation from former surroundings, properties which obviously do not belong to the whole, but only to the part. Hence no analysis of the so-called elements of experience can ever yield a valid account of the most characteristic properties of mind, inasmuch as these properties vanish as soon as analysis begins. It is questionable, moreover, whether there are any such things as mental elements, for the items which have been wrested out of larger wholes, and to which the term 'elements' is often applied, are themselves new *Gestalten* the properties of which, as in the case of all configurations, depend on certain dynamical conditions in the field of the nervous system.

The laws of *Gestalten*, then, are to be stated not in terms of the properties of artificial parts, but rather in terms of the functional relationship between the properties of experience and the underlying dynamics of nervous process. The hypotheses regarding interaction and self-distribution of nerve-forces as the conditions which determine the nature of organized wholes in experience are important because of the suggestions which they offer for novel lines of research in psychology and physiology. These sections of Köhler's work are not easy reading; they require careful study and application. Yet even the general reader, if he looks to psychology for something more than mere entertainment or practical advice, will discover in these sections, no less than in other parts of the book, a storehouse of searching criticisms and brilliant suggestions from the pen of a rare thinker, and one who occupies a leading position in theoretical psychology to-day. At all events, thoughtful examination of the ideas of the present volume (especially those in Chapters I, III, VI, and VII) will put the reader in the way of understanding the developments along the frontiers of theoretical psychology, and will enable him to follow more easily the changes which, in the opinion of the reviewer, will inevitably come over all of psychology as *Gestaltheorie* gets shaken down into generally accepted doctrine.

As the reader's mind and eye move smoothly and easily over Köhler's sentences, he may be brought up with a start at the passing memory that the author was not writing in his native tongue. 'I have done all that I possibly could,' pleads Köhler in apology for what seemed to him the inadequacy of his skill with a foreign language. Would that a few American psychologists had half the grace and lucidity in their use of English that the head of the Institute of Psychology in the University of Berlin appears to summon with so little effort!

CARROLL C. PRATT

